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Joseph Brown, sc.

ANN GRANVILLE.

(Mrs D'Ewes.)

From a drawing in Crayons by Mr Delany,
in the possession of the Rt Hon.ble Lady Glanover.

Richard Bentley 1861

THE

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

MARY GRANVILLE,

MRS. DELANY:

353

23994

WITH INTERESTING REMINISCENCES OF

KING GEORGE THE THIRD AND QUEEN CHARLOTTE.

EDITED

BY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LADY LLANOVER.

THREE VOLUMES,

VOL. III.

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THE

LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

MARY GRANVILLE

(MRS. DELANY.)

CHAPTER X.

DELVILLE AND MOUNT PANTHER. JANUARY 1751—DECEMBER 1751.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes, at Welsbourne.

Delville, Jan. 5, 1750-1.

I thank you for your joy, madam; but it seems at present a very ideal sort of joy, for excepting the London Evening Post I have no authority for the news you send me of our cousin.[1] It is strange if he is in place that our grandees should not own it, nor the Gazette mention it, but little am I concerned about it! I think he has abilities to do good in a public way, and on that account I should be pleased he were in power, but as to his private friendships, his soul is not tuned to that harmony. I suppose you mean *Lord Dartmouth*[2] when you say *Lord Derby*. I fancy Miss Legge's removing is not to make way

[1] In 1751, John Carteret Earl Granville was appointed Lord President of the Council by King George the Second.

[2] William, 2nd Earl of Dartmouth, born 1731, succeeded his grandfather in the Earldom in 1750. He married, in 1755, Frances Catherine, only daughter and heir of Sir Charles Gunter Nicholl, and died in 1801.

for Lady Rock, but Prince George, but I have no notion of Lord W. accepting that employment if he were going to marry. Family affairs are a necessary evil that must be attended to, and sometimes will break in malapropos. My household at present is in pretty good condition; but I have a great piece of work in hand at present, which is, dusting and airing all the books in the library; for though there is a constant fire there and the room very warm, books contract much moisture, and I have great pleasure in keeping the library in good order. Oh that my dear sister were here to assist me! My Madonna and Child goes on very well. I have painted the boy's head a second time, and it is approved of; I never had so hard a task; the original is so ugly a child that I have been forced to make this quite a child of my own fancy, and yet to keep to the design of the original. Don't say your *faculties* are *dulled* on any occasion; for let your disposition be serious or cheerful, *dulness* bears no part, and good sense, delicate sentiments, and kindness enlighten all your letters, that are delightful to me beyond expression.

I must say I am sorry that Lady Ann Coventry should be ill, though in all probability it may be a gentle and gradual conveying her to everlasting happiness; but the love I bear her makes me wish her a longer continuance here. The dear little Mary is finely recovered. This being the eve of the 6th of January, the young Hamiltons, six in number, including Mrs. F. H., spend this day here, and choose King and Queen—an annual custom. The day is to-morrow; but that not being a proper routing day, I choose to have them on the eve. I much fear our excellent Lady Sarah Cowper will

sharply feel the death of Mr. Pointz. The plum-cake is come, I must cut it and write my papers to treat my young guests.

Mrs. Delany to Mr. Bernard Granville.

Delville, 12 Jan. 1750.

Your account, my dear brother, of H. Viney's death is most surprizing; I am much concerned for Mrs. Viney, and fear this will be a sad stroke to her, who is affectionate and excessively fond of her children. I have written to her to-day, for though letters of that kind rather renew sorrow for a time, I believe nothing hurts anybody in affliction *more* than the thoughts of being neglected by those they think their friends; there is something so mysterious in this affair that I can't say but I wish to know the occasion of it; did they read Miss S's letter? 'Tis likely she burnt it if there was anything in it she had not a mind should be seen. I never was kept so long together out of my garden since I was mistress of Delville. I have written so many letters to-day I am quite tired. *All* kind service and wishes from hence attend you.

I am, my dear brother,

Your most affectionate sister

and humble servant, M. D.

I hope the Cloghers had a good journey. I am afraid my sister will go through a very melancholy time with poor Nanny Viney, who is in a sad state of health.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 12 Jan, 1750-51.

What a surprising thing is Miss H. Viney's death. I yesterday received a letter from my brother with an account of it, and a letter enclosed of Mrs. Viney's with some particulars that are very strange. I am indeed extremely touched with it, and I am sure so will my most dear sister, which is a great part of my distress; the unhealthy way Miss Viney is in must make it a most dangerous shock to her. It is a sad stroke for poor Mrs. Viney—I pray God comfort her! Miss Viney says in her letter to my brother, that she desires him not to mention this news when he writes to Welsbourne, till she informs him her sister knows it; *if not I have* begun my letter too abruptly. Miss Viney says H. would neither eat nor speak from Saturday *till* Tuesday night that she died, and they suppose some trouble of mind which she would not communicate: I want to know more about this extraordinary manner of her dying, and know you will inform me when you can. My *brother* says Miss H. was taken ill the day she received a letter from Miss S.; that Miss S. was asked about it, but gave no satisfaction. I had a letter from Mrs. Chapone last post—a very affecting one; I am glad to find Hal so well established as a sole Agent Victualler, and hope he will remember his parents who have had so much anxiety about him, and send them substantial tokens of his filial gratitude, he began well.

I think our poor Maid of Honour will not recover; my brother says she looks wretchedly, and is still obliged to bleed often, which must destroy her. I am sorry the essay on "The Employment of Time" is

meant as a panegyric. I don't doubt the sincerity of the author, he seems to have too good a heart to be a mere courtier; but when such a design is *fixed on a book* it lessens its weight with the generality of readers, and prevents the good it would otherwise do. How often do I delude myself with agreeable visions. We walk together from room to room, I show you all my stores of every kind; you are most pleased with my work-room and ye library within it; D.D. hurries us into the garden, there you are more pleased than with anything in the house; the fine prospect, the variety of walks, the shades, the seats, the flowers, and the deer, all take your fancy, and all our pleasures brightened by the dear little Mary's running and bounding as we go along, but alas! the vision is vanished, a cloud is come over it for the present, and instead of enjoying your presence I am addressing a letter to you that must go, by sea and land, hundreds of miles before it kisses your hands.

I saw in the newspapers that Lord Baltimore[1] was ill: is he dead? *He had some good qualities*; I wonder where his poor sister Hyde is? I wish he may have done something for her. I fear his poor children at Epsom have been sadly neglected: I suppose he suspects they are not his own, but that *cannot justify his neglect.* The Madonna I have painted over twice, and hope three weeks more will finish the whole. I am going on making shell flowers, six of the festoons are finished and fastened on; I have ten more to do, and a wreath to go round the window over the communion-table. Next Tuesday we propose going to the rehearsal of Judas

[1] He died the 23rd of April, 1751.

Maccabeus, for the Infirmary of Incurables. I hear Dr. Donnellan is very ill—I am afraid in a dangerous way; his death would be a sensible grief to Donnellan; they have been particularly fond of each other.

I have finished "The Minute Philosopher." I believe I told you that the *sixth* day was dark and difficult to me, I meant the *seventh*, but a part of it is clear and charming, particularly the latter end of it; the Essay on Vision at the end of the book I shall not read—it is *too metaphysical* for my head. We are going on with the old Duke of Ormond's life.[1] He is the *completest fine gentleman* and the *loyalest subject* I ever read of. We have almost finished the second huge folio; the third contains his and other remarkable letters. Have you got Polymetis?

Sally has sent me *two* of her pamphlets, they are not yet arrived. I have made a pipe of orange wine,[2] and next week shall make rasin wine by your receipt. This is an impertinent piece of news, is it not?

I have not lately seen Mr. Mount: when I did I thought he looked very ill—he seems in a deep decay. His situation is as happy as he can wish it to be—much esteemed by the family, and kindly treated; but I believe the vexation of his affairs have sunk so deep that he will not live long; he has quite lost his appetite, and is a mere shadow. Were you to see him you would not be able to recollect the plump and *sleek*, the *round* former man.

[1] The History of the Life of James Duke of Ormonde, from his birth, 1610, to his death, 1688. By Thomas Carte, A.M. Now ready to be delivered to subscribers by J. Bettenham, printer.—*London Magazine* for 1736.

[2] Very much larger quantities of light wines and syrups appear to have been also annually made of currants, raspberries, and other home fruits in private families than now is the case.

Mrs. Delany to Bernard Granville, Esq., Park Street, Gloucester Square.

Delville, 19 Jan., 1750-1.

No packets have come in since I received your account of H. Viney's death. I fear this shock will be a very severe one to her mother. I don't know where the Claytons have taken a house in town, which makes me give you the trouble of the enclosed. I am now considering about a greenhouse, and believe I shall build one this spring; my orange-trees thrive *so well* they deserve one. I propose having it 26 ft. by 13, and 13 high, and a room under it (with a chimney for my poultry-woman) that will open into a little back garden, which I intend to make my menagerie. Will you tell me *if* the chimney will be any disadvantage to my orange-trees? I am called upon to dress. Adieu! I am yours,

M. D.

D.D.'s compliments.

Mrs. Delany, Delville, to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 19 Jan., 1750-51.

I am more than usually impatient (and that need not be) to hear from you, and am under great concern for poor Mrs. Viney; as, besides that tribute due to so deserving a friend, I have a desire of knowing more of the unaccountable death of poor H. Viney, and I know you will satisfy me in every particular in your power.

I have now nothing to do but to begin my journal. Sunday, church in the morning, Mr. Greene and his pretty little boy always dine here on Sunday, and Mr. and Mrs. Barber; after tea we read psalms, chapters,

and some serious book till 8, then prayers, and after that I play all the church-music I know.

We have finished Alciphron, the Minute Philosopher, and our next is to be Bishop Weston's[1] Sermons. Mrs. Hamilton is not at all well; she has constant headaches, and does not sleep. I cannot help having an anxiety about her, she is so excellent a woman, of so much consequence to her family, and *to me*, that she would be, in this country, a *most irreparable loss*. Tuesday was the rehearsal of Judas Maccabeus, to which we went. Those songs brought Mrs. Viney and her present distress so much to my mind, that I had not spirits to go to the performance of last Thursday. We dined with Mrs. F. Hamilton after the rehearsal, and were met by Dr. Clements and Mrs. Montgomery, two very agreeable people; the day passed most pleasantly, though my mind was in a rambling way and made me an unworthy member of so agreeable a party.

We have finished the old Duke of Ormonde's life by Carte, who seems to be a very impartial relater of facts: I am quite charmed with the Duke of Ormonde, his is the *completest* character of a truly great man I ever read! Such piety, such loyalty, such conduct! We are now reading the Appendix, which contains letters on several subjects; those particularly of the condoling kind are *very fine*. I believe you would think the *whole history* too tedious, especially as you are unacquainted with *this country*, but the last book of the Second Volume, with the speeches and letters in the Appendix, is well worth your reading,

[1] Stephen Weston, Bishop of Exeter, was born in Berkshire, in 1665, died 1741. He published Sermons, Moral and Theological, on various subjects.

and there is a Third Volume, entirely of letters, which we shall go upon next.

On Thursday, Bushe went to see Lady Austin and Mrs. Dillon and brought home, by appointment, Miss Crilly to dinner. And who is Miss Crilly? *say you.* Why, she is a *nun professed,* and lives at the Nunnery in King Street, Dublin; but nuns in this country have the liberty of going to see relatives and particular friends: this young woman is a relation of Mrs. Forde's, and is just returned from France, where she has been ten years for the recovery of her health. She is an old acquaintance of D.D.'s, is extremely sprightly, civil, and entertaining, was in raptures with everything at Delville, and so *acknowledging* that I should desire her acquaintance, that she overwhelmed me with her civilities. After dinner we carried her home, and she entreated me to go in, that some of her sisterhood might gratify their curiosity by seeing me; we drank tea with them, saw their chapel, and I played on the organ: they wear no particular habit, only a black stuff nightgown and plain linen. I should like them *much better in their habit;* Bushe was very droll amongst them all, and said a thousand comical things, which they seemed not at all offended at. They have a handsome parlour to receive their company in, and no grates belonging to them: the chapel is pretty, the altar mightily decorated with candlesticks, gilding, little statues, but terribly bad pictures; a crucifix about a foot and a half high stands on the table, which is well done, and was taken at Vigo; on one side of the *chapel* is a small one with an altar dedicated to St. Antony. Kind compliments to poor Nanny Viney.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes, Welsbourne.

Delville, 26 Jan. 1750-51.

I had an account as soon as I was up of Dr. Donnellan's death; he has been declining for a year past, and about three months ago was so ill in the country that he was thought in great danger; with much persuasion he was brought to town about six weeks ago. I was asked to write to him as having some interest with him, which I did, and he came to town soon after: he has grown worse every day, (his was a consumptive case,) and last night, a quarter after 8, died. He was a very good man, and has made a happy exchange, as his sickly life made him incapable of any earthly enjoyment, but the poor will have reason to lament for him, and his death will be a sad stroke to our poor Don. They had a warm friendship for each other, and very likely it may hasten Mrs. Percival's end, and that will be a sad addition to her distress. I wish her sister may have the tenderness for her on this occasion she ought to have; for as *her* affections will not be much touched, she will be more at liberty to offer consolation. It was happy for poor Nanny Viney to be with you at the time of her distress! I want to know some more particulars, for it is the oddest affairs I ever heard of in my life. Poor Lord W.'s death[1] *has touched me very much*, knowing him from an infant as he was, and his *constant regard to me* gave me a friendship for him, that deeply interested me in his welfare both here and hereafter. I cannot think of the careless way of life he has been in lately without

[1] Thomas Thynne, Viscount Weymouth, died 12 January, 1751.

great concern, but God is most merciful, and I hope the weakness of his judgment may plead for him. How he has ordered his worldly affairs cannot be known till his will be opened. My brother and the Duchess of Portland have given me an account of poor Miss Granville *every post;* I pity her, truly, for she loved her brother. I hope he will *confirm* his past goodness to her, by taking proper care of her in his will; and if he leaves her £4000, the interest of that will be a great help in point of income.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 2 Feb., 1750-51.

Last Thursday satisfied all my desires, and brought me one of your charming letters, of the 19th Jan. (and to-morrow I hope for another,) and a letter from my brother, with an account of Lord W. having left his sisters £4000 a-piece, and £3000 to Wilson, who lived with him. I am very glad there is that *secured* to our cousins—it will be a fine addition to the Maid of Honour, but poor Lady Ab. will have a great fall in her income, if some addition cannot be made, or the money turned into an annuity. You should, and I suppose you did, wear mourning a fortnight for Lord Weymouth. Since my last letter to you, I have been much taken up with hearing different accounts of Dr. Donnellan's will; he left his sister A. Don. fifteen hundred pounds, all his plate and china. Two hundred pounds to each of our three hospitals in Dublin, and six hundred pound to build a charity school at Inniscarra (his living.) The will drawn up with his own hand, signed and dated; but

as he has lately purchased a lease of lives, which makes it *real* estate, from not being sufficiently witnessed *his fortune goes to his brother!* If *he* has the honest and generous heart of my brother Dewes, he will *not take* such an advantage, but he has not I fear; and I am much concerned, not only that such good charities, and my friend Don. should lose their right, but that it may occasion a family dispute. I feel a good deal for poor Don. she had a particular friendship for this brother, who was truly worthy of it, and her affections are very warm.

I had a letter last post from Miss Viney full of words, but she says her mother is much resigned, and *that I believe,* she has been inured to sorrow, and is a good woman; I hope they will all be comforted soon. You send me a very extraordinary piece of news, which is that "*Lord Dysart was again with child*"—the least amends he can make his lady for all his ill-usage.

I have been monstrous as to writing, with regard to Lady Cowper and Lady Tweeddale. I hope you will get the woman Mrs. West (what Mrs. West?) recommended to you, and that she will answer your purpose: I thank you for telling me so much of my sweet child, she winds about my heart, and *I wish you joy* of having given her *due correction;* I daresay it will not again be wanted, but if it is *will not be spared.* If truth is not early fixed in the minds and hearts of young people, it never will take place; many instances of it have come to our knowledge, and there is no evil which may not be apprehended where truth is wanting.

We went to the rehearsal of Joshua[1] last Tuesday;

[1] Joshua, an oratorio by Handel, *written* in a month, from the 19th of July to 19th of August, 1748.

were charmed with it—never heard it before, but it was so cold on Thursday I had not not courage to go to the night performance of it. I have finished the Madonna and Child, and am heartily glad of it: D.D. likes it, but you know how partial he is to my works. I shall soon begin the Primate's Holy Family. I have this day ordered five guineas to be paid to Mr. Perkins, Clement's Inn, for you to put in Mrs. W.'s purse, (how goes their stock now?) also ten pounds for S. .

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 9 Feb. 1750-51.

Your letter of the 25 January I received last Sunday evening; I had company with me—some ladies of our town of Glasnevin—and when it was brought in, and one from my brother, I laid them on the table before me, expressing joy at the receipt of them; and the stupid Goths never said, "Pray open your letters," or anything civil about them. I staid a full minute for that compliment, and my patience would hold out no longer; so I said, "*Pray excuse me, I must read my letters, as I expect some news of consequence.*" So, opened and read them from end to end. Bushe was so good as to entertain them, but I huffed her after they were gone, for not encouraging me to open the letters sooner. My brother's letter gave me such a flow of spirits I could hardly contain myself; it was to communicate to me the Duchess of Portland's kind care of poor Babess; and of her having written to the King to ask a pension for her, which he believed was granted. I hope the good news will be confirmed; I suppose B. may have

told you this; but don't mention it from me, as you know he lóves to tell his news himself; besides, I believe our dear Duchess may not care to have it spoken of, as it may draw solicitations on her and distress her. If her request is granted it will make Bab very easy and happy in her circumstances, which the bare interest of her fortune could not do. I almost wish now to hear of poor Mrs. Duncombe's being released from her painful life; as her sufferings will be well recompensed in the next world, though in this her patience and resignation sets a useful pattern to all she converses with.

About Mary: it is of much consequence to men and women to receive all instructions early, I am sure as many years *after* they are sixteen is not so advantageous to them as so *many months* before that age. Very young minds are susceptible of very strong impressions: they have then nothing of consequence to draw off their attention. As they grow older and mix with company, and in conversation, the *whole crowd* of youthful vanities breaks in upon their minds, and leaves but little room for instruction. It is not certain that Miss Dillon (the second) will have *Mr. P.*;[1] her friends in England will hardly approve of it. *He* is a clergyman, a second brother, with a small fortune, an *honest, sensible, good-natured* man, but ordinary in his appearance; he is nephew to *my* Mrs. Hamilton. With regard to Mr. W. Clifton, my dear sister, you know us both so well that I hope there is no possibility of a wrong interpretation; for surely were he not recom-

[1] Mr. Preston.

mended by two such friends, the relieving a distressed person would give us great pleasure, but it would be wrong to deceive you and Mr. Clifton, and give him hopes of success when there is not the slightest probability of any; if Jamaica did not agree with him, would not a more temperate climate,—Carolina, or some less distant plantation?

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, Feb. 1751.

Last Monday we went to Artane to see Mr. and Mrs. Donnellan. Wednesday Bushe and I went to see some fine pictures at a Major Whitlock's; he has not many, but some *very good* and *capital pictures of Vandyke*: among them Our Saviour, the Virgin, and a *Cardinal* paying adoration. Freezing almost by the fire-side, but the garden is pleasant, and the *violets and crocus's* very blooming. D.D. is raising his paddock-wall. About a fortnight ago a man got over it with three dogs and set them at our deer, but luckily the gardener saw them before mischief was done; we have now sixteen deer. We killed a doe some time ago, as *fine fat venison* as ever was eaten, but I own, though D.D. laid a plot very cleverly to deceive me, when I discovered it was one of my own deer it *took off my pleasure* of eating it, but that 's a folly I *must try* to break myself of, for they breed so very fast and thrive so prodigiously, and our fields cannot well maintain above 15 or 16. I have a *Nanny*,[1] a *Mary*,[2] a *Bell*,[3] and a *Margaret*[4] that are to live as long

[1] Named after Mrs. Dewes.
[2] Named after Miss Dewes.
[3] Named after Miss Dewes.
[4] Named after the Duchess of Portland.

as nature will let them. Did I tell you I had read your answer to Mrs. P., and am delighted with it? but I think I must have found out the author.

Thursday and Friday Bushe and I worked like dragons; she is finishing a picture in oil colours for Mrs. Hamilton, and I finishing some drawings. Harry the Fourth entertained us in the evening. Yesterday, being the second time for three years past, I made my appearance at the Theatre Royal in Smock Alley; went with Mrs. F. Hamilton and Miss Bushe to see The Careless Husband; it was very tolerably performed, so well that if I could conveniently go I *should like* to see a play once a month, as when well chosen I think they are a rational and pleasing entertainment even for old people who have health and spirits to go, and who frequent no other public places. Next Monday we go to the rehearsal of Deborah; it is to be performed on Thursday for the benefit of an hospital.

Mrs. F. Hamilton is going to settle at Finglass, a village a mile beyond this: she has taken a house there in order to have her son go to a very good school that is in that town, as he has for some years had a private tutor at home and is far advanced in his learning, but she does not propose keeping him longer than three or four years there. I hope he will answer her expectations and reward her great care of him, as *for his sake* she breaks up a pretty agreeable way she was settled in, a very good house and pleasant situation for a very confined place in a country town that he may board with her; he is a fine boy but requires management.

I have enclosed you another description of Lough Lene (commonly called Killarney Lake), by the author of

the printed one I sent you before, but more a description and *not so bombastical;* the *view* was drawn by the ingenious Mrs. Letitia Bushe, but the *engraver* hath not done justice to the delicacy of her pencil.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, Feb^{y}, 1750-51.

I have no letter to answer. Cross winds, tardy packets, vain wishes, and watching of the smoke to know when a favourable gale blows; which from yesterday afternoon till now gave me hopes of letters not yet come; but I'll cherish my friend *Hope;* I am sure it cherishes me. Without it what should we be, even as to what regards this life? and how does it raise us above all the cares and disappointments of this world! Sunday morning, just as I was going to church, I heard a tantararara at the door, and in walked *my* Mrs. Hamilton, her eldest daughter, and two sons. They went to church, and drank chocolate afterwards; but she never dines abroad, and left me a little after two. On Saturday at my neighbour's, Mrs. Eccles, where Miss Bushe and I went to drink tea. We met a Miss Veraselle, a French merchant's daughter, a sickly young woman, who lodges at Glasnevin for her health. I soon found she was musical and a performer on the *six-stringed base,* and exprest a desire of hearing her; upon which, with a great deal of good humour, she suffered Mrs. Eccles to send for her base, and played an hour to us most agreeably. She has a neat execution and pretty taste; and seems quite mistress of the instrument, but I made

no advances there to an acquaintance, not knowing how she might be entangled with a family; and as my visitors in Dublin are numerous, I keep myself here as clear from company as I can, or I should have no time to myself. Her mother seldom goes out, and she has one sister, who is a fairy, and keeps at home a good deal, but I shall encourage an acquaintance with *her*, as I like what I have seen of her behaviour very well, and am charmed with her music. They say she also sings prettily.

Last Monday we went to the rehearsal of Deborah,[1] which was delightful. We brought Mrs. Hamilton back with us to finish her day at Delville. She is going to quit Dublin, as I told you, and fix at Finglass, a mile from this house, as it is called, but measures two. Tuesday, Bushe painted, and I finished the drawing of Calwich; my drawings have gone on slowly this year: I have had so much painting that I had not time for both. Went to Dr. Moss's *gratis breakfast*, Mrs. F. Hamilton with us (N. B., when I say "Mrs Hamilton goes with us on this party or that," you may conclude, without my making any distinction, that it is *Mrs. F. H.*, for my *other friend* ventures *not* to such places). Dr. Moss,[2] you

[1] Deborah, an English oratorio by Handel, written in 1733, and performed at the Opera House, 17th March of that year.

[2] "Dr. Mosse, the eminent physician, built the Lying-in Hospital, near the end of Sackville Street, the funds of which institution depended on the profits of the concerts given in the great gardens behind the buildings. For this the finest voices in Europe were engaged. Some time after this the building called the Rotunda, at the corner of the gardens was raised. It had an orchestra, and in the grounds was a bowling-green, which brought in money to the hospital. The company to the Rotunda was always in full dress. The chapel to this institution, in mahogany, gilding, painting, and embellishments, was of the first order."—O'Keefe, quoted by Mr. Monk Mason in his MS. collections for a history of the Irish Stage, 1763.

must know, is the chief manager and operator of the Lying-in Hospital, and has gardens laid out for the entertainment of company in the manner of Vauxhall and Ranalagh; and in order to gather together subscribers for the next season he gave a *gratis breakfast* and a fine concert of music in a large room which was not opened before, and is in the gardens. The music allured us, and we went, D.D. with us, at about half an hour after eleven, the concert to begin at 12. When we came, with some difficulty we squeezed into the room, which they say is 60 feet long, and got up to the breakfast-table, which had been well pillaged; but the fragments of cakes, bread and butter, silver coffee-pots, and tea-kettles without number, and all sorts of spring flowers strewed on the table, shewed it had been set out plentifully and elegantly. The company, indeed, looked as if their principal design of coming was for a breakfast. When they had satisfied their hunger the remains were taken away, and such a torrent of rude mob (for they deserved no better name) *crowded in* that I and my company *crowded out* as fast as we could, glad we escaped in whole skins, and resolving never more to add to the throng of a *gratis* entertainment. We got away with all speed, without hearing a note of the music, and went to pay a visit to Mrs. Dillon and Lady Austin, and have engaged them to spend next Monday here. The Dean fled from his colours: he followed us into the room, and retired as fast as possible. The bustle and odd mixture of company (for there was from the highest to the lowest) was matter of mirth to us in the evening, when we had a little recovered our fatigue. Yesterday we set off at 8 in the morning to

breakfast with the Veseys at Lucan; as our horses have been much pulled down by the fashionable distemper, we thought the coach would be too heavy, so we took the chaise, and Bushe sat on a stool. About a mile from Dublin we met the Veseys *all in their chariot coach and four*, coming to town. A stop and parley ensued. Mrs. Vesey protested we should go on, and she would come into our chaise, for she had nothing to do in Dublin but what she would rather do another day; much was said on both sides, as the cause required, and ended with Mrs. Vesey *insisting* on coming into our chaise, and going back with us to Lucan. "*Open the door, John.*"—"*For what? there is no room for you here.*"—"*No matter, I'll find room.*" Upon which she flew out of the chariot into our chaise; Bushe whipped into the Dean's lap, and Mrs. Vesey nestled herself in so cleverly, that we trotted away to Lucan, every one declaring they had room enough; and we have promised to spend next Tuesday there, for we would not dine with them yesterday as there was no moon. To-day, we dine at Mrs. Conolly's. And now I must conclude, having fairly told you all the news of the week.

Delville, 28 Feb. 1750-51.

Four posts came in together and brought the first account I have had of poor Donnellan since her great loss. What makes her loss the greater is that the *brother left* who might be a consolation to her and a great advantage in the management of her fortune, *takes all advantages the law can give him*, without regard to friendship, generosity, and (I think I may add) honesty. His good

brother's will plainly shows his intention to leave fifteen hundred pounds to his sister, and twelve hundred in charities; but as the fortune is not a personal one, and the will not sufficiently witnessed, Mr. Donnellan comes in as heir-at-law. I have had a very sensible, affectionate letter from Miss Sutton, and one from poor Donnellan, who feels her loss most sensibly but bears it like a good Christian. She says her brother Kit's "*charities shall be paid:*" if she is not able to do it in her life-time, she will leave them at her death, which will be worthy of her good heart.

I had a letter from my brother, with the good news of the Duchess of Portland having obtained a pension of £200 a year for Babess; she struggled hard for £300, but it is well this is obtained. She has been a zealous and kind friend, and has acted in this affair as few in her station have inclination to do, or, if they have, they will not give up their time and thoughts enough to bring it about. Twenty interruptions! One of them, a present of four pair of beautiful pigeons from Mrs. Hamilton's third son, who has bred them up for my pigeon-house.

Last Wednesday morning at about one o'clock began a most furious storm, which lasted the greatest part of the day: some houses in Dublin have been thrown down; trees at Lucan torn up by the roots; and the damages at sea I fear will be terrible! I thank God, nobody was killed, and our house has only lost a few slates. We heard from the Veseys yesterday. I was really afraid the storms had blown the remains of their castle about their ears, but *Mrs. Vesey is a sylph*, and the spirits of the air protect her, or something better!

As I have been forced to sit in my chimney-corner,

I have done nothing but knot or run a calico gown, which I keep at hand for idle hours. Bushe leaves me the week after next, to prepare for her journey to Mrs. Bushe, General Parker's daughter, where she is going to spend the summer—she must give pleasure wherever she goes.

Do you think if we could live by any management of our own to the life of Cornaro,[1] it would be desirable? The natural life of man is limited to fourscore years, and the all-gracious God, who made us and knows our infirmities, hath given us sufficient time to prepare for everlasting happiness: if by prolonging our journey we could make surer of a glorious end to it, then, indeed, an hundred years would be desirable; but, alas! if we cannot be sufficiently prepared in the natural time given us, what reason have we to think we should do better were it doubled? and a long life so mixed, as ours must be, with toil and care cannot reasonably be wished for on any other account.

The Bishop of Clogher has not taken a house in Queen's Square, and does not design staying longer than towards summer. I believe Miss Ally Dillon will not have her cousin—there is a *demur;* she is *not* very fond of the match, and though a good man, I don't think him deserving of her: he is a second son, a plain young man, a recluse in his nature, and very ignorant of the world. I hope Sally will not part with her son Jack, but it is something like *inoculating for the small pox*, one does not care to *advise either for or against;* I think the sickly state of her daughters makes it more necessary she should have one child near her, that may be a

[1] Ludovico Cornaro, died at the age of 104, in 1566.

comfort and support to her. I don't think there can be anything wrong in your writing to Mr. R. about poor H. Viney, if you think he will not mention the writing to anybody, but one of the crying sins of this world is the laxity of the tongue. How few people understand the perfection of silence on most occasions! I am glad Sir Tony keeps up his tenderness for Jacky, and I hope it will last to the last moment of his life.

Mrs. Delany, Delville, to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 8 March, 1750-51.

The Primate and his sister, and who he pleases to bring, dine with us to day, and having company in the house with me does not leave me so much leisure for my domestic affairs as is necessary, so that what with breakfasts and *instructing* and *helping* Smith[1], I have not half an hour to write. Did I tell you in my last letter our Duchess has got a pension of two hundred pounds a year for Babess? If I omitted it I wonder I enjoyed the pleasure of it, for the seal of all my pleasures is communicating them to you. B's taciturnity has ever been a damp to our satisfaction in him—it is interwoven in his nature, and *unalterable:* his telling me of our cousin was by the Duchess's orders, for she has been excessively hurried of late, and has had a very bad cold. Is it not very extraordinary that Betty Granville has recovered her voice? Mrs. Foley says in her letter to me to-

[1] "*Mrs. Smith,*" was Mrs. Delany's housekeeper. Mrs. Delany did not consider that an illustrious descent, an ample income, or the greatest talents, took away the duty of teaching a housekeeper and of assisting her also.

day, that it came to her yesterday, and the sisters are in the highest delight: they think her mended in *every particular*, and hope another journey to Bristol will complete her cure. Just here a great rap at the door sent me to my drawing-room to receive our R^t^. Rev^d^. Metropolitan, and his formal sister, who is a sensible good woman, but *so frozen* in her manner that she *chills one.* However, good fires and conversation by degrees thawed her, and she grew very flexible and agreeable. The Primate is easy and good-humoured, but neither the *honour* nor the *pleasure* of their company could make me amends for obliging me to write such a hurried letter.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 16 March, 1750-51.

I have consulted D.D. about Bunny, as you desired, and though he is not, generally speaking, for *very young* children going to school, he thinks it best for Bunny to go as soon as his health is established; and that nothing will so effectually spur him on to learn as *emulation* (which he *cannot have at home*), nor get the better of any humoursomeness (*a strange word*) as in the discipline of a school; and he most heartily wishes and prays, that the excellent foundation you have laid in your children's early education may procure you all the happiness you deserve. As to poor Mrs. B's scruple of making a will, it is the strangest phrenzy I ever heard of; D.D. says that it is absolutely *her duty* to make her will, and to consider her relations as they merit from her; it is fit there should be some determination by law

in case of the neglect of a will; but as she has a *right to dispose of what is her own*, how is it possible a reasonable creature should possess herself of such an *unaccountable scruple?* I pity her excessively, and think her head must be *very wrong*. To enforce what you have already said (if you care to tell her you mentioned it to us), you may say for us on the subject what you please; as we are both *absolutely* of opinion that she *ought to make a will*. I cannot well tell you who Lord Weymouth's Wilson was: some man, that has lived with him, and managed all his affairs ever since the death of poor Lady Weymouth, but I never heard any harm of the man, and think Lord Weymouth was in the right to provide for him, though *one thousand* more, *added* to his *sisters'*, taken from Wilson, would have been rather more reasonable.

Why must women be *driven to the necessity* of marrying? a state that should always be a matter of *choice!* and if a young woman has not fortune sufficient to maintain her in the station she has been bred to, what can she do, but marry? and to avoid living either very obscurely or running into debt, she accepts of a match with no other view than that of interest. Has not *this* made matrimony an irksome prison to many, and prevented its being that happy union of hearts where mutual choice and mutual obligation make it the most perfect state of friendship? I am glad you were so pleased with our *belle amie's* letter; she does everything well, and is a treasure few deserve the possession of. Let the Rattlesnake swallow its *prey*; if *it* can be so caught, it deserves not a better fate. I have not seen the print of "*Stand still at Chenevix' door.*" Your wit,

though a volatile commodity, is slow in travelling towards us; the truth is, we have so much wit of our own, that we don't encourage foreign goods for fear of hurting our home trade. Have you read Pompey the Little?[1] On the whole it is but an indifferent performance, has some strokes of wit and humour, but mostly trite, dull characters. We have also read the play of Gil Blas,[2] and think it comical and diverting enough; but it seems written *on purpose for Garrick*, his part is so much the best. If Pauline proves handsome, which *indeed* I think she *bids fair for*, it is in vain to hope that she *can be kept ignorant of it*; all that the wisest friend can do for her is to teach her of how little value beauty is—how few years it lasts—how liable to be tarnished, and if it has its advantage, what a train of inconveniences also attend it; that it requires a double portion of discretion to guard it, and much more caution and restraint, than one that is not handsome. Beauty, where there is a beam of light to show the virtues of the mind, is a blessing to be wished for, but if its allurements *only* discover *folly and sin*, it is then *a curse indeed!* I do not wish to have our Pauline *blind* to her own perfections; but rather have her *so far* sensible of them, as never to do anything that can make the advantages Providence has bestowed upon her a reproach, but an incitement to do honour to herself and her family. I wish you had an opportunity of having her learn to dance: I make it

[1] Pompey the Little, 1750. The History of Pompey the Little, or the Life and Adventures of a Bologna Lap-dog. A satirical romance by Francis Coventry, who died 1759.

[2] Gil Blas, a comedy by Mr. Moore. It was acted at the theatre in Drury Lane. This comedy is founded on the story of Aurora, in the adventure of Gil Blas, by M. le Sage.

my request to you, if you have, that you will not lose it ; her cousin Granville, who is one of the best dancers I ever saw, danced a minuet very prettily at five years of age; it is not only an advantage in giving a graceful air to the person, but it *gives strength* to the limbs, and is the *best sort of exercise she can use.* I hope you will have the boys learn when they go to Warwick ; Garrick is the genteelest dancer *I ever saw.*

Ireland has lost many trees by the wind we had on the 25th February, which was the highest I ever heard. D.D. never preaches any of his sermons that are in print ; I have been provoked, and yet entertained and pleased in spite of all my anger, at being interrupted just as I came to page the 5th. Rap, rap at the door ; and in walked a lady and gentleman(Hamilton by name) that Mrs. Bushe introduced to me ; *she* is a surprising ready player on the harpsichord—she played Mr. Purcell's overture, and one of Handel's, as readily as if she had played them seven years, she has a neat pretty finger, and if she would undergo the slavery of practice, could do what she pleased ; but as she plays so agreeably without, and is so much mistress of music, it is not worth her while. Mr. Warde, a clergyman, our landlord at Mount Panther, brought me a present this morning of *a tiled cockle,* that weighs above a hundred weight ; it is as fine a shell as ever I saw—it is vulgarly called " the Lion's Claw," and comes from the West Indies ; and at this instant looks most magnificent under my cabinet. Last week I had a present of a beautiful pair of pheasants by a nephew of Mrs. Barber's ; they feed under my window, for they live in my flower-garden. Monday, the Veseys left us,

and we were dull as cats and mute as fish. Tuesday morning, I took to my painting again the picture I am copying of the Primate's; in the afternoon, went to hear "Samson" *murdered most barbarously*; I never heard such a performance called music in my life! what should be grave we turned to merriment. Wednesday painted; in the afternoon made visits, and finished with Lady Tullamore's assembly.

Mrs. Delany, to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 23 March, 1750-51.

Last Monday Bushe read the "Humorous Lieutenant;"[1] a very entertaining play. Tuesday, Mrs. Nuens[2] and I painted: I have now dead-coloured all the figures (which are 4) of the Primate's Raphael: it is a charming picture, but will cost me many a groan before I finish it. In the evening came Lady Blaney[3] and her two daughters, the Miss Murrays; *she* is very agreeable, not quite unaffected, but sensible, and has seen a good deal of the world. I had a letter to finish to Lord North, to recommend Jack Chapone for a stewardship on Lord Dartmouth's estate, had written it very fair, and to complete my work, instead of throwing sand threw the ink over it! not time to write it over again, so scraped the ink off as well as I could, and made my apology in a postscript. Wednesday we dined at Mount

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[1] The Humorous Lieutenant, London, 1697, by John Fletcher, an English dramatic writer. He is said by some person to have been a native of London, by others to have been born in Northamptonshire, 1576. He died, 1625.

[2] Mrs. Nuens used to grind Mrs. Delany's colours.

[3] Mary, daughter and heir of Sir Alexander Cairnes, Bart. and widow of Cadwaladyr, 7th Baron Blaney, who died in 1732; married secondly, Colonel Charles Murray.

Eccles with Lady Austin and Mrs. Dillon, and found a happy man there; young Mr. Preston, who has obtained consent from all sides to marry his pretty cousin. Love has improved his appearance, and those who know him well say he is a very worthy man: his father settles in present £400 a year, and more after his death, and they are to live part of the year with him and part with Mrs. Dillon, who has taken a very pretty house in Dublin. The pleasure of the day was damped to me by parting with Bushe, who has business to settle in Dublin, and goes to Mrs. Bushe for the summer on Easter Monday.

On Monday, madam, I give a sumptuous ball! Seven couple of young things! Oh that my little *dew-drops* were here to hop about with them! All the Hamilton young things, and some of their acquaintance to make the set up: the ball begins at eleven in the *morning*, and to last till half an hour after two; then dinner, and if not tired, an hour's dancing after dinner. I have no encouragement from Mr. Greene, or anybody I have spoken to, for Mr. C. to venture over; you *cannot imagine* the number of broken English merchants that come here by way of *retrieving their affairs*. What is become of Mrs. Margaret, and the legacy she gave notice of to her brother?

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 30 March, 1751.

Say what you like of your *new* apartment I have taken a fondness to my *old* one, and you will find it a

hard matter to keep me out of it. Oh that I could have the pleasure of fixing my *work-frame* or *some* of my employments here in a room where my dear sister has been; happier still to be where she is! But as time will go on, though we meet and must part, and take our turns of joy and sorrow—I should love Delville better, and have more enjoyment of it, had you *but once* blessed my roof! you cannot imagine how often D.D. and I, in our walks abroad and amusements at home, say how glad, how delighted we should be to have our welcome friends with us, but I do hope that happy time is approaching. I am glad your bedchamber chimney must come down, for as you never want to roast or boil there, I suppose you will not think it necessary to have a chimney of *such magnitude* as it is at present.

I promised you once a copy of each of my brother's pictures; but as *they will* come *into your family* some time or other, would it not be better for me to copy for you something else? But if you would rather have them copied, I will do it for you as soon as I have leisure. As to Mr. Cavendish, he is overrun with poor relations, has a numerous family of children to provide for, and, besides, I have not intimacy enough with him to be of any use to his cousin: he bears the character here of being a very honest good-natured man; and it is hard to know what relations' merits or demerits are towards each other. I have answered Sally as to Mr. Richardson, and think it an offer *not* to be refused. As to Lady Mansel,[1] it would be a very desirable affair, if our friend is not too high in her expectations, and I could, I think, easily

1 Amy, daughter of Sir Richard Cox, Lord Chancellor, who married Sir William Mansel, Bart.

obtain it for her by Miss Granville's means, or indeed by applying to her myself; and if you think it right I could write about it. Now I think of it I will not wait for your answer, for fear Lady Mansel should be gone out of town; and I believe your thoughts and mine will agree about it. An establishment of that kind, if her brother fails abroad, will be a happy thing; and if fortune favours him, and enables him to maintain his sisters *without* their attachment to anybody else, it *can never be a discredit* to young Sally to have kept company with a young woman of condition, *though* not in the highest way.

I told you I was to have a tiny ball on Monday; my company came at eleven exactly, as appointed; the fiddlers here before them. They had all breakfasted, and were eager to begin, which they did *immediately*. Seven couple. I never saw a happier set of dancers. I had all ages, from twenty-one to eight years old, Miss Anne Hamilton, the eldest; and to keep her in countenance, and *to gratify ourselves*, Mrs. F. Ham. and I made a couple for *above half* their dances. At one o'clock they found prepared for them in my dressing-room green tea, and orange-tea, and cakes of all kinds. In half an hour they returned to their dancing till half an hour after two, and then rested till dinner. I had one table which held eleven, and another of eight. The two Mrs. Hamiltons and Bushe were all the company besides the dancers. At 5 o'clock the fiddlers struck up again, and for two hours more they danced as briskly as if they had *not danced at all*. At 7 I *made them leave off*, and gave them tea, and played to them on the harpsichord, till they were cool enough to venture home.

They were all gone by half an hour after eight. Mrs. H. Hamilton came with Court's mistress a little after 5. She did not care to venture her dancing all the afternoon; I never saw a child so happy as she was. I made the ball *for her*, and wish my dear Court had had the pleasure of seeing how prettily she danced; she is a mighty natural, lively girl.

Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, I painted. Dined on Thursday at the Grandisons. Yesterday at Artain, Mr. Donnellan's; he takes *all advantages* the law *can* give him, which I am sorry for; for his own sake, as well as for those that will lose by it. I have had a letter from Lady Sarah Cowper. I hope she is better in her spirits, though I fear she has a *sorrow at heart* never to be entirely conquered; she says Cuzzoni is in England, and she "wants to *settle her in a nunnery*!"

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 6 April, 1751.

The frame-maker has interrupted me all this morning. I should have dismissed the man for another day, but as time is precious to tradesmen I did not care to disappoint him. He has brought a white and gold frame for the large Madonna, which I think the prettiest I ever saw; and four smaller ones for little flower-pieces, *as ugly*.

I had the joy of your letter last Monday, as I was going to town to buy mourning for the Prince of Wales.[1] I

[1] Frederick Prince of Wales, died at Leicester House on the 20th of March, 1751.

sincerely lament his death. He had many amiable qualities, and I pity the Princess of Wales excessively: She can have no friend to make up such a loss, and in that, as in many other circumstances, royalty is denied many comforts which their subjects enjoy. The dignity of her station requires her to appear in, and receive crowds, when her mind is oppressed with a sorrow which would rather seek the darkest shade: *it is impossible* she should *not* feel such a loss, which not only affects her tenderest affections, but her interest and her power.

I told you I had written to Lord North, at Mrs. Chapone's request, to recommend J. C. to Lord Dartmouth as a steward; I have just received his answer, that Lord Dartmouth[1] does not intend to change any of the stewards on his estate now, but with an assurance that my "recommendation would have a great weight with him;" he adds, as an excuse for the shortness of his letter, "*I am so penetrated with private and publick afflictions upon the heavy calamity that has befallen us, and my spirit is so depress'd by the melancholy offices in which I am engaged, that I hope you will forgive my saying more.*" He is, I am sure, a *faithful mourner*; and I hope he will not (to add to our misfortunes), lose the government of the princes. The bell has just done; I will return when I have been to church.

I am returned. Of all our mutual employments, none can give us so much satisfaction as that in which we have just been engaged; as, through the tender mercies of God, it may be the means of our meeting where we shall never more be separated.

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[1] Lord Dartmouth was not himself of age at this period.

The fracas in your nursery made me shudder for poor Jacky; I applaud the correction of Pauline. God forbid you should *stop your hand* when correction is necessary! and surely it must be so on such an occasion as that was, though I don't suppose the dear child meant the harm she did; but if children are not put upon their guard, accidents might prove fatal.

I had a letter from the Duchess of Portland. She complains of her spirits; she has been engaged with so many distressed people that it has very much sunk her. You *do not* recommend Peregrine Pickle;[1] so I shall *not* buy it. I have sent you a philosophical book, published by the author of the Description of Killarney; I subscribed for two books.

I have bought for my mourning a dark grey Irish poplin sack; I have an unwatered tabby night-gown and two black and white washing gowns, so I shall make shift with them till the second mourning—it is only for three months.

Mrs. Delany to Bernard Granville, Esq.

Delville, 11 April, 1751.

I have received the six dozen borders all safely, and return you, my dear brother, many thanks for them. They are for framing prints. I think them much prettier than any other sort of frame for that purpose, and where I have *not* pictures, *I must* have prints; otherwise, I think prints best in books. The manner of doing them is to have straining-frames made as much

[1] The Adventures of Peregrine Pickle, in which are included, Memoirs of a Lady of Quality, by Smollett. Published 1751.

larger than your print as will allow of the border; the straining-frame covered with coarse cloth, the print pasted on it, andthen the borders, leaving half an inch or rather less of margin round the print. Mr. Vesey has a room filled with prints made up in that way, and they look very well.

The great and public loss we have had has made a universal *lamentation*, as well as *mourning:* as for mourning, it is extravagant, and hardly to be had; I bought mine early, and yet have not been able to get it made up, and amongst many sufferers, I am afraid Handel will be one this year. I hear the oratorios filled very well, though you have said nothing about them: has there been a new one? Donnellan's brother acts an unkind part by her as well as an unjust one: my great concern will be when Don. changes her situation, for Miss Sutton will hardly choose to settle here, and I believe Donnellan will. I am earnestly engaged with the picture I borrowed of the Primate; it perplexes me a good deal, as some parts of it are so obscured by time and ill-usage, that it is impossible to see some of the dark parts, and I am obliged to make it out by my own judgment, which I think by no means equal to the task.

Our Northern journey is delayed by bad weather and business of the Dean's; I should not be sorry for the delay, but that I fear it will keep us so late in the summer season there, that we shall lose our fruit at Delville; and this year I hope to have a fine crop off my new wall, that I planted four years ago; I have not yet tasted any, as I did not suffer them to bear many last year. I suppose our cousins Granville will soon go to Bristol; I hope my sister will have the

pleasure of seeing you at Welsbourn this year, and not meet with the mortifications and disappointments she did last year and the year before. Last Tuesday we went to Lucan; called on Mrs. Hamilton and her daughter at nine in the morning, got to Lucan before eleven, breakfasted there, and returned to dinner with Mrs. Hamilton before four. Was it *not sprightly?* and with *only* one pair of horses? That is one of the places to show you; but when shall I be so happy as to have the opportunity?

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 13 April, 1751.

I answered your letter about Miss Warton the day after I received it, enclosed Miss Mulso's[1] and Mr. Richardson's, and I believe in my hurry your own too, for I cannot find it. I have thought about the affair a great deal, and I cannot help wishing you had a person you could confide in to leave with your children when you go abroad, for I am afraid you confine yourself too much; but how far Mrs. Warton can undertake making her things, and washing laces, I don't know.

Wednesday I sat to my painting; have begun the second painting; gone over the Madonna's face, and the St. Elizabeth. My company coming,—must finish after they are gone.

April 16.

My company staid so late I had not time to finish my

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[1] Hester Mulso was born at Twywell, in Northamptonshire, in the year 1727. At an early age she wrote the story of Fidelia, in the *Adventurer*, an Ode to Peace, and Verses prefixed to Elizabeth Carter's translation of Epictetus.

scrawl, for such it is. Sunday I had appointed to have called on Mrs. H. Hamilton, and to have gone together to the cathedral of Christ Church, but the day was so bad I could not even go to church here, so the Dean gave us prayers at home, and we read one of Atterbury's sermons; they are at present our Sunday reading, and charming sermons they are: I am not critic deep enough to find fault with them: his *doctrine* to me appears *very good* and his language *elegant and pure*. A good style to me has great charms, like a graceful action that sets off the beauty of person; but it is not the chief requisite in writing, though it is an embellishment not unworthy of the ablest pen.

Bushe being gone, our evenings are spent tête-à-tête. My every-day reading is Dryden's Virgil, but I don't read till candle-light. Do you remember Dryden's dedication to Lord Clifford before his Pastorals; I like it extremely—it is *very witty*. I am glad to find some of the most ingenious books I ever read are now as new to me as if I had never read them: it is, you will say, an extraordinary happiness to find an advantage from a weakness, as this must be owing to my want of memory.

D.D. is busy looking over papers, and I finishing some little useful works, and looking over accounts, &c., —*necessary work*, and so far pleasing as it makes domestic affairs go on with less confusion. I have had a letter from Mr. Clerke; he has been confined almost to his chamber for above two months, which is the reason he has not paid the money I directed him to pay. I could not help encouraging S.'s going to Mr. Richardson, as I thought it might be both an *advantage* and a

pleasure to her. To-morrow—here flew in *my nun* Miss Crilly: sprightly and agreeable as she is, I wish she had staid away an hour longer—she has overwhelmed me with praise and compliments. I must *break her* of that abundance of French civility, it *quite confounds me*; set that aside, and she is an agreeable entertaining creature, and seems to have good principles and pretty sentiments. She has been confined with sickness and devotion, and I don't call upon her so often as I should like to do, as people are so offended here if *these nuns* are much taken notice of, that I should be thought *disaffected.*

Have you heard anything lately of George Wise? I have designed enquiring after him often, and something or other has put it out of my head when I was writing.

The newspapers say the Princess of Wales is to lie in at Leicester House, go to Kensington afterwards, and return to St. James's with the King, but I want to hear it from better authority. Do you remember in Madame de Sevigné's letters a person she mentions with whom her son was engaged—letters of hers are published. I only read the first, which I *disliked too much* to throw away my time upon any more, though they are *much cried up:* they are written with a *very bad design,* and set out upon such *bad principles,* I wonder any but downright libertines can commend them. Lady Maude and her two daughters have finished my morning of interruptions, and I must finish my letter.

D.D. just now tells me we may set out for the North on this day fortnight.

Mrs. Delany to Mr. Bernard Granville, Park Street.

Delville, 11 June, 1751.

Though you say you are preparing for Calwich, I will direct once more to Park Street; but should pity you extremely if I was sure you were dusting in London at this time. We have just ordered the table to be laid to dine in the garden. I thank you for your kind hint about my orange-trees; when is the proper time for trimming them? I have lost one of the variegated sort; it died of an apoplexy—was in appearance healthy when I brought it out the 20th May with the rest of my trees, and in a day or two it dropped. I have not the heart to trim them now—they are so *thick budded* to blossom. I have laid aside my scheme this year for a greenhouse, but am going to make up a menagerie, which is what I most immediately want. I have got fourteen young wild ducks, a cock and hen pheasant, and a black cock and hen with white toppings, that are the prettiest things I ever saw; and four young beauty fawns, fallen within these four days: so my cares increase, and I have a great deal of business in a morning, walking about amongst my animals and seeing them properly attended. Besides this, I am filling a nitch with a mosaic of shells and the compliment paid it two days ago was, that "*it was very like Irish stitch.*" These are my occupations till nine (I rise soon after six), and *then painting takes place.*

The pleasantest party I make out of my own villa is to Lucan; Mrs. F. Hamilton is generally of our company. It is a delightful place, and its owners perfectly agreeable in their own house, *always busy*, and have *some work or other* to set one to do. The last time we were there, which was last Friday, Mrs. Vesey had a

whim to have Indian figures and flowers cut out and oiled, to be transparent, and pasted on her dressing-room window in imitation of painting on glass, and it has a very good effect; we go again next Friday to finish what we began last week.—Pray let me know what you are about at Calwich, how all your creatures do, and if you want any more shells.

The Cloghers landed on Saturday night; I have not yet seen them. D.D. wants me to write letters for him.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes, at Welsbourn, near Keinton.

(Part of letter, no date.)
1751.

———was so unfortunate on her coming here as to find her aunt dead, and be destitute of friends and money; Miss Bushe made a contribution for her: I will enquire more particularly about her, and see her, and then you may make the enquiries; and if she is no impostor perhaps you may find her fit for your purpose. The "Essays on the Employment of Time" are written by Mr. West (as I am informed). I can't say but I like the Œconomy, &c., very well at once reading, and think it must be useful, but, alas! *morals are wanting*; and where they are well established it must be on the foundation of Xtianity—*all other foundations are mere sand.*

The newspapers inform us positively of Lord Granville being President of the Council.[1] I hope it will prove to his honour, and the good of the nation; *his abilities are sufficient*, and therefore the greater his reproach if he fails. As to any good that may accrue to

[1] John Earl Granville was appointed President of the Privy Council, and was sworn at Kensington, June 17, 1751.

us from his present situation, I think little of it, though I believe he would now *rather* prefer D.D. than any of his acquaintance; but great men are so hampered with their engagements to one another that they cannot always do what perhaps they wish to do. We are really neither of us anxious about it; indeed we have no reason, for if we can discharge the duty of our present station, I think we have nothing farther *in reason* to *wish for now* on our own account.

Last Saturday we had our music and company, and everybody seemed pleased, so much that I wished for my dearest sister over and over again. I am a prisoner till my horses are well, but what care I? I indeed wish to see my two agreeable Hamiltons; but I have good company at home, and a world of employments.

The calm content with which Mrs. Delany expresses her indifference about the promotion of Dr. Delany to a Bishopric, is confirmatory of what was before very evident—that the interest she had previously evinced in the various translations of Bishops soon after her marriage, arose from her natural anxiety to have *Dr. Delany's merits* publicly and individually acknowledged, especially by the intervention of one of her own family, and her own choice thus vindicated. Seven years' experience had however convinced her, that the happiness she then enjoyed might be diminished by his promotion. She had become attached to Delville, had the constant pleasure of the society of the Hamiltons and Letitia Bushe, who were her fellow-labourers in the arts in which she delighted; and she was satisfied that the best fortune which could be attained was the continuance of the blessings then enjoyed; besides which, she found the Dean's worth admitted by the greater number of her friends, who esteemed him for his own merits as well as from being her husband, though for some time she had been sensitively apprehensive that he would only be regarded for her sake.

Earl Granville to Mrs. Delany.

Arlington Street, July 9th, 1751.

MADAM,

Many months ago you honoured me with a letter of prophecy; I accepted the omen, but I could not answer it till now. All I shall say at present is that I have a very sincere regard for you, *not only* as *my cousin*, but for your personal merit—long known to me and my family, and *I have great affection* for Dr. Delany, to whom give all assurances of my respect.

I am, Madam,

Your most faithful and obedient humble servant,

GRANVILLE.

Mrs. Delany to Bernard Granville, Esq., Calwich.

Mount Panther, near Rathfryland,
13 July, 1751.

We set out as we proposed on Tuesday morning, had fine temperate weather for our journey, and got home without any accident or adventure on Thursday to dinner. Within four miles of Mount Panther we met Mrs. Annesley and Lady Anne Annesley[1] on horseback, going to dine under a tent on cold meat about a mile from that place, where they are going to build. They say it is a fine situation, has much of the majestic about it—as mountains, wild rocks, woods, and an extensive view of the main ocean; but much must be done to it to give it the comfort and agreeableness requisite for a

[1] William Annesley, Esq., married, in 1738, Lady Anne Beresford, eldest daughter of Marcus, 1st Earl of Tyrone. Mr. Annesley was afterwards created Baron Annesley and Viscount Glerawley.

dwelling; they have walled in, and planted with oak, etc. three hundred and fifty acres of ground, for a park. Near them is a large bleach-yard, and Mr. Annesley is going to *build a town.* They would fain have had us go to dine with them, and I had a great mind to do it, but we were at a loss what to do with our cattle and men, so resisted, and came prudently home. We dined with them yesterday, they live at Cloghe about half a mile off, that is near an English mile. I cannot say they are *very agreeable*, but as they are *very civil* to us, and singular in their manner, their acquaintance is entertaining. Mr. Bayley, a clergyman, who is our nearest neighbour, a brother of Sir Nicholas, and his lady are very agreeable, good neighbours, and so are Mr. Forde's family (about three miles off) in a very friendly way. I don't know whether I introduced you to this company before, but if I did this is to rub up your memory, so that when I mention my engagements you may not be quite a stranger to them.

Is my sister with you? I am glad Miss Viney is so happy as to make you a visit.

Mrs. Dewes to Bernard Granville, Esq.

Gloucester, 30 August, 1751.

I have rejoiced in every moment of sunshine which gave you an opportunity of hearing more agreeable concerts in your enchanting wood and walks than the *three quires* have produced to us; and I can justly say a day has not passed that I have not wished myself with you. I am *heartily fatigued* with the business of these two days, though very glad to see Mrs. Viney, whose

sincerity and affection to her friends must make them value her. The account of the *music* I leave to Mrs. Viney: the collection was a hundred and thirty seven pounds—there was a *crowd* and *no company*. The performance in the church much the best.

Your sweet notes[1] upon the clavichord have so *refined my ears*, that I must confess the music I have heard here sounds very harsh;[1] and the raking does not agree with me, for I have got the tooth-ach, but some of your black wool, which I have in my ear, will cure me.

Miss Viney is now in her element, having sat up three nights together till 2 and 3 o'clock—Wednesday and Thursday at the assembly and last night at a ball Mr. Mee gave. Mrs. Viney, poor Nancy, and I passed the evening very agreeably with oratorios and talking. Mr. Dewes had enough of the music on Wednesday and Thursday morning, and went to Cheltenham Thursday evening in his way home.

I shall stay here till Monday se'nnight, and then go to Cheltenham for three or four days, and shall make your compliments and give your kind message to Mrs. Chapon, who will be happy to see Calwich and enjoy that delightful place. Some of the myrtle and ivy-leaved-jasmin is alive still, and I believe will go with me to Cheltenham. Nothing was ever more comfortable than the good provision[2] you gave us; some of the

[1] Mr. Granville was devoted to music, and played finely on the organ and clavicord.

[2] It appears by this sentence and many previous passages in this correspondence, that good inns were rare and far between, and that persons were provided on leaving their friends' houses not only with refreshment to eat in the carriage, but with provisions to eat at inns, where little or nothing was to be had, and enough to last many days.

cake and beef we brought on to Mrs. Viney, who thought both admirable. We have escaped Dr. Capel till to-day; he dined here, but really pleased me by his encomiums on Calwich,—every recollection of which and its dear master is a joy to me.

I heard from Sir Anthony Westcomb to-day, who says he waits for my return to make us a visit, so I must not stay long at Cheltenham. I propose to be at home by this day fortnight.

I met a letter from Mrs. Donnellan.

The following letter is not signed, and the address was torn off, but it is very evident that it is written to Mr. Granville by one of the Miss Vineys, after a visit at Calwich.

The letter is amusing, as showing the style of composition of one of the "*spinsters*" so often named—"Mary" or "Ann,"—when addressing the much-admired but much-feared individual, Mr. Granville, with whom, however there was a bond of union in their love of music, independent of the respect he always paid to any friends of his mother. The letters of Mrs. Delany and her sister constantly testify to the musical abilities, both vocal and instrumental, of Mrs. Viney and her daughters.

Gloucester, Sept. 21st, 1751.

SIR,

I received the favour of your letter last post, and am much obliged to you for the kind things you say in it. I must have been more stupid than I really am, not to have passed my time agreeably in any place where you were, and Calwich has also numberless charms of its own to please: I am much obliged to all the company who did me the favour to enquire after me, and beg my compliments to them. I never received a letter from you since I left you, before this,

and am quite surprised you could write to me before I returned my thanks to you for the many favours I received at Calwich, but you have been always so particular in your civilities to me that I am the less surprised. I am almost glad your workmen plague you, which I own appears very odd, but I only mean that I hope they will tire you of the country, and send you to us very soon. We have continual rains, and believe ever shall have. I suppose you were much surprised to see Mr. Johnson: he wrote Col. Guering word he arrived safe at Calwich, and met with a very kind reception from you, but had then seen nothing or very little of the place. The Col. and his lady did us the favour to spend the evening with us last night, and we had two violins, Mr. Bailis and Bicknell and Mr. Smith; Mrs. Ready could not come, mama was hoarse, and so you may guess how fine a concert we entertained them with. Good heavens! *how low poor music* is now reduced! But the Colonel and Mrs. Guering are very polite. We spent Wednesday evening with them The Colonel says he believes he shall take Prickrash (Prinklash), Mr. Bridgman's, for he cannot get a house in Gloucester that he can bear; *that* he is in is *so small.* My mama, brother, and sister join with me in compliments to you, and beg you will be so obliging to make our compliments to Mr. Johnson and thanks for his message in the Colonel's letter.

Mrs. Dewes left us last Wednesday se'nnight; I suppose she is at home by this time. I will endeavour to recollect the prelude: I am vastly delighted with, "*I hope to meet again on earth,*" and "*When sunk in anguish,*" &c., &c. I hope Mr. Handel will not stay

all the winter at the Spaw, at least hope he will not neglect *Jephthah's Vow*. I hear no news, only that Miss Lye is to have Mr. Blythe, and Mr. Maitland Miss Hazelwood; but perhaps Mr. Johnson knows more of that than I do; they are *very particular*, which gives rise I suppose to the report. But this tittle-tattle is too low to *entertain you* with, and indeed gives me no pleasure, therefore I will add no more as I can say no better.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most obliged and obedient servant.

I beg the favour of you, Sir, to give the enclosed note to Mrs. Sarah. I am quite ashamed to be so impertinent, and I suppose you will wonder what secrets I have with her. No treason I promise you, only I hope your swans are well and with you.

Mrs. Delany to the Duchess of Portland.

Delville, 8 Oct. 1751.

My dearest friend I hope is safe and happy at her own delightful Bulstrode, from whence I am sure she will indulge and oblige me as soon as she can. Mrs. Don. is come, after my expecting her with some uneasiness for a week: she landed on Thursday evening last; the Bishop of Clogher went to the water-side to meet her, and carried her home, and the next day I fetched her to Delville. At first meeting she was very much affected, and seemed a good deal sunk and low, but she is now recovered and pretty well; she was much concerned at not seeing your Grace before she

left England, and you are, I think, in *very good favour*. How strange is it that you should *not ever* be so with those who have the happiness of knowing you! but *some tempers*, like *some constitutions*, have an acid that at times makes everything disagree with them. I shall guard against it as well as I can, and hope we shall do so very well: her own family have used her most provokingly ill; and how she will be able to deal with them I don't know, for there are very high, perverse spirits among them. My dearest friend, I am now a very old woman (though not in years, not being quite threescore [1]); but as to my knowledge of the little world which has come under my observation, I am convinced that the greatest happiness we can enjoy (next to a conscientious discharge of our duty) is to be able to *command our temper*—it is better to us than riches or honour, even than health: without it, we suffer more pain and anxiety by our fretfulness than many distempers give us, and torment and vex everybody about us. Is not this true, my dearest Lady Duchess? it is conjecture in me, but in you certainty. I have not time this morning to write a long letter. We dine at the Bishop of Clogher's, and I must dress for dinner.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, Nov. 2nd, 1751.

I am rejoiced at Court's fondness for school, as it will make all the toils of it easy to him and you better satisfied with his absence. I am very glad Mrs. Roach

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[1] Mrs. Delany was then fifty-one.

has behaved herself hitherto so well, I hope she will go on as she has begun. I think you may be easy about the young children's English[1] at present, and are in the right to have the boys make use of their time whilst at home in learning French; which is not only a pretty polishing, but often useful. I think we are quite agreed about the *article of dress* in children: the *first impressions*, as you observe, are never entirely worn out, and there cannot be a *greater folly* in training up young people than that of *suffering wrong notions to take root*; and then relying on reason getting the better of them as they grow up: the knotted oak may be as soon bent as a prejudiced mind!

I have given you an account of my guest, who continues to approve and like everything here; she has been a little out of order but is very well again, and gone this morning (*Black Acre like*) to her lawyers. She charged me with her kind love and service to you; she would, had it been in her power, have made you a visit with great pleasure. She is quite undetermined about settling herself, if in England, she fears being distressed by those who are to remit her money—if in Ireland, her friends, (or those who *naturally* should be so) treat her so ill, that she apprehends it will not be very comfortable for her to live amongst them; the dishonourableness of the one, and the insolence of the other, give her little encouragement to live here. Is it not a happy circumstance to have a heart formed to bear such usage, without breaking? a hundreth part of the

[1] This doubtless alluded to the Warwickshire accent and phraseology of the servants about them.

unkindness she has met with I think from a B. and an S. would have sunk me to death; indeed that family have not been bred up with the same affections we have.

I hope you have given my brother an account of the letter that was said to be enclosed to you, one does not know what turn Flirtilla may give it! It is likely he designed her a letter, but laziness prevailed, but he knows you never can neglect anything that concerns him. I long to hear how he does and where he is, but I may long, long enough—the cross winds will not satisfy me yet.

I wish your house finished, as this is a bad time of year to be incumbered with workmen. Monday, I went to Dublin, was two hours and a half choosing worsteds for a friend in the North, who is working *a fright* of a carpet! Donnellan not well enough to go out, spent the rest of the day in our comfortable home way. Every evening as soon as prayers are over we go to the harpsichord, and to my playing Donnellan hums over the oratorios; and though her voice has *not* the *force* it had, it is *very melodious*, and her taste and manner so different from anything I meet with here that it gives me great pleasure.

Tuesday morning, Lady Blaney made us a visit.

Wednesday, the Birthday. I went with Mrs. Clayton *at her request*, but *will not again* for reasons too long and impertinent to insert in a letter; dined at Lord Grandison's; finished at Mrs. Hamilton's; home before nine.

Thursday, invitation to dine at Mrs. Ormsby's (eldest daughter to Mr. Donnellan[1]); a family meeting, which

[1] Mr. Donnellan, brother-in-law to Mrs. Delany's friend.

when not cordial, are *the most disagreeable of all meetings.* Donnellan's heart was full, and her eyes ready to overflow all the day; they gave her an *extravagant dinner,* as Mr. Donnellan did; and think to repay her for what they have withheld by this entertainment.

Yesterday we spent a more agreeable day at Mr. Hills. Mr., Mrs. Curry, and Mr. Leslie (all agreeable people) were all the party. The house is an extremely good and pleasant one; the dinner elegant and properly suited to the company—their plate in good taste, and very well attended.

I suppose you expect some account of the Birthday: I went to *Madam* in my coach at one o'clock; she was in her sedan, with her three footmen in Saxon green, with orange-coloured cockades, marched in state, I humbly followed. A stop kept me about half an hour on the way; she got to the Castle without interruptions, and went on into the drawing-room directly. Can you tell *why* she desired me to go with her? I can. She was superb in brown and gold, and diamonds; I was clad in the purple and white silk I bought when last year in England; and my littleness set off her greatness! These *odd fancies* make me laugh, and not a bit angry: only rather self-satisfied, that I feel myself above doing the things which make the actor so despicable. The Duke and Duchess of Dorset[1] came in to the drawing-room at half an hour after one, very graceful and princely. The Duchess had a blue paduasoy, embroidered very richly with gold, and done here; there was

[1] Lionel Duke of Dorset, was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland for the second time, December 15, 1750, and continued in that office till April 2, 1755.

a great deal of handsome finery. The two best-dressed women there were Mrs. Pomeroy[1] and Miss Colley her sister, (who is come to spend the winter in Dublin)—though not fine; and they had no *frippery whims in their heads*, which now prevail so much that *everybody looks mad!* At two all the company went and took their places in the ball-room, which is very fine, much better than that at St. James's, and Dubourg, who is master of the band of music, gave us the Birthday song. I can't say much in commendation of it, as it was not great enough for a crowd, pretty pastoral music, which has no effect in so large an assembly. I did not get to my Lord Grandison's dinner till half an hour after four; the ball I would have nothing to do with, and am glad I was so prudent, as they say it was insufferably crowded.

Monday, we dined at Portico. Tuesday, Pomeroy and Colley dine here: and this day se'night we are to spend at the Bishop of Derry's, a day of *virtù*—in the morning prints, drawings, pictures; in the evening music.

I must tell you a story of our old friend Nanny Crisp, though it cost me half a sheet more of paper. She has a sister Gough, younger by several years than herself, who has been abroad, and is a widow in very bad circumstances. Mrs. Bernard, who told me the story, says she is very ordinary in her appearance, but an excellent creature, and far superior to our old acquaintance in understanding! A sister of Mrs. Bernard's was asked by a gentleman of a very good estate, who has one only daughter (a child,) if she could recommned a wife to

[1] Mary, youngest daughter of Henry Colley, Esq., M.P., the elder brother of Richard, 1st Lord Mornington, married, in 1747, Arthur Pomeroy, Esq.

him who was qualified to make him a good companion, and to educate his daughter; she immediately thought of Mrs. Gough; as he neither insisted on *youth*, *beauty*, nor *fortune!* She told him she could recommend just such a person as would make him a happy man. (They were at this time at Oxford, Nanny Crisp and her sister at Burford): it was agreed that *Mrs. Price* should carry him there to breakfast, she did accordingly, and what do you think happened? *He falls in love with Crisp*, and will not hear of Mrs. Gough! but Crisp has vowed to live and die a virgin, and will not admit of any addresses.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 7 November, 1751.

I am happy to hear that Court has a master who knows how to value him. I hope Bunny will find benefit from the elixir; it is a very good thing. I am told by a very wise woman, that quick-silver-water is the most effectual remedy for worms that can be taken, and must be continued constantly for a year together, and the elixir may be taken at times. *A pound of quick-silver boiled in a gallon of water till half the water is consumed away to be constantly drank at his meals, or whenever he is dry.*[1] If Mrs. Kendal is made unhappy by her loss, I am sorry for her, and am sure all her riches will make her but poor amends for the loss of

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1 This prescription is worthy of the *bleedings* for *breathlessness*, as both appear well calculated to cure the disorder by killing the patient.

such a friend, if a worthy one; but as I remember Mr. Kendal did not bear a very good character I should be very glad to hear that Nanny Ward's uncle had left her a good legacy.

I have had a slight cold, but am quite well again: I got it last Monday in a cold shop staring at my Lord Lieutenant's parading—a custom always observed the 4th of November, King William's birthday, whose memory is *idolized* here almost to superstition. The Duke's equipage, and the nobility that attended him, were very fine, and all the horses decked out with orange-coloured ribbons: there is a statue of King William erected in a large space before the Parliament-House, and they tour round that statue and round Stephen's Green.

M. is in our neighbourhood quite discharged from his office, and sensibly mortified by it. He is *not worse* since I wrote last to you, but I think it very improbable he should hold out the winter; and as I hope and believe he has made a proper use of the mortification he has undergone, his death would be a *blessing to himself, could he do justice before he died.*

Mrs. Hamilton has been much out of order, but is better. Her mother much recovered. I fear it will be a long time, if ever, before Mr. Richardson's "*good man*" is produced, and I am afraid his health will suffer from his too close attention to it; he has undertaken a *very hard task*, which is to please the *gay and the good*, but Mrs. D. says, as far as he has gone he has succeeded wonderfully. I have neither seen nor heard of any new book of late but *Lettres Diverses*[1] of Madame de Sevigné's

[1] Lettres Choisies de Mesdames de Sevigné and de Maintenon, published, 1726. These letters were translated into English, and published in 1758.

correspondents, in one small volume. They are not equal to her own letters, but very entertaining, and I am much pleased as far as I have gone (which is about half way), with Madame de Coulange. Our Don. is, I thank God, well, and seems very happy, which is truly a great satisfaction to D.D. and myself: I think had she been in Dublin her *kind friends* would have *teazed her to death.*

I went yesterday morning to Madam Clayton to take her to task about her behaviour to her sister, and I told her in as free terms as I could with civility, that I thought she treated her "*very unkindly;*" indeed, I saw such a scene between the sisters last Monday as frightened me; such taxing on both sides, unkind behaviour, such high looks and words, and so impetuous, that it was impossible to say a mollifying word. Unluckily and undesignedly Don. mentioned her "having administered" to her *brother's will.* Upon *being asked* "why she was so low-spirited?" one word drew on another, but I must in justice say *my friend* said nothing that she was not provoked to say, and Mrs. C. was *most provoking.* I thought this too much to let pass without some notice; and that made me go yesterday to speak my mind to Mrs. C., who I think is convinced (a little) of being in the wrong, and has given me a promise never more to talk to her sister on business, who has promised the same on her side. I made them meet, kiss, and (*I hope*) friends; but if these jangles were to happen often, it would greatly embitter the pleasure I have in Don.'s company, who to us is as agreeable in her behaviour as possible. It is very hard that those who have *seized on* her right, will prescribe to her how she is to behave herself towards her

worthless relations, and are for *carving out her fortune.* She intends going to England next year, to settle affairs there. She has let her house in London for £300, her lease will be out next Michaelmas. Our law-affairs are at a stand, and must be so till our messenger returns from Jamaica. I have had a great deal of conversation about our *belle amie.*[1] D. is *not* quite satisfied with her, she thinks her not acknowledging nor affectionate enough, but those are articles in which *she* is *not* easily satisfied: she commends her understanding and great genius for reasoning on religious subjects.

I beg your pardon, Madam, I am not for your shutting up any window in the new parlour but that which you propose doing. A workroom must have light *near the chimney*, or it is very inconvenient and uncomfortable, so go on with your scheme, which is a very good one. A room cannot be handsome which does not well answer the purpose it was designed for.

Last Monday we dined at Portico, and a disagreeable day it was; in the evening *pour faire bonne bouche*, we called on Mrs. Hamilton, which refreshed my spirits; her cheerful composure and sweetness of manners are excellent restoratives for worried spirits. Tuesday, Wednesday, painted all morning; staid at home all day to nurse my cold. Thursday dined with a Mrs. Buller —a very worthy, agreeable woman, whose house is *a curiosity for neatness.* To-day go to the Bishop of Derry's at one: the morning to be devoted to pictures and drawings, the evening to music. I have not seen Finglass friends a great while.

[1] Miss Sutton.

Don. sings every evening, I wish I could accompany her as well as you can, or rather much—much rather you were here to accompany her yourself.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 16th Nov., 1751.

I am vexed at your disappointment, my dearest sister, and the loss of my letter dated 5th of Oct. I can't recollect anything of great consequence in it but the account of Donnellan's *landing* the 3rd of Oct., that the Bishop of Clogher went in his chariot to the water-side, carried her home, and the next day I went for her; had no notice of her arrival till dinner time, and went as soon as I had dined. It would have been civil and kind in the Bishop and Mrs. C. to have asked me to dinner, but instead of that they had *nephews* and *nieces* and a *rout of company* that quite distressed Don. and they would not send her note to me till it was past the hour of my going to dinner. When we meet I have such *strange ways* to talk over with you as will shock your sisterly affection, but I will not cram my letters with them; only tell you what immediately concerns Donnellan, who is *very cruelly treated* amongst those who naturally should be her best friends; it is indeed a sad thing for children to lose a mother; the wisest and best fathers cannot make up that loss to them. As women are designed by Providence to be more domestic, they are endowed with the proper *talents* and *patience* to train up their children—men have not the attention that is necessary for so great a work.

I cannot help being concerned for Miss Sk.; her mother was a good woman. What does her aunt mean by allowing her such liberty? perhaps she does not know how to manage her at home. What an advantage it is to young people to have their wills subdued in infancy! *Pride and conceit* are their ruin, and when once those weeds have *taken root* it is almost impossible to get the better of them, and the best soil will be overrun if not most carefully watched and attended to. Next to inculcating right religious principles the most material work is to make brothers and sisters *perfectly well-bred towards one another*. I see many sad disagreements arise in families merely for want of *good manners!* but I have the satisfaction of seeing prophetically my dear nephews and niece happy together, *paying and still owing*, their hearts warm with love and benevolence, their manners gentle and engaging, and how should they be otherwise with such parents as they have? Let your house be finished or unfinished, a palace or a cottage, it will be everything I wish it to be when I am so happy as to enjoy your company in it.

I am a little astonished at people's *unreasonable* fears about *distempers*: one would imagine a Providence was never thought of, "*in whose hands are life and death.*" Surely there is a mean between rash presumption and foolish fear? I wish all infectious distempers were over in your family, but I thank God I have no great anxiety about it, and I trust you (who are a thousand times better and more resigned than I am) are as easy on that point as I am. I am of your opinion entirely as to bashfulness in boys *as well* as girls: company and proper encouragement will in time give them as much

assurance as is necessary to make them address themselves as they ought to do, but a bold, forward behaviour is *shocking:* I have seen enough of it in Miss Br. to make me *detest it.* You may well wonder how Mrs. C. feels, but wonder more were you to hear *her say her sister "has enough;"* and *direct her* how she should make her will, and give her some *gentle hints* as if she thought she had clandestinely made her mother's! It would indeed have been very strange if Mrs. P. had not shewn a particular regard to a daughter that never forsook her, and was the only one of the family that wanted what she had to bestow. *A sister overflowing with wealth* envying a bare provision bestowed on one ten times her value is monstrous, or envying her on any account; but the crime is its own punishment—a mind so disposed feels torture which the honest, generous mind can never suffer. What a vixen girl is that Miss Nichols! but Mrs Oke. discipline was *ill-judged,* though thoroughly deserved. Mr. Clerke commended your house mightily.

I wish our cousin Tony[1] had that support which alone can lessen the terrors of death, but his ears, I fear have been *stopped to the charmer.* I am very easy about Godi's picture;[2] the *chief reason* why I wished to get it was its having been valued by our wise and worthy friend Mrs. Duncombe. I have got Theodora, and have great pleasure in thrumming over the sweet songs with Don., who sings every evening. We go on in our usual track, which she seems pleased with; the days we have no company as soon as tea is over we settle to our book and work. We are now reading Cart's History

[1] Sir Anthony Westcomb.

[2] A picture of Lady Scudamore.

of England, which they say is the best which has yet been published: we are still fighting with the Romans —Agricola is the present hero. At eight, prayers—and from that music till supper; and after, a pool at commerce, (to which *we invite Gran*[1]) and the young Barbers; they are comical and good-humoured, and make us graver folks laugh. Don. commends Miss Mulso's letters, but she does not so well like the young woman, that is, she admires her sense and ingenuity, but thinks her only *second rate* as to *politeness of manners*; and that Richardson's *high admiration for her* has made him take her *as a model* for his genteel characters, and that is the reason they *are not* so really polished as he thinks them to be.

I honour you for your indulgence to Jenny Mare. Mr. M. is better, and says I have cured him with the artificial asses' milk, but I don't think him cured for all that. Smith and Sally are much honoured by your remembrance, and send "their duty;" they are very well.

You desire news from England—it is a *roundabout* truly: all I know you shall, though it may be as old as Queen Elizabeth's death by the time it reaches you, or at least as old as the Duke of Bolton's[2] marriage with Polly! I had a letter last post from Bulstrode, the Duchess had been at London (Babess with her) to the Birthday. Betty G. has had a cold and loss of voice, recovered again by bleeding! The Duchess met Lord Grat. ille, who enquired very particularly after me, and

[1] Mrs. Donellan's gentlewoman.

[2] October 21st, 1751, at Aise, in Provence, the Duke of Bolton was married to Mrs. Lavinia Besswick.

said he "was extremely glad to hear that I was to be in England next year—*true courtier!*" Master Southwell is better in health, but his speech and appearance very bad. Don.'s house is let to Lord Holderness for £300 the year. she had a long entertaining letter from Miss Sutton, who Says she shall go to London as soon as her brother returns. I wish he may have a heart to do what is right by her, to take a house and make her mistress of it till one of them marries. Mrs. (Hanover Square) Montagu has been terrified with fears for her daughter, who had some time ago a very dangerous fever: I don't know whether they are yet come to town; I hear a great character of Frederick.[2] Did you hear that poor Handel has lost the sight of one of his eyes? I am sure you (who so truly taste his merit) will lament it: so much for England!

The Irish journal as follows: Monday, as soon as breakfast was over went to Finglass, staid till Tuesday, dined at Mrs. Marley's; met by the Bishop of Clogher and his lady; waited dinner till near 4, then in came "Madam," pale, sick and distrest—so "*fatigued*," so "*shocked*"—she was "*killed*"—she had "*got her death*; and what do you think had happened? her grandeur's chairmen being both drunk, she was reduced to the dreadful necessity of coming a quarter of a mile in a hackney chair. Don't you pity her extremely? She looked about for pity, and the company were all so hard-hearted as to be rather glad than sorry: the day passed dull enough. Wednesday made us amends; Fin-

[1] Mr. Frederick Montagu, son of Mrs. Montagu of Papplewick, generally called in these letters "Mrs. (Hanover Square) Montagu."

glass sisters and Bushe spent the whole day here. Thursday, being Donnellan's birthday, we engaged Lord Mornington, his three sons, two daughters, and "sister Sale"—an agreeable good set of people, who always make very particular enquiries after you.

Yesterday Mr. Corrie, and his nephew Mr. Leslie, dined here, very well-bred sensible men, and poor Mr. M. Mr. Greene has been much out of order; he is better, his pretty boy had such a fall that he narrowly escaped with his life by a blow on his temple which stunned him. I forget the great news of all, which is that I have quite finished the Raphael and fallen in love with a picture of Lady Mazarin,[1] painted by Sir Peter Lely; though 'tis not the painting of the portrait but *the great resemblance* the person bears to the Duchess of Portland: the face is not to compare to hers, but the figure has all her grace and genteel air. Unluckily *my picture* of her done by Zincke is *turned* the *contrary way*, or I would clap it on the shoulders of this picture, for I could enlarge it in my copy, if the shadows and lights were suited to that of Sir Peter Lely's. *Gran*[2] is very comfortable with us here, and we won't part with her. She is called by the *Adversary* "a *Godi*," but they do her great wrong; she never makes *any improper advances*, and always dines and sups with Smith; and when we are alone we send to her to

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[1] Hortense Mancini, Duchess of Mazarin, died 1699. Her portrait by Sir Peter Lely has been several times engraved. Horace Walpole speaks of a picture he saw at Althorp, called the Duchess of Mazarin, but which he believed to be Cleopatra; and in 1763 he mentions "the charming portrait of the Mazarin at the Duke of St. Alban's."

[2] "*Gran*" was the writer of the letters to "*Martha of Calwich*," signed A.G.

come to us *after* dinner and supper, which she does with great modesty, and I should *very willingly distinguish her more*, but Donnellan does not care I should. I can only say

I am for 'ever yours,

M. D.

My brother I suppose is in London.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 30th Nov^{r}, 1751.

I am sorry your mademoiselle is so fine a lady, but I hope before she has lived a year with you you will make her a reasonable creature. I am sorry my brother has had such a disagreeable fracas in his house : a good wife would have saved him much domestic trouble, but now he must take it for his pains.

I hope Mrs. Chapone is with you by this time. I yesterday received a long entertaining letter; she mentions with great pleasure making you a visit soon. I cannot bear your living in such solitude at this time of the year, when company is most wanted. In the summer, trees and birds and *every object is company;* but a fire-side has not variety enough, even with work and books, without some conversation, especially to one qualified for it as you are.

I heard from Babess from Bulstrode, all well there; *she* has not been well; Betty quite well again, and Mrs. Foley so. I hear about once a quarter from them; I don't, indeed, give them encouragement to do more, writing seldom myself, and writing is not Bab's talent.

The remarks of Lord Orrery on Dr. Swift[1] are published, and have made me very angry; they are much commended, said to be very entertaining, but I am so angry at the unfriendly, ungenerous manner of Swift's being treated by one who calls him his friend, that it quite prejudices me against the book, and casts a cloud over all its merit; *every failing is exposed, every fault is magnified, every virtue almost either tarnished or concealed!* I have not time to tell you my particular objections, which are indeed very numerous. But one thing I must observe, that Lord Orrery makes *no mention* of Swift's singular, wise, and extensive charities, yet calls himself his "*friend!*" He tells of his resentment, with the strongest reflection on his pride at his sister's marrying a tradesman, but does not tell you he allowed her £25 a-year to his death, yet calls himself his *friend!* He calls his being "void of all envy" "*pride of his own superior talents,*" yet calls himself his "*friend!*" Such a *friend* that, Brutus-like, gives the deepest and the surest wound. I am so angry I *can't keep within bounds,* and I am afraid I shall take off your pleasure in reading a book which I believe may be very agreeable to those who have no regard for the memory of the Dean of St. Patrick; and I fear there are too many truths in the book; but they do not become my Lord Orrery to publish them, who was *admitted at all times,* and saw him in his *most unguarded moments.*

How Barrow has worked his way! he is really a

[1] Remarks on the Life and Writings of Dr. Jonathan Swift. By John Earl of Cork and Orrery. Published 1751. Lord Orrery's "Remarks on the Life and Writings of Swift," gave a most unfavourable view of his character. Those of Dr. Delany were intended to counteract Lord Orrery's.

clever man; genius, industry and a good assurance are better friends as to worldly affairs than so many Lords of the Admiralty and the Prime Minister to boot.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 14th Dec. 1751.

I am afraid your long confinement with the children has hurt your health. I wish you would ride out and use exercise. Though Mrs. Roach is a "*Mrs. Mincing*," you say she is careful of the young ones, and you cannot show your love and attention more strongly for them than by doing everything that may contribute to your own health.

I have this day begun a letter to Richardson; but have laid it by for fear of not having time to write this. Your judgement of Lord Orrery I hope is a just one, because it entirely agrees with my own, but I am indeed so vexed with him about his manner of treating Swift, that I *can hardly* allow him *any merit*. I must write, and provoke or intreat Sally to *take him in hand*, and expose this coxcomb of a "*friend*," as he presumes to call himself. If magnifying *all* his *known* faults, exposing some *never known*, charging others *falsely*, turning his *best virtues into pride*, and many sneering insinuations cast into the bargain, is being a "*friend*," then Lord Orrery is a *friend indeed!* I am serious in what I say about Sally's *answering this book*; but she must be *for ever* concealed, and not discover the author to be *a woman*. The first leisure hour I have I will tell her my mind freely, and very likely she will be with you at the time.

The sisters have had no private communication lately. Mrs. C.'s delicate (rather crazy) carcase cannot bear even her coach upon springs to come thus far, and let her stay away; she shall have no invitation from me till she has been here of her own accord, and she is grown so sour to everything that is not in her own flirting way that she is no loss. She is now almost in the height of happiness, which will be completed on Wednesday next when the Duke and Duchess of Dorset and other grandees dine with her, and *her sister not asked!*

I return you thanks for Miss Nanny's good account of Barrow's election; I really esteem the man for having made the most of his talents, and raising himself to a dignity which once we little thought he could ever aspire to, and he must have *good sense* as well as *assurance* to have gained such a point; the want of the latter quality has *checked* both your husband and mine from taking the seats to which all their other qualities give them a just pretence. I think it would do well if Mr. Dewes would lay in for that same seat, and if he has any good will towards it he might easily succeed; nobody can have better interest wherever he is known, and his truth and just principles of every kind must make every honest man wish him a senator.

Condole with me; Sally [1] is just on the brink of matrimony, and has sent to speak with me: you shall know the particulars of our conversation.—Why, it was very short; she is to be married this evening, had bespoke a supper in the neighbourhood; but that I can't

[1] *Sally*. A servant.

allow. The Dean will marry her himself, they are to have their wedding-supper and lodging here, and I shall soon lose my pretty cook. Her lover is a mason, settles above two hundred pounds on her, lives at Clogher, an old widower, and she has known him fifteen years!

Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, I painted; am copying a head of our Saviour with rays of glory for the ground—a fine head, painted I believe by *Carlo Dolci;* 'tis for the door over the chapel. Yesterday we heard the rehearsal of "Deborah." What a charming oratorio it is! Dined afterwards at Mrs. Burgh's. Don. continues very well and *very good,* and makes my house very lively and entertaining; she is now gone to town, *black-acreing,* to her lawyers. She is afraid her affairs here will not be over before my time of going to England: what she proposes if they are, is—to make you a visit, my brother another week's visit, then to Kings Weston till her house calls her to town, which will be about Michaelmas; but *where to fix for life,* she is still at a loss? She is chagrined with her friends here, and afraid of the expensiveness of settling in London.

I hope to have a letter to-morrow—the wind is inclined to be cross.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 28th Dec. 1751.

Last Saturday Don. and I dined at a Mr Croker's, a lawyer, married to a niece of the cardinal's;[1] he manages Don.'s affairs, and I was clawed into the party out of civility, and could willingly have been excused. The

[1] The Bishop of Clogher was called "*The Cardinal.*"

Cardinal and his lady were there, and those meetings are *never right cordial*; however, the day past well enough: the worst part of the affair was that the Dean had so bad a cold he could not venture, and that was not quite easy to me, not being used to leave him when out of order.

Monday we dined at *Porticorareo*; met by the Bishop of Derry, and his agreeable wife Mrs. Bernard; Dubourg there, two other violins, and Mr. Smith for the harpsichord, all in good humour; Miss Bushe was of our party, and I brought her away with me, and she spends her Xtmas here, which I will prolong as much as I can. We have staid at home ever since, as my company like staying at home better than going abroad, and that suits my inclination extremely, for with such agreeable guests as I have, I never wish for any engagements abroad.

I inclose you Mrs. Woffington's verses to the Lord Lieutenant: they are well enough suited to the character of the woman, but I believe were not written by her. The Bishop of Meath (who upon the death of the Archbishop of Tuam was to succeed him) has had a stroke of the palsy, and will not move. So the Bishop of Down is to be Archbishop of Tuam.

Sir Antony Wescombe to Mrs. Dewes.

December 29th.

Neither my laziness or rather aversion to writing should ever hinder me from owning my dear cousin's favours and remembrances; I therefore own the pleasure I had on the receipt of yours of 19th instant; finding thereby that you are all safe and well at home, and

my little godson in good hands. I should eagerly accept your kind invitation to Welsbourn if I was like to be at liberty this spring, but I am afraid I shall not. However, as I suppose Mr. Dewes will be here this spring, I shall be then more capable of being sure, for you may depend (*if God gives me life*) on my performing my promise, though this seems to put it off, but for a time when opportunity shall offer to perform my engagements; I wish you, together with Mr. Dewes and your little family, a happy and many new years, with health and contentment! which will be a very great satisfaction to

Dear cousin,
Your most obliged
And faithful humble servant,
A. WESCOMBE.

London, December the 29th.

Remember that the Smyrna Coffee House is in *Pall Mall, not in Piccadilly*.

CHAPTER XI.

JANUARY 1752—DECEMBER 1752.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 3rd Jan. 1752.

The renewing of every year ought indeed to fill our minds with the recollection of the many blessings and mercies we have received, and not only to warm us with the utmost thankfulness and gratitude on that account, but even for the chastisements we have received, as they are inflicted on us for wise and good ends. I have indeed often thought of late my lot *most singularly happy*, more so than is generally met with in this world of woe: a husband of *infinite merit*, and deservedly most dear to me; a sister whose delicate and uncommon friendship makes me the envy of all other sisters; a brother of worth and honour, and a friend in the Duchess of Portland not to be equalled, besides so many other friends, that altogether make up the sum of my happiness. But what a debt have I to pay! I am truly sensible of my own unworthiness, and that all these advantages are not to be enjoyed without a considerable allay, and as my most inmost thoughts have ever been laid open to the sister of my heart, I must now unburthen my mind. D.D.'s love to me I think is as un-

questionable as any mortal love can be, and the generosity of his sentiments as well known, but he is *most extremely harassed* with his law-suits, (that of the Tennisons, and that about his tythes in the deanery); and another is commenced against him by a mistake committed on his side of a form at law by the Presbeterians—those querulous people! I thank God his fortune is too good to suffer very considerably by these attacks, but suffer in some degree we must, and it is absolutely necessary we should act with caution and prudence till we are so happy as to get out of the jaws of the law—. that beast of prey! There is murmuring at his not living more at his deanery, and being absent so long from it when we go to England. This you may believe is vexatious to me, as it is *entirely* on my account he goes, and he is so generous as not to retract in the least from his *promise to me and to my friends* of my going to England *every third year*, though I am very sensible it is not quite convenient to him. What can I—what ought I to do in this case? were *only duty* concerned, ought I not to consider *his* interest, honour, and satisfaction? but with the additional affection I have for him, is it possible for me to avoid making him a sacrifice on such an occasion? and a *greater* than that of giving up for *one year more* my friends in England I cannot make!

I am unfortunately circumstanced in one respect,—that *some* of my friends *cannot*, others *will not* take their turn of making me a visit. I have had the pleasure of spending three years with them, and not one month has yet been bestowed upon me! To you my most dear and most indulgent sister, I should not say this;

because I know how ready, how desirous you are to make me happy, and am sure when you can do it reasonably and conveniently, *you will not delay a moment*, but as this is a subject I cannot speak freely on to any other creature, I will not suppress a thought that rises.

I write this letter unknown to anybody, and you may answer it without reserve, for I don't show your letters even to D.D. if there is anything in them which is better not communicated to him. He knows I have no reserves of consequence, and he is unsuspecting and generous in his nature; but I *see him distressed*; and now direct, advise me my dear sister how to act, for I have more dependence on your strength of mind and judgment than my own. My guest has not the least suspicion of what is upon my mind, for this very morning she has resolved to go to England *when I go*. Her house is to be given up to her in Hanover Square at Midsummer, and she must go to take care of her things whether I go or not, though her law affairs here cannot be determined so soon, and will oblige her to return, if her unreasonable relations are resolved to thwart her and prolong the suit—if not she will settle in England next year. Don't let what I have said perplex or vex your mind; I have only laid before you the *worst* that *may* happen. I have made no offer yet of staying, nor shall not till I receive an answer to this letter, but we must both consider (I am sure you always have) that there *is no real comfort or happiness without performing one's duty conscientiously*, and that these self-denials are absolutely necessary to prepare us for that blissful state to which all true Christians must aspire. Now I have finished on this subject, and I will answer your letters.

I am of your mind in regard to our brother; I don't think now he *will* marry; we were once very desirous of it, but it is rather too late for him to engage in a new way of life, which requires *mutual complacency* not easily yielded to by one so long used to be *king regnant.*

I have in another letter answered your paragraph about Lady Betty Bentinck, and *you know* the Duchess of Portland's heart too well to believe that she can be so blinded by ambition as to sacrifice a daughter's happiness. She wrote me word to *contradict the report* whenever I heard it, and "that she would rather marry her to a virtuous man with a thousand pounds a year, than the greatest match in England *without virtue.*"

All your observations on Swift are very just, and do credit to your taste and judgment. I hear Lord Orrery is going to be answered; I wish those that do it may know enough of Swift to justify him properly. What Lord Orrery says of Vanessa is *barbarous.* The paragraph you mention about learning is *downright nonsense;* even his fondness to his son appears to me forced, and the conclusion of most of his letters extremely so. I am vexed at Miss Flirt's behaviour for her mother's sake—it is not worth your while to take any more notice of it; I return you her letter, she has I fear no sincerity nor right good principles. That "awful name," as you rightly call it, was most artfully insinuated, indeed her great fondness for her has hurt the girl; it must be a very right generous mind that is mended by indulgence. The chapter of *retirement* and *captiousness* (on which much may be said) is too long to begin on for this post. Your good understanding and good-nature will always keep you on your guard from the danger you mention.

We have kept comfortable at home the whole Xtmas season. Monday being 12th day, all the young Hamiltons pay their annual visit, and I design to give them a fiddle. I did not hear before of poor George Wise's death: how shocking was his brother's end! what could occasion it? I hope Sally is with you now. I will write to Mr. Perkins to call on my banker for Mrs. Wells' five guineas and the ten pounds to be paid to Mr. Richardson, as soon as I have notice of my half year's being paid, which I suppose will be the latter end of this month. I am much pleased with your ball. The Bishop of Clogher's family dine here.

Mrs. Delany's comment on the cruel manner in which Lord Orrery mentions Vanessa, whom he described as "a vain, bold, pert girl, who intended to marry Swift," must allude to the following sentence: "She died a miserable example of an ill-spent life, fantastic wit, visionary schemes, and female weaknesses."

To the real friends of Swift, it is impossible to imagine anything more trying than Lord Orrery's remarks, as the commencement must have misled them with the idea that his intention was to represent Swift in the most favourable manner, and the irritation of disappointment would have added to their indignation on finding that the following declarations preceded the remarks of an enemy. Lord Orrery began by saying, "Swift's friendship was an honour to me, and I have even drawn advantage from his errors. His capacity and strength of mind were undoubtedly equal to any task whatever."

But if Lord Orrery was unjust to Swift, and "barbarous" to Vanessa, he certainly employed all his eloquence in favour of Stella, and he did this with such an air of sincerity, that it might be supposed his resentment against Swift was engendered by his admiration of Stella, to whom, whether truly or falsely, he believed Swift was married, and that he disdained to acknowledge it.

Of Stella he said, that "virtue was her guide in morality, and sincerity her guide in religion; that her voice, sweet in itself, was rendered more harmonious by what she said; that her manners were polite, easy and unreserved, wherever she came attracting attention and esteem; that her wit allowed her a fund of cheerfulness, which her prudence kept within bounds, and that she exactly answered the description of Penelope in Homer.

"A woman loveliest of the lovely kind,
A body perfect, and complete in mind."

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 9th Jan. 1752.

I much fear, my dearest sister, my last letter has given you much uneasiness, and I had no sooner sealed and sent it, than I repented having given you in all likelihood an unnecessary disquiet, as I hope we can manage our affairs so well that we shall without any difficulty make our usual visit. I have not (as I said I would not in my last) mentioned anything on the subject, and till I have heard from you, I don't intend it. Should the man we sent to Jamaica return with any good intelligence from the person he was sent to, which we now hourly expect, it will make everything easy, and I hope the Presbyterians, though they are of all people the most obstinate, may be prevailed on to withdraw the bill which they lately preferred; but should none of this happen but the worst that can befall us, I thank God, that will not I believe be anything of very bad consequence, for our loss cannot be very considerable. I believe D.D. would not consent to my disappointing my English friends; in particular my dearest sister, for whom he has a most tender regard. I shall write on Saturday, but not a long letter.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 11 Jan. 1752.

The cover of this letter was designed you, my dearest sister, last post, so I have opened it to add all I can say this morning, and how much have I to say!

I am now convinced that our going to England this year in some respects *will be* inconvenient, (Oh that my dearest sister could come to me!) in others convenient. The journey, change of air, and delight of seeing our friends, agree perfectly well with D.D., and I thank God have hitherto added to rather than diminished his health, and as to expense it is pretty equal. The difficulty lies entirely in his affairs, which are at present so perplexed with lawsuits, that they require great application and attendance, and his adversaries hav taken great advantage of his absences.

Lord Lansdowne, though such an admirer of Swift, was not his acquaintance—at least *not intimately* so. If your parlour is stuccoed (though I think I should rather hang it with stucco paper), you must have plugs of wood where you think to hang pictures to fix nails in, as they cannot be driven into stucco. What a medley of a letter is this! You may depend upon my being very ready to add to your furniture, as far as *my pencil* can go; though this year I have nothing for you, and I must see what size and shape you want before I undertake to work for you. I hope your good pies were well eaten and your fiddle well danced to? such a hospitable day is very pleasant, and the fatigue that attends it more satisfactory than that after any drum, or any such

senseless sort, where *no one* reaps *any benefit* but the chandler.

I forgot what I said to you, about a secret between B. and D., and cannot for want of recollecting my own sentence make out yours.

I am charmed with your account of Lord D. May our wishes succeed! Lord Delawar[1] is most particularly friendly and obliging to our *belle amie*. If he should propose, what do you say? He *is* grown *very sober*, has a large fortune, great rank and many temptations. Yet I wish her married to a man *more suited* to her time of life, and of *purer manners*; but she is so far obliged to him, that not any of her dear mother's friends among the men have shewn her the respect and the affection that he has done, but his daughters *perplex* her very much.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 18th Jan. 1752.

Yesterday I received a letter, from Mr. Henry Chapone, with an account of our messenger's safe arrival, dated the 12th of Oct. In all probability he will be here the latter end of this month, and I am sure nothing will be wanting on D.D.'s part to make me and my friends happy as far as lies in his power, though we may be delayed a month or two. You know the French proverb—*ce qui est deferée n'est pas perdu.*

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[1] John, 7th Lord Delawarr. His first wife Charlotte, daughter of Donagh MacCarthy, Earl of Clancarty, died in 1735. He married, secondly, Anne, daughter of Edward Thornicroft, Esq. In 1761, he was created Earl Delawarr, and died in March, 1766.

Could you not, my most dear sister, come to me conveniently this year? it would lessen my difficulties greatly, but I know till you have settled your boys you would not care to undertake the journey; and if, as indeed I now hope, we can visit England this year, the next I flatter myself with the charming hope of bringing you, Mr. Dewes, and our dear girl back with me. So *hoping* for *the best*, but resolving to do as far as I can what I think is *my duty*, and firmly believing that the wise Disposer of all things orders everything much more for our happiness than we can possibly for ourselves, *I will* endeavour cheerfully to submit to whatever happens; though it is a hard task to combat with our own affections, and without praying most earnestly and obtaining the Divine grace it is impossible to subdue them. If you knew how *greatly* D.D. is afflicted with the apprehension of not being able to fulfil his engagement this year it would, I think, increase your affection for him.

We have both been cheered by the good account we have received from Jamaica.

I am glad the dear children had so jovial a day to end Xtmas. We sympathized in our amusements for the day, but I doubt I mistake the day of your ball; was it on New-year's day or Twelfth-day? our hop was on Twelfth-day.

Your frost is now come to us, and we are freezing in the chimney-corner; I hope our old friend Sally and her daughter Kitty are now with you; Donnellan is quite charmed with the *young Sally*.

I don't wonder you should indulge Mr. Lydiat and pay him all manner of respect; if he acquits himself well of his charge, he has a very just claim to all the kindness

that can be shown him, good school-masters are the people in the world to whom parents are most obliged.

The following epigram is now handed about on Lord Orrery's remarks on Swift—

A sore disease this scribbling —— is,
His Lordship of his Pliny vain,
Turns Madam Pilkington in ——es,
And now attacks the Irish Dean.
Libel his *friend* when *laid in ground?*
Pray good Sr you may spare your hints,
His *parallel* I'm sure is found,
For what *he* writes, *George Faulkner*[1] *prints.*
Had Swift provoked to this behaviour,
Sure *after death* resentment cools,
And his last act bespoke *their* favour,
He founded hospitals for fools.

We are reading Mr. Fielding's Amelia. Mrs. Don. and I don't like it at all; D.D. won't listen to it. It has more a moral design than either appears in Joseph Andrews or Tom Jones, but has not so much humour; it neither makes one laugh or cry, though there are some very dismal scenes described, but there is something wanting to make them touching. I shall be glad to have your opinion; some *few* people here like it. Our next important reading will be Betty Thoughtless;[2] I wish Richardson would publish his *good man*, and put all these frivolous authors out of countenance.

This evening we go to an invitation at the Primate's. Mrs. Woffington is much improved, and did the part of Lady Townley last Saturday better than I have seen it done since Mrs. Oldfield's time. Her person is fine, her arms a little *ungainly*, and her voice disagreeable, but

[1] A printer that owed his rise and fortune to Dr. Swift.

[2] "Betty Thoughtless," by Mrs. Heywood; who wrote also "The Invisible Spy" and "The Female Spectator.'

she pronounces her words perfectly well, and she speaks sensibly. Mr. Sheridan is a *just* actor, but rather *a dull one*; he is going to give a play gratis to raise a sum of money to erect a monument to Swift; he has many of the Dean of St. Patrick's letters, that show he was a *most friendly and generous man.* There is now in hand, and soon will be published, a Life of Dr. Swift, in which the world will see the difference between *true* and *false friends.* The manuscript is to be shown to D.D. before it is sent to the press. Bushe left us (to her regret and ours) yesterday; but Lady Austin, with whom she is engaged, wanted her home, and I don't think it fair to monopolize.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, Jan. 26th, 1752.

No letter to answer.

I too sensibly feel my disappointment, especially in my present state of uncertainty: such it must continue, till *our messenger* returns from Jamaica; and nothing new has passed since my last writing to you. It has been a great consolation to us to know he arrived safely there, and that the gentleman to whom he was sent *is alive,* as Mr. Henry Chapone's letter informed me, dated the 12th October, which I received on the 15th instant.

Last Saturday we were invited to the Primate's to hear music. D.D., Donnellan, and I went a little before 7; it was the Duke of Dorset's birthday, and the entertainment given in honour of it. A fine dinner was given to a number of the principal men. A Perigord pie had been sent for on the occasion, to be

directed to a merchant in Dublin; the pie came when the merchant was in the country, and his wife, supposing it a present from one of her husband's correspondents abroad, invited several of her particular friends to eat up this rare pie the very day the Primate gave his entertainment. That morning, after all the company was engaged, the Primate's *maitre d'hotel*, who had enquired often after it in vain, once more called and *got the pie*, and the poor merchant's wife looked very silly when her company came who were forced to sit down to a homespun dinner, and give up their foreign rarity. I own *I am sorry* they *did not eat it!* such expensive rarities *do not become the table of a prelate*, who ought rather *to be given to hospitality* than to ape the fantastical luxuriances of fashionable tables.

Our music was chiefly Italian—the *Stabat Mater*, sung by Guadagni[1] (whom you heard sing in Mr. Handel's oratorios) and Mrs. Oldmixon; Dubourg the principal violin: it was well performed, and some of the duet parts are very pretty. They had more music after we left them, but we staid till *nearly* ten, which was a late hour for us. There was a great deal of good company. *Cardinella*[2] was there, who behaves herself towards her sister with a genteel negligence. "How do you do, sister," then talks of the weather, *shrugs up her shoulders* at her "*early hours*," and "*pities her from her soul*" for leading such "a *humdrum* life." We in

[1] Gaetano Guadagni came first into England in 1748, and sang the parts in Handel's oratorios of Samson and the Messiah which had been originally composed for Mrs. Cibber. His ideas of acting were imbibed from Garrick. He performed in serious operas in 1769 and 1770, and finally quitted England in 1771.

[2] Mrs. Clayton.

our turn divert ourselves with her fine airs, and are now as indifferent as she can be, it is happy for D., since she is so *brotherised* and *sisterised*, that she can make their strange and unnatural behaviour easy to her. I never knew her in better spirits and more agreeable, in the midst of such mortifications as would sink my spirits to the earth; but we take care to make her present home as comfortable as we can, and she seems very sensible of it. She has made us a present of a very handsome large wrought silver cup, which was Dr. Donnellan's, and for his sake doubly valuable; I was *vexed* at her making such a present, but could not refuse it without giving her offence.

Monday and Tuesday, we enjoyed ourselves at home. I bustle about as much as I can, and am very busy making ornaments for the chapel, which I believe will be finished this spring. I don't know how to describe in a letter what I am doing, but I assure you *I do every thing I can to rouse* and amuse my spirits; and if you and I, my dearest sister, had not many years pursued that method, *what would have become of us?* and I have and always shall think it one of the *prime blessings* I have received from Providence, that he has graciously enabled me to do so.

Wednesday, we were invited to dine at Mr. Bushe's, who is married to Gen. Parker's daughter; you saw them at the Bath. He was not in town, but his lady did the honours; she is a lively agreeable woman. Our company were, Letty Bushe, Mr. and Mrs. Tilson, Mr. Bushe her father, and a Mr. Killegrew—a very entertaining charming man, well-bred, good-humoured, and sings in a most extraordinary manner, has a fine voice, fine

taste, no knowledge of music, but the exactest imitation of Senesino and Monticelli that you can imagine. He sings French songs incomparably, with so much humour that in spite of my gloom he made me laugh heartily.

Yesterday morning sent the coach for Mrs. Hamilton, Miss Forth, &c. to Finglass; we all sat down to our different work, and the morning past away in a tranquil pleasantness. Just before dinner when I was dressed I walked into the parlour to see that all things were as I would have them, I found Master Hamilton sitting on the sofa pale as death: I took him by the hand, terrified at his looks, and found he was dirty, and looked as if he had had a fall: he could hardly speak, but would not own he had. I desired him to go and get one of the servants to clean his coat; he went stumbling along, which confirmed me he was hurt, and I desired D.D. to follow him and try if he could find out what was the matter before his mama saw him. In the meantime the ladies came down, and I was so confounded and surprised I hardly knew what I said; however, I desired them to sit down, dinner being on the table, and D.D. came in with Master H., who with difficulty seated himself. His mother instantly saw something was very wrong, ran to him imagining he had had a fall and had fractured his skull, and we ordered William our butler to take a horse and go instantly for a surgeon, for the boy could neither speak nor keep his seat, and his poor mother's agony was most affecting; but William whispered me, and said, "Madam, Master drank at one draught above a pint of claret, and I do believe he is fuddled." He had been running in the garden, came in chilled with cold, snatched up a bottle at the side-board, put it to his mouth, not considering the consequences

of his draught. I ran with the utmost joy to Mrs. Hamilton, and without mincing the matter said, "*Be easy, he is drunk;*" for I was so happy to find it was not a *mortal disorder* that I had no management in what I said: and she answered with uplifted hands and eyes, "*I thank God!*" This circumstance, had it not relieved her from a greater distress, would have been a great shock to her, but as it happened, we all rejoiced, and her wisdom about her boy, will make her I don't doubt turn it to his advantage; he was carried to bed. They could not go home till this morning, and Mrs. Hamilton would not let her son appear; she told him she had a reason why she would not let the Dean and Mrs. Delany see him, and ordered him his breakfast in his room. He never was guilty of anything like it before, and I hope this will *so thoroughly mortify him*, as to make him never guilty again.

I must go and dress, so adieu.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 7 Feb., 1752.

Emerson not yet come, so all affairs are at a stand, nor can we even guess what we can do about our journey yet. I will not lose one moment of informing you as soon as he comes. I am afraid *opiniativeness*, when it has once taken possession, like covetousness, *increases with years:* it is a pity our friend Sally's good understanding should be tainted by it. I believe, when she was with you good Mr. Dewes found some difficulty to *put in a word;* his efforts are never very violent of that sort, and if he did not meet with a fair pause, I dare

say he made no push for it! I suppose he now begins to be busy abroad, visit his grounds and woods, call on his poor neighbours, and hear himself blessed for his charity and benevolence.

I hope, if you find you must part with Mrs. Roach, that you will be able to get Charlotte Herbert. Have you had a good account of her teaching pure French?

Have you read *Eugenia*,[1] the new play? I hope it has pleased you as well as it has done me. I think it by much the most pleasing (I won't presume to say best, not being a sufficient judge,) of any modern play, that has come out these twenty years. The characters fine; the language in general easy; there are some few objections, but the sentiments charming. I long to know your opinion.

Have you read the Bishop of Clogher's book on Spirit?[2] Is the dedication to his Grace to it? He has *very justly* lost the Archbishopric of Tuam by it. Our Bishop Ryder is made Archbishop of Tuam, and a Bishop Whitcomb, who was tutor to Lord George Sackville, Bishop of Down.

The grand ball was given last Wednesday, to the great contentment of the best company of both sexes. The men were gallant, the ladies were courteous! I enclose you Mr. Falkner's account of it, but must add that the musicians and singers were dressed like Arcadian shepherds and sheperdesses, and placed among the rocks. If tea, coffee, or chocolate were wanting, you held your cup to a leaf of a tree, and it was filled; and whatever

[1] Eugenia, a Tragedy, by the Rev. Mr. Francis; acted by Garrick at the Drury Lane Theatre.

[2] An Essay on Spirit, wherein the Doctrine of the Trinity is considered in the light of Nature and Reason. 1752. By Dr. Robert Clayton, Bishop of Clogher.

you wanted to eat or drink, was immediately found on a rock, or on a branch, or in the hollow of a tree. The waiters were all in whimsical dress, and every lady as she entered the room had a fine bouquet presented to her. The whole was extremely well conducted; no confusion; and the ladies say, never was there seen so enchanting a place; but a few dissenters have the assurance to say, it was no better than a poppet-show.

I am now in a run of visiting. I have lain by all winter, and now weddings and deaths call on me for ceremonials. Don. and I made fourteen visits last Thursday in the afternoon, and propose doing near as much this day.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 15th Feb. 1752.

When I came down this morning who should I find in my dressing-room but my godson Wesley.[1] We have just breakfasted; I have given him my book of views to look over, and Donnellan is tuning her nightingale pipes.

We have had a letter from Mr. Emerson, our messenger that went to Jamaica, dated the 14th Oct^r., (Mr. Chapon's letter was the 12th), in which he says he has seen Mr. Burk, and he does not doubt but he shall be able to send the Dean a satisfactory answer; that he *believes* a copy of the paper which was burnt is in London, and that he can find the man that engrossed it. This letter has gained time till next term, and I hope in God Emerson will be here long before the next

[1] The Honourable Garratt Wesley, eldest son of the first Lord Mornington, and father of the first Duke of Wellington; he married, 1759, Ann, eldest daughter of Arthur Hill, 1st Viscount Dungannon.

begins, for he says in his letter he hopes to be in England by the end of January, so that we are in hourly expectation of him.

Last Tuesday we dined at the Bishop of Elphin's; his name is Synge, he is son to an Archbishop of Tuam,[1] who has published some very good works, one I believe you have read—"*The Gentleman's Religion.*" The Bishop of Elphin is one of our most considerable men, has only one daughter, who will be a vast fortune and is brought up *like a princess*; she is a fine young woman about nineteen; all the young men of consequence, they say, have already proposed, but her father declares he will listen to no proposal till she is twenty-one. We had a magnificent dinner, extremely well drest and well attended, nine and nine, and a dessert the finest I ever saw in Ireland; there were only our family and Mr. and Mrs. Ormsby, Miss Donnellan that was. The Bishop lives constantly very well, and it becomes his station and fortune, but *high living is too much the fashion here.* You are not invited to dinner to any private gentleman of a £1000 a year or less, that does not give you seven *dishes* at one course, and Burgundy and Champagne; and these dinners they give once or twice a-week, that provision is now as dear as in London. I own I am surprised *how* they manage; for we cannot afford anything like it, with a *much better* income than most of those who give these entertainments.

Wednesday was indeed a day of mortification. I had

1 Dr. Edward Synge, son of Dr. Synge, Bishop of Cork, and born there in 1649. He became Archbishop of Tuam, and wrote several useful tracts on practical religion. Died 1741.

the head-ache so bad I could not venture to church, and the poor Dean had both his lawsuits came on before my Lord Chancellor, and was in court himself from ten in the morning till near six in the evening. I had ordered our fast dinner at five, and thought every minute after that an hour. The affair, as I told you before, was *put off* on his producing his letter from Mr. Emerson. The tythe-suit was a vexatious thing, occasioned by a mistake in D.D.'s agent, which raised a clamour against the Dean; they meant to attack him, but he came off with being obliged to pay costs. What distressed me most was the fear of D.D.'s being too much fatigued, for I knew he intended to speak in his own defence, which he did with so much spirit and so cleverly, that he astonished the young lawyers. I thank God he got no manner of harm, but was in such good spirits that on Wednesday, as soon as he had eat his dinner, which was half-an-hour after 7, he went to *town again* to make his affidavit about his Jamaica letter, and returned between 9 and 10. It would have been less fatigue to him to have dined in Dublin that day, but as he left me with the head-ache he could not be satisfied without coming home. How engaging these attentions are! This is the state of our affairs at present, and I have a *glimmering* of hope we shall still meet this year, though not so soon in the year as we used to do, for if we do go to England we must (at least D.D.), make a visit to the North.

On Thursday morning we went to see the ball-room, that is the great play-house converted into a ball-room. Lord Belfield, our step son-in-law, is the chief manager and contriver, there are forty-five sub-

scribers, each subscriber has four tickets to dispose of; the expense will amount to near fifteen guineas to each subscriber; the decorations are really very pretty, though too much crowded. The *room represents a wood*, and there is room left down the middle for thirty couple to dance; at one end is a portico on Doric pillars, lighted by baskets of flowers, the candles *green wax*, so that nothing appears but the flame. On the right hand, from the portico to the end of the stage is diversified by rocks, trees, and caves, very well represented. On the left hand a jessamine bower, a Gothic temple, (which is to be the side-board,) trees interspersed, the whole terminates with a grotto extremely well exprest; three rustick arches, set off with ivy, moss, icicles, and all the rocky appurtenances; the musicians to be placed in this grotto dressed like shepherds and shepherdesses. The Duke and Duchess of Dorset are to be placed under the portico which fronts the grotto; there is to be a concert, a ball, and a supper. The trees are *real trees* with *artificial leaves*, but when all is done it will be too much crowded to be agreeable, and most dangerous if a spark of a candle should fall on any of the scenery, which is all *painted paper!* The whole expense for only one night's entertainment will amount to more than £500.

Yesterday Mr. and Mrs. Pomeroy dined here. I don't like the latter at all, she is a dry stick of a thing, never commends anything, and shows great conceit of her own understanding. Mr. and Mrs. Pomeroy are a *pretty couple!* He is sensible, gentle, and good-humoured. The sisters have £3000 a year between them.

Our good friend Richardson will think himself happy

to have one of his daughters make you a visit; he is very fond of our good god-daughter, and I don't wonder at it, for she is a valuable, agreeable girl. I am rejoiced that our dear *old friend* Sally is now at Welsbourn. I have been much too long in her debt, but now Don. is with me I have less command of time than ever. She sends her affectionate compliments to you and your house. She is charmed with *Sally the younger*.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 18th Feb. 1752.

Mrs. D.'s great offence is that her mother has left her all she could, and her younger brother did the same (though she will not enjoy the latter); the whole would not have amounted to £6000, and the other brother's estate is better than two thousand pounds a year, and the sister is in *vast* circumstances. How strange and how worthless are such enviers!

We dine to-day at Lord Mornington's, a place we always like to go to, but D.D. and I have been such errant rakes this week that we should have been well pleased to have staid at home to-day. We kept quiet during the Xtmas season, but now the days are lengthened our Dublin neighbours will excuse us no longer. Last Monday we dined at Portico, &c., and went in the evening to the oratorio of Joshua, but found it excessively fatiguing, so hot, so crowded, and so troublesome to get from, that we are resolved to go to no more evening music; and I can't say it was very well performed.

Tuesday we had the Bishop of Cork and the Bishop of Down. Letty Bushe, her niece, Mrs. Tilson, and her cousin Mrs. Bushe, (who was at the Bath,) came in the morning, and we kept them all day.

Wednesday, a pleasant calm day, we passed at Mrs. H. Hamilton's.

Thursday, at Mr. Vesey's; they are now in Dublin.

Yesterday Mrs. Finglass Hamilton walked here in the morning, and we carried her home in the evening.

Mrs. D. had a letter from Miss Sutton, which she read to me. I am glad she does not show me her letters, because I don't care to shew her mine, and she would expect it if she set the example. Miss Sutton is very well. I have desired Mrs. Montagu, of Hanover Square, to be intimate with our *belle amie*. Bell is shy, and does not much like Mrs. Montagu, but I have desired her *not* to drop the acquaintance, as she is a *very creditable one and keeps the best company*. I am sorry she does not write to you, for her letters are sensible and natural.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 22 Feb. 1752.

Mr. Emerson not yet come, every hour expected, and till we know his success I can say nothing more of the grand affair we are so mutually concerned about, but in the meantime let us hope for the best, and rest satisfied that whatever happens, though not the thing we wished for, will be best for us. About Mary: I *cannot* think it necessary to the accomplishment of a young lady that she should be *early* and *frequently* produced in public,

and I should rather see a little awkward bashfulness, than a *daring and forward genteelness!* Good company and good conversation I should wish to have my niece introduced into as soon as she can speak and understand, but for all public places till *after fifteen* (except a play or oratorio) she should not know what they are, and then *very rarely*, and *only* with her mother or aunt. I believe you and I are perfectly well agreed on these points, and I am sure the general behaviour of the young people will not encourage us to alter our scheme. I think all public water-drinking places *more pernicious* than a masquerade, and *that* I have *not* a *very good* opinion of.

I can give you no encouragement about Mr. Ballard's getting the Princess of Wales among his subscribers. I don't think the Maid of Honour a proper person to apply to; if he would leave out his dedication to me *I could* solicit for him, but *as it is*, it has even *stopped* my applying to get up subscriptions. I should think the best means would be for Mr. Talbot to speak to Lord North.

I am more astonished at Mrs. Chapone's not liking Dr. Young's Night Thoughts, than at any thing I have met with for a great while. I should have thought such sublimity, such exalted piety, such a true spirit of poetry, would have charmed her and made amends for *some obscurities* and some few *sinkings* which I *must confess* there are in some parts of them. I read them carefully over this summer to the Dean, and we were both charmed with them, and could not help wondering at their being so little attended to and liked; the way I have always accounted for it is, the horror that most people have of dying, so that instead of preparing them-

selves for an event that must come, they drive the thought away as far as they can, not considering how much more dreadful that must make the fatal hour when it arrives. Amongst the numberless mercies of God, surely none is greater than the *gradual* weaning us from the world, which everybody that lives rationally must be sensible of. A strong desire of living and enjoying the world is implanted in us: without it we could not support the thousand shocks we meet with in our progress; but as years increase upon us, that desire lessens; we see how transient and unsatisfactory most of our pursuits and enjoyments are; we feel that our perfect happiness cannot be made out in this life, and that perfect joys are reserved for another! Why should we then be terrified at a dissolution (if we endeavour to perform our duty, and not neglect the true means of salvation,) that is to make us for ever happy, and open the doors of everlasting life?

You did not tell me Mrs. Roach was a widow. I don't know by your account whether I am to *condole* or *congratulate* her upon it. If you find no real bad in her, some fantastic ways may be diverting; the chief service you want of her is to teach the children French. I am glad you are going to work covers to your chairs; I think you must alter your pattern, for as they will have more wearing and washing than the bed or curtains, I fear your cloth work will not be firm enough. The border will be too broad for the chairs, something of the same kind of border to the bed with the mosaic pattern in the middle, and instead of cloth, fill up part of it with stitches in thread; but don't you want your coverlid first?

Now for a short sketch of a journal, then adieu. On Monday, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Donnellan dined here, and Mr. and Mrs. Ormsby, their son and daughter. The day passed off very well, and Don. behaved herself with great good humour to them, considering how little they deserved from her. Tuesday, Mr. and Mrs. Bushe, Letty, and Mr. Killigrew, dined here. Mr. Killigrew sung a great deal, and we were all greatly entertained.

Wednesday, Lord Mornington and his family dined here, much enquiry after you. Thursday we spent a very agreeable day at the Bishop of Derry's. I like Mrs. Bernard extremely, and her sister Mrs. Stone, though a plain gruff sort of a woman, but they have both very good understandings and not the least elated with their extraordinary good fortune. Yesterday we spent at the Grandisons—too much form and company to be agreeable; Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam, Lady Bell and Mr. Monck, were there, though the entertainment was chiefly for *their tenant* Mrs. Donnellan. It ended with a drum, and as soon as the card-tables were settled we withdrew; to-day we regale ourselves with a quiet day at home, in which all are perfectly agreed.

If I remember rightly, Sally is a Hutchinsonian. Mrs. A. Donnellan is deep that way, Miss Sutton too, and as far as she has made me comprehend, I am struck with their scheme, but don't know enough to talk on the subject. It is perfectly orthodox, and seems to promise perfect satisfaction in regard to the Holy Trinity, and to place it in a much clearer light than I have yet met with, for though I am firm in my belief of it, every thing that strengthens that belief is a vast satisfaction. *The Cardinal* will *not* be Archbishop of Tuam; he may

thank *his Arian book on Spirit* for that, and he and his Lady are most truly mortified.

These allusions to great undertakings in work give a very slight idea of the quantity of beautiful things designed by Mrs. Delany, and executed by herself and her sister for themselves and for their brother at Calwich, a list and description of which will be given at the conclusion of these volumes.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 14th March, 1752.

Mr. Emerson is safe, I thank God, in Ireland! The Dean has had a letter from him from Kinsale, and as soon as he can get his things ashore he will come to us. What success he has had with his commission we can't know till he comes, as he is unwilling to trust his letters of consequence to the post. It is a vast ease to our minds that the poor man is returned safe; we have been for some time extremely anxious about him, as the weather has been very boisterous; Mr. H. Chapon has sent us a present of sweetmeats.

Last Tuesday we went to Kingsend, a town by the sea-side, about half a mile from Dublin. A tyde-waiter there sent me word of some fine shells he had to dispose of; unluckily he was not at home, but doing duty on board a ship: however, we had a very pleasant airing. Nothing can be more beautiful than the environs of Dublin. When we returned, as we were to pass through Dublin, and had some time to spare, we called on a famous statuary, who has been here about two years—Vanhost.

He served his time with Scheemaker,[1] and seems an ingenious man, and a great artist in his way: he takes as strong a likeness as ever I saw taken in marble—his price is forty guineas for the model and bust. If our lawsuits end well, the Dean, I hope, will sit to him. He bought four busts, and bespoke two more for his library—Seneca, Aristotle, Galen, and Horace: they are done in plaster of Paris, and varnished so well that they look like polished marble at a proper distance.

Wednesday morning there was a concert, given by gentlemen performers for the benefit of poor debtors; it began with a breakfast, of which we did not choose to partake but went just before the music began; Mr. Brownlow played a voluntary on the organ, but I cannot say it had a good effect, his playing on the harpsichord is much better, and what I believe he has been more used to. This society of gentlemen have a concert among themselves every Wednesday, and admit the ladies of their acquaintance with tickets; but this charity-concert was at half guinea tickets, and I believe they raised a great sum. There is a Capt. Read, who plays on the German flute to great perfection; we could not stay it out as we were to have company to dine with us—all Mr. Forde's family.

Mrs. Clayton has been very ill with a pain in her face, and many hysterical complaints; I believe the loss of the Archbishopric has sunk deep. It is well, if the

[1] Peter Scheemaker was born at Antwerp in 1691. He visited Denmark when still young, and in 1728, walked from that country to Rome, and from Rome to England. He settled in England in 1735, and remained in London until 1770, when he returned to Antwerp, where he died shortly afterwards. Several monuments in Westminster Abbey are by Scheemaker; he excelled in busts.

mortification has a good effect, and abates somewhat of that insolence which has seemed for some time past to grow stronger and stronger! We passed a very disagreeable day there last week, it began with bright sunshine, all smiles and good humour; *she* had fetched the two agreeable sisters from Finglass to meet us,—the first favour of the kind she has done this winter. After dinner a conversation begun about the *lady's* great delicacy, and her not being able to bear any carriage but her *own chair*, every one said something in a cheerful joking way on the subject; but Don., who has too strong a resentment of the ill-usage she has met with, gave her a stroke or two the other could not bear. *She* fell into hysterics, and all our sunshine was changed into storm; the company aghast, struck dumb, looked mournfully at one another at the disagreeable turn of affairs. Only I had the courage to say: "Mrs. Clayton, I think you are a little unreasonable, for I do not apprehend that any thing was said with a design of giving you offence." We drank tea and coffee—the sisters mute. Don., much offended, said she would go there no more. I prevailed on her not to make any resolutions; these *démêlées* have happened between them ever since I knew them, but now they love one another less matters are not made up so easily. I persuaded Don. to go with me to see her sister now she is ill, and confined to her bed; they met with cold civility, but if I can keep them to that it is all I aim at.

Yesterday we were to have dined at Lord Mornington's, but the day so bad could not stir: worked and read at home. I want to know how you like "Eugenia?" To-day Don. and I am engaged to go to the play with

Mrs. Fortescue. Mrs. Hamilton and her daughter to dine here, who is to be of our party and lie here, Finglass being too far to go after the play. It is "The Non-juror."[1] I have never seen it, and they say Mrs. Woffington does her part extremely well; she is a fine figure, but she *spoils* her appearance by the immoderate size of her hoops. Poor Mount is much out of order—the bad weather, I believe, affects him, and I fear his circumstances are very pinching, having now no additional income; and I don't know what can be done for him. We see him every Sunday when he is well enough to go abroad. Here Don. ran away with my half sheet to say her say; she has been surprizingly well and in spirits ever since she came, and it is a real satisfaction to have had it in our power to make one for whom I have had so long and sincere a friendship *happy*, which she is so good as to say she is with me. We have got for a plaything among us little Tommy Greene; his father is gone the circuit, and I desired he might stay with me till his return.

I had a letter last night which has given me some uneasiness, with an account of the Duchess of Portland having had an intermitting fever.

(*On the same letter from Mrs. Donnellan.*)

It seems one of the most unaccountable things my dear namesake, that I should be so many months enjoying the company and partaking of all the happiness of our dear friend, and should never have given you any account of how gratefully I feel all her kindness to me, and how

[1] The Non-Jrour, a Comedy, 1718. By Colley Cibber, Poet Laureat to George II.

happy it has made me. All I can now say is, I had too much to say, and still put off writing to you, imagining I should find some properer time, when she could not write, or when my own mind was so easy that I could hope to express myself in a more agreeable manner than the disagreeable affairs here I am engaged in at all times will permit me to indulge in; but now that you conjure me to tell you how she looks, etc., you have given me a subject so pleasing, that it brightens my spirits, as I can assure you she is well; neither I think too fat or lean, *always* in that *sweet serenity of temper* that makes herself and all about her happy, and still making new beauties to delight the knowing and set the most ignorant a-wondering! A little headach or cold sometimes interrupts these pleasing occupations, but nothing, since I have had the happiness of being with her, has lasted so as to alarm us. Why cannot you, my dear Mrs. Dewes, come and see her shine in her own sphere—*her house*, and so make her completely happy? Mr. Dewes, I call upon you when your sons are gone to school, bring Mrs. Dewes and sweet Mary to Delville, and take my word for it the Dean, Mrs. Delany, and the place will give the most delightful scene you ever enjoyed, for I *have tried it*, and I value myself on having some taste. My best wishes always attend you, my dear madam, and all your family, and I am ever your most

Affectionate and obliged

A. DONNELLAN.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Part of a letter, no date.

I wish when Mr. Talbot carries your letter he may be admitted. Had you not better write to her by the post, and say you have a worthy sensible neighbour you wish to make her acquainted with, who has so often heard you mention her, that he has intreated you to send a letter by him to introduce him to her acquaintance; and let her know that he is a married man, for now she lives alone she will be a *little scrupulous* whom she admits.

I am glad you are gone on so far with your house; the floor of your own room I think you said you could not lay till spring.

Last Sunday Sarah Hipwell was married at Glassinivin church, by the Dean of Down, to Robert Rames, mason; I gave all the maidens and men new white ribbon favours, and we all marched and made a gallant show through the garden, D.D., Mrs. Don., and I at the head of the company, to the church, as soon as the bell began to ring, and the ceremony was over just before the congregation came, and I gave them for dinner as much beef, mutton, and pudding as they could devour. Fourteen people dined in Smith's room (besides the servants of the family,) and now the bride is packing up to go away to-day; I am really sorry to part with her. I have got a modest well-looking maid in her place, but what for a *cook* I know not. On Tuesday I was wished joy of the Dean's being made Bishop of Kildare. Yesterday we went to the Duchess of Dorset in the morning—it is her public day, dined at Mrs. Conolly's; went with Mrs. Marlay to the Castle at eight o'clock, and came away at half an hour after nine.

Dr. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, March 14th, 1752.

I thank God we are all well, and I trust in God this will find you and all about in the same state!

I write this without the knowledge of the best wife and woman in the world, upon the hardiest attempt that ever was adventured—to urge a request in which she failed. Hear me candidly, and then refuse me if you can find anything to justify you in so doing.

I have spent three years in England to indulge my most dear wife in the enjoyment of her very valuable friends, particularly the *sister of her heart*: will not that sister and my dear brother Dewes spend one season with us in return? Banny will soon be at school with his brother, Mary must be brought with you, and surely you have one friend in the world with whom you may safely confide Jacky till you return? *I know* you have *two*, one at Gloucester and one at Cheltenham. If you object that you cannot trust him to friends for a few months, pray tell me how I shall answer the trusting so great a flock as mine to the care of *curates* year after year?

These are the terms upon which I desire and expect you: I will send Mr. Gavan's coach-and-six from Chester for you, which shall set you down (by the blessing of God!) safe at Park-Gate, where I will appoint the best vessel upon the coast, the Minerva, with the civilest and soberest master, Capt. Mathews, to meet you at your day and convey you hither before the 14th of May[1]

[1] Mary Granville's birthday.

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next (I trust in God) in safety; and in that season with little or no sickness. You must come at my expense —I will receive you upon *no other terms*; and then you shall *go home at your own!* I won't be at the expense of one penny to get rid of you! I insist upon your staying with us at least three months, and shall be most heartily rejoiced and highly obliged for your staying as much longer as you can. Pray let Mr. Dewes know that Mrs. Donnellan is here, and can't go hence before next August; give me leave to tell you that if you don't come now your coming at any time hereafter will not be placed to the score of your friendship, but your curiosity. Poor Loretto! how will St. Mary's Chapel there be desolated for Mary's chapel at Delville? I say no more. I have no more to add, but that if I live till to-morrow I shall be 67 years old; and as I can't go for England this year, I leave you to make the *inference* and *application:* and shall only add for myself that if my dear brother Dewes and you will grant me this request, I shall be to the last day of my life to you both your most affectionate, faithful, and obliged brother, friend, and servant,

PAT. DELANY.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

17th March, 1752.

My letters for some time past, my most dear sister, have been like a spring ague—one day well, another bad. The Dean tells me he has sent you a letter; I *guess* the subject, and fear his great desire of making me and himself happy may make him urge you on a

point that will distress you: let not his eagerness and affectionate desire of using all means to bring you on this side of the water add to the mutual distress we feel in this year's disappointment. He loves and honours you as much as possible, admires the delicacy of your friendship, and I am sure knows you cannot, *will not*, deny me a happiness in your power to bestow; so let me entreat you not to let anything he may have said in hopes of obtaining what he so earnestly wishes for give you any disquiet. If he *could* gain his point I think it would be the greatest happiness he could receive! if he does not, he knows the generosity and goodness of your heart too well to be any otherwise chagrined at your refusal, than what such a disappointment must necessarily give to one who so sincerely desires your company. I say nothing of myself, your heart must explain what I feel: this world is not made for happiness; how vain, how uncertain all our schemes! We must aspire to something higher, and look on all these disappointments as so many weanings from a world so vain as this is! My heart is full, but I would scratch a few lines to assure you I am very well in health. Mr. Emerson not yet come to town. The great difficulty in our way it seems is that D.D. and his adversaries must come to account, and he must be on the spot till that is over—a tedious disagreeable affair had it no other consequence.

Mrs. Don. does not yet know but we shall go about Midsummer, the time she proposes leaving this, unless her brother delays her, and she must go, be her affairs here as they will, about August.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 21st March, 1752.

D.D. presses me to go to England for a few months without him, but that *cannot be*; and the disappointment he suffers in not going amongst his friends he values so much, and the persecution he undergoes in his affairs, demand all the consolation my company at home is capable of giving him, for I *never saw him* so much dejected and distressed as he is at this time.

Mr. Emerson is not yet come to us—we expect him every hour; we suppose he has had some delay in landing his things at Cork, which has kept him so long from us. I was in hopes that if he brought us a satisfactory answer from Mr. Burke (the gentleman he went to in Jamaica) we might have been at liberty; but it seems the matter must come to an account, and the lawyers say absolutely the Dean "cannot leave Ireland this year." I have not only deluded myself but you with false hopes, and now I must submit.

Wednesday we dined in Dublin, at the widow—Mrs. Donnellan's, and Friday Mr. and Mrs. Vesey, Miss Handcock, and Mrs. Marlay spent the day here. The Dean tries to amuse himself in his garden and I at my different works, *but these are companions for a mind at ease.* Don't think, my dearest sister, that we have an anxiety about fortune; I thank God we have nothing at stake of such *very great* consequence as to money matters, but the delays and disappointments are vexatious.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 27 March, 1752.

Last night I received my dearest sister's letter, dated the 18th, from Welsbourn; but how am I grieved to find the necessity there is of your going to the Bath!

I am very glad you have taken Banny with you on many accounts; my good brother Dewes' cares will be less at home, and yours consequently so where you are; and I believe the Bath waters may be of use to him if he has no tenderness on his lungs, and being with you must always be a considerable advantage to him. It grieves me to think of your being at Bath without any particular friend to be with you, and yet I think you would be more uneasy to leave the other children without Mr. Dewes's wise and affectionate inspection. I have yours of the 4th and 11th instant to answer; they came on Tuesday last, and as this is church day, I shall not have time to answer them so fully as I wish to do. I never heard of Spruzzesino.

What shocking robberies, murders, duels, &c., are constantly in the papers! does not that too plainly show the growth of infidelity? and is it not sad that at a time when Christianity ought to be supported and *most* strongly recommended, that there should be books published even by a Prelate, most pernicious and destructive to all true religion? And what is provoking in the affair, they vaunt their sincerity and love of truth, and say that not even an offered advancement could make them forego publishing what they thought right; when it is well known that whilst the Archbishopric

was vacant they *stopped the publication* of their book, and as soon as it was *filled up* they published it: is not that effrontery?

Mr. Emerson is not yet come to Delville, but the Dean has had a letter from Mr. Burke of Jamaica, a duplicate of what he sent by Emerson, wherein he confirms what the Dean says about the burnt paper; that Miss Tennison, and consequently her heirs-at-law, had *nothing to do with it*, and she was not so much as mentioned in it. The original draft *is in being*, but the person who had it in *charge* is dead, and his chest of papers not yet found: search is making for it. I hope, let the fortune go as it will, that D.D.'s character will be justified to *the whole world;* I thank God he is well in health, but much perplexed by the perverseness of those he has to deal with. However I will take fair Hope to my bosom; without that balm what wretches should we be! I am glad my sweet Pauline finds out *our* likeness; I hope she will love us both the better for it. Did I send you any old linen for your bed work? I forget; do you want more, if I did? I will try if I can make out a *border* for your chairs to my mind and send it you.

I am very sorry poor Frank has been so much out of order, I mean had so bad an accident as burning his hand; a clever faithful servant is truly a treasure. Smith has been much out of order but is better. Gran[1] is very obliging, and as ready to do anything here as she was at home. By the time you return home (which I beg you will not do sooner than the weather absolutely obliges) I hope your house will be quite finished, that you may

[1] Mrs. Donnellan's "*Gentlewoman.*"

sit down and enjoy your improvements. I will bespeak your gloves, but have not one of your size; could you not send me one in a frank? I enclose this to the Duke of Portland, as I think it more certain than the cross-post, and I have no English franks.

Get "Brown on Lord Shaftesbury's Characteristics;"[1] it is a charming book, a little dry in the beginning but makes you amends as you go on.

By mistake I enclosed you Mr. Faulkener's account of the ball in the cover to the Duke of Portland, and recollected it when too late; and what's worse, on one side of the paper was an *odd advertisement* which I should *not* have chosen to have sent to a *gentleman*; I hope it escaped the Duke's notice. The Duchess is very well again, but the cross winds kept me a fortnight in suspense about her; I hope they will be more favourable to me now.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 2 April, 1752.

Mr. Emerson came to us the day before yesterday, and brought the commission safe, which was yesterday delivered into the Master of Chancery's hands; but how favourable or otherwise it may be cannot be known till Term begins, which will be the middle of this month. Mr. Burke has said enough in his letters to D.D. to vindicate D.D.'s character from the vile aspersion of his having destroyed a paper with an intent to defraud his adversaries of any right; the paper concerned *no body*

[1] Dr. John Brown, an eminent clergyman and indefatigable writer, born 1715, died in 1766. The chief of his numerous works are, "Essays on the Characteristics of the Earl of Shaftesbury," "Barbarossa, a tragedy," &c.

but D.D. and his late wife, but how far this may engage us this year is not yet to be said. I have had great pleasure in Mr. Emerson's account of Harry Chapone; he is so well beloved that he has not an enemy in the island, and bears in every respect a most extraordinary character. His income there he believes is a thousand pounds a year; this sounds a great deal but is not more than equivalent to half, as it is a most extravagant place. Harry C. has sent us a present of sweetmeats, pickles, and half a hogshead of old rum. Mr. Emerson has brought me some shells, but he has not yet got them out of the ship.

Finglass friends confined with measles, so we have not met this fortnight, for Bushe and Tommy Greene, both with me, have not had the measles; the little boy has been a great amusement to us, he is a sensible reasoning child. Mr. Greene returns from the circuit this week, and I must then give up my charge. Mrs. Dillon and her fair daughters were here yesterday morning—much concerned you are obliged to go to the Bath—charged me with many kind and civil things.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, April 7th, 1752.

Donnellan will go to England if possible at Midsummer, if her brother will answer her Bill; which he seems to delay only to cross her, for it is no advantage to him and a very great detriment to her affairs, but whether her Bill is answered or no she must go to take care of her furniture; her house will be given up at Mid-

summer, and at Michaelmas her time of it is out. She has been much out of order with toothache and cough lately, but is better; sends her best compliments to you and Mr. Granville.

We had such sharp piercing winds in Passion-week that it demolished us all. The Dean has had a cold; I have no complaint now but want of voice, and that I hope will soon be better. I am in good spirits, no head-ache, sleep at nights, eat chicken broth and gruel. I tell you exactly the truth, as I depend on your doing the same by me. I am really diverted at your difficulties about Lady Luxborough, my brother will set all that to rights: she is, I think, *his* old acquaintance, and will be very courtly to him I dare say. *Your* character is *too well* established to be hurt by an acquaintance with her, and Bath acquaintance are said to pass *with the waters*, and as people of fashion *and reputation* do not shun her I see no reason why you should do so in any *remarkable* way, but your own prudence and judgment can better direct you than I can.

I thank you for Blandy letters.[1] Poor creature, she appears to me very guilty by her trial. In return, I send you the Northern Creed.

Our grandees are at terrible discord with one another. The Primate's and the Speaker's parties as opposite as ever. How much happier is a private station; where though we cannot escape disputes and jars, still they are *not blazed abroad so much.*

[1] Mary Blandy, tried on the 3rd of March, 1752, at the Oxford Assizes, for poisoning her father, found guilty, and executed on the 6th of April. Several pamphlets appeared after her trial, and amongst others, "Original Letters to and from M. Blandy and Captain C——."

Tell my brother I have received *Joshua* safe, but *not the bottle of salts*. I believe Mr. Thom. Burk, son to his old acquaintance, is now at the Bath, and going to be married to Miss Ousley, a young Mulenex. I can tell you nothing of our affairs till Term, which begins the 13th April. Mr. Emerson has brought all the satisfactory accounts from Jamaica we could have wished except the original draft, which Mr. Burke (the lawyer that drew up the paper the Dean burnt, and that the T's make such a rout about) left in London in a chest of papers, which chest he consigned to the care of an old servant when he went to Jamaica. This old servant is dead, and we have not yet been able to find where the chest is lodged.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 11th April, 1752.

Some day next week, if the weather is good, we have thought of asking the Duke and Duchess of Dorset to breakfast. Dinners are grown such luxurious feasts in this country that we do not pretend to show away with such magnificence, and our viceroy loves magnificence *too well:* to be pleased with our way of entertaining company. I own I think there is a time of life as well as a station when *very gaudy* entertainments are as unbecoming, as pink colour and pompadours! Apropos *drum ecclesiastic* in Stephen's Green beats for company next Monday; Miss B. told me she had sent out three packs of cards with invitations from her aunt, but we can't with prudence go after having kept house

above a week, though we are in the list. I believe D.D. will answer the Bishop of Clogher's book on Spirit; he is highly offended with it, and so is every orthodox Christian. The Bishop of London said on hearing of it, "Why will that trifling *slight man* undertake such subjects!"

I did not hear until I saw it in the newspaper that Mrs. Knight was so near matrimony. Is she at the Bath, and have you any acquaintance with Mr. Creset?

Mrs Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 22 April, 1752.

I hope my brother will find Bath both pleasant and beneficial to him; my kind love and service to him and Miss N. Viney: I am very glad she is with you. I am sure being with you will do her as much good as the waters—I heartily wish her her health. I desire she will let Mrs. Viney know I received the second cargo of lamperns safe, and that they are exceedingly good; I shall not be able to write this post, and it is odd to send a message so roundabout, but Mrs. Viney is in haste to know, as the woman who undertook to send them promised to make them good if they did not come safely.

I believe the suit will not come on this Term. I shall be heartily glad to have it decided, let it go which way it will. The thing in dispute is not of consequence enough to do us any *very great* harm, but anything is better than a lawsuit. D.D. is wanted in his deanery, but can't fix on any time for going yet; next week we

propose making an excursion to Mount Usher, in the County of Wicklow, about twenty miles off, for a few days, where I shall see groves of myrtle as common as nut-trees; *Powerscourt* and *Charleville*, (Mr. Monk's villa,) is in that neighbourhood; I believe my brother knows both the place and person we are going to—Mr. Kit Usher. As my confinement at home, on my own and Mrs. Donnellan's account, has sullied my house a good deal, I shall not ask the Duchess of Dorset to breakfast here till I return from this expedition, and by that time my garden will be new clothed; it buds and looks very pretty already.

Next Tuesday we are to dine at the Bishop of Clogher's, and go in the afternoon to an Egyptian drum (I suppose) at Dr. Pocock's.[1] Instead of spreading his table with cards, I hope he designs to cover them with drawers of curiosities, and instead of the tittle-tattle of the town to give us some philosophical lectures! It would be pleasant enough to see the surprise of the smart beaux and belles when they observe such an entertainment prepared for them; and instead of the rooms being decorated with china, japan, indian paper, and looking-glasses, to observe nothing but Egyptian deities on pedestals, tables covered with precious fragments such as toes and fingers, lumps of stone that have neither shape nor beauty of colour, Turkish robes hanging on pegs, travelling kitchen utensils, &c., and a medley that would make much too large a catalogue for my paper to contain.

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[1] Richard Pococke, Bishop of Meath and Ossory, a learned man and celebrated traveller in the East, born 1704, died 1765. His "Travels" are still valuable.

Did I not write you word of old Mr. Monck's death? Our state affairs run very high,—our Viceroy and the Speaker each trying their strength, but the Court must get the better of the country I suppose. Mr. Baylis' (who married the late Primate's daughter) pension is struck off, and several others of the Speaker's party.

The Duke of Dorset was in high favour amongst us when he came, but he is now wavering.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 30th April, 1752.

I am, I thank God! very well, and as a proof was yesterday at Dr. Pocock's drum. The Dean and I dined at the Bishop of Clogher's, and went from thence, it being in the neighbourhood. His house (meaning the Mufti's) is very pleasant; he has a large room on the ground-floor of thirty-one feet long, filled with his curiosities. It opens into a very pretty garden, gaily filled with flowers. Our company was Lord and Lady Grandison, Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam,[2] and Lord and Lady Cavan,[3] Lord and Lady Strangford,[4] Countess of

[1] Charles Monck, Esq., son of Henry Monck and Sarah, daughter and heir of Sir Thomas Stanley, of Grange Gorman, inherited the property of his maternal ancestors at Grange Gorman. He died in 1752, and left a son, Henry, who married Lady Isabella Bentinck.

[2] William, 3rd Earl Fitzwilliam, married, in 1744, Lady Anne Wentworth, sister and co-heir of Charles, 2nd Marquess of Rockingham.

[3] Ford, 5th Earl of Cavan, married Elizabeth, daughter of James Wall, Esq. of Dublin. The Earl died in 1772, leaving an only daughter, Gertrude, married to Sir Michael Cromie, Bart.

[4] Philip, 4th Viscount Strangford, Dean of Derry, married, in 1741, Mary, daughter of Anthony Jephson, of Mallow Castle, Esq., county Cork. The Viscount died in 1787.

Drogheda,[1] Bishop of Clogher, Mrs. Clayton, and self; more company was expected, but as it was my second day of being abroad I would not stay late. Poor Donnellan could not be of the party; she has been tortured with the tooth-ache, and yesterday had the tooth drawn. She is still uneasy, and her cheek much swelled, but I believe it is only the effect of the terrible wrench.

To-morrow I go to the Castle to fix the day of the Duchess's breakfasting here, which I hope will be one day next week; the week after we propose going to the county of Wicklow; neither the weather nor Mrs. Donnellan have been well enough for us to go sooner.

As to our *law* matters, they have not yet come on; *its delays* are indeed severe trials of patience, and may well be looked on as a curse. I hope D.D. will be able to do himself right in the end, and that will be consolation for the sad disappointment I now suffer on this account.

Mrs. Don. is at as great an uncertainty as we are. As soon as she can fix her time of going to England we shall take a trip to the North; but I believe we shall not make a long stay there, as D.D. must be here to look over and explain papers, which nobody can do but himself, and if it please God matters go on well, we shall be the better able to enjoy our dear friends in England next year; it is indeed a very great mortification that I can have no hopes of entertaining any of them here, but I will hope a little to keep up my spirits.[2]

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[1] Bridget Southwell, niece of Thomas Lord Southwell, was the second wife of Edward, 5th Earl of Drogheda.

[2] It appears that the health of Mrs. Dewes was at this time very indifferent, and Bath waters were considered necessary for her.

What a foolish choice Mrs. Scot[1] has made for herself! Mrs. Montagu wrote Mrs. Donnellan word that she and the rest of her friends had rescued her out of the hands of a very bad man, but for reasons of interest they should conceal his misbehaviour as much as possible, but intreated Mrs. Don. would vindicate her sister's character whenever she heard her attacked, for she was very innocent. Happy indeed is the woman who *has* a conscientious and reasonable companion: without *truth and virtue* there is *no real happiness:* other desirable accomplishments are additions that are very agreeable, but to be possessed of both the good and the agreeable is an extraordinary share of good fortune. So circumstanced the common casualties of life (in marriage) are supportable, but otherwise intolerable.

I am very sorry poor Nancy is so much out of order I have great hopes that you and the waters will cure her: my very kind service to the good creature.

I am glad Lady Throck. is so well. I depend upon your doing all proper civilities for me. I am sorry Mrs. Marshall came away without your kind token; surely those kind testimonies are unnecessary! can anything be wanting to convince me of your constant remembrance and affection? Adieu, I must dress. Domestic affairs have interrupted me greatly, saucy intruders!

Mrs. Vesey's *husband* was *uncle* to my Mr. Vesey.

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[1] Mrs. Montagu's sister married George Lewis Scott, Esq. She formed a very intimate friendship with Lady Barbara Montagu, sister of the Earl of Halifax. They lived together many years, until Lady Barbara's death. Mrs. Scott published the Life of Theodore Agrippa D'Aubigné; the Life of Gustavus Vasa, and also two novels—Sir George Ellison and Millenium Hall.

She is a very good-humoured talking woman; I know her very well and am intimate with her sister, Mrs. Don.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes, at Mr. Jones' great house in Orange Grove, Bath.

(Part of a letter, no date.)
Postmark, 30 Ap.

Bushe leaves me to-day; she has spent a month with me. We have finished Jack Connor:[1] I don't like it at all; it is a bad imitation of Tom Jones and Gil Blas. We have begun the Female Quizote.[2] I like the design, and am glad to get into good company again. Many thanks for Lord Bolingbroke's Will; his friends should wish it was not made by himself: we have got his letters;[3] I have not read but two of them; there seems to be an ill design in them, but his style and manner of writing is charming. How grievous that such a genius should not have had a better heart! Miss Knapper is an acquaintance of Mrs. L. Bushe's, and she begs you will make her compliments to her, mine to the Throcks. Have you seen Godineau? Has she disposed of Lady Scudamore's picture? Mrs. Donnellan has given me her picture in enamel by Mr. Barber; it is by much the handsomest likeness and as well painted as any of Zincke's: he is very much improved, and has as much business as he can do. I have not the lilies you mention; my garden will be proud of any addition you can make to it.

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[1] The History of Jack Connor. Published by Johnson. London, 1752.

[2] The Female Quizote, by Mrs. Lennox, published in 1752, is an ingenious satire upon the old romances of Calprenèdes and Scuderi.

[3] Letters on the Study and Use of History, &c., by the late Lord Bolingbroke. Published by Millar in 1752.

Mrs. Delany to Mr. Dewes.

Delville, 9th May, 1752.

We have settled our time for the North the last week of this month, and propose staying there two months; so that if our other affairs would permit us, we might have made you a visit for all our Northern journey. This is the first warm summer's day we have had; I am afraid it comes too soon for my sister, for since the Bath has agreed so well with her I could wish she had a longer time there, though her great impatience to get home to you and the children will make her in haste to return; "*for where the treasure is the heart will be also!*" I hope there is no harm in quoting a text of Scripture in a letter, when it is so justly applied.

The feuds and animosities of our state have run very high. The Primate and Speaker have been at open war, but they seem to be somewhat quieted, and all parliamentary affairs ended last Thursday. The Duke and Duchess of Dorset were to have breakfasted here one day this week; but a young girl in my house has had the measles, which has put off that honour till the next week; I have been busy in polishing up my house for their reception, but how much happier should I be were it for *guests I could name* who would not only please my vanity but satisfy the affections of my heart!

Mrs. Don. has not fixed her time for her English journey; we leave her here to finish and pack up her affairs quietly. She sends her very kind compliments to you, and is sorry she can't make you a visit in her way to London, but she shall have bags and baggages with her and be too much in a hurry to stop by the

way. You say you think the Dean's business might be managed by lawyers; the lawyers *say not*, as nobody can so well give a proper account of them as the Dean himself; and now I think I have tried your patience and will release you. I beg you will take care of yourself. I wish you would take the Dean's bitters, or a cup of strong camomile-tea every morning when you rise; it has cured agues and intermitting fevers, and if taken in time, and for a constancy, it is said will prevent their returning.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 12 May, 1752.

I am glad my brother looks so well, and hope his looks are as honest as his heart; if he is still with you my kindest love to him. And now for my journal. On Thursday last, Lady Lambard (as I told you before, I believe) and Lady Drogheda came, and puffed me up with their praises of every thing within and without doors; whilst we were in the garden a violent storm of thunder, lightning, and hail drove us into the Beggar's Hut for shelter. In the afternoon we went to Finglass, and drank coffee with the agreeable sisters. Friday dined at Mr. Pomeroy's,—first made visits. Were met there by the Bishop of Elphin and his family, and Miss Colley, who is grown a shrivelled crab! Her sister Pomeroy is *as sweet* as she is *sour*, and has a very good-humoured well-behaved husband; they have a pretty little boy, whom they doat on. She lost a fine girl last year.

Saturday morning, Mrs. C. and her flaunting niece

came here very grave and reserved, asked her sister "when she went to England," who said "she could not tell." I lamented being obliged to leave her, by going into the North, upon which Mrs. C. said to her sister: "*If I were you, I would go at the same time. What signifies your not having a house, can't you take a lodging?*" Such sisterhood! Oh how it makes me bless my happy lot! D.D. went to Dublin that morning, from thence to Finglass, and brought away Mrs. H, and Forth to dinner; the day was charming, and we walked a great deal in the garden; after dinner came two coachfulls of company to drink tea, and by the time they were gone, I was as tired as if I had been threshing.

Sunday, young Mr. Hamiltons came to breakfast. Rev^{d} (the eldest), gave us a very sensible ingenious sermon after dinner, and prayers. Yesterday morning, *Mrs. H. Hamilton* and her daughters came to breakfast here, and *she* brought me the largest thin-shelled nautilus I ever saw: it is a little broken on one side, but its defects are hid in my cabinet, and it makes a charming figure there. On Saturday the Lord Lieut^{t} and Lady Lieut^{t}, and Lord George Sackville, and the Primate breakfast here; and on the Tuesday following we set out for the County of Wicklow, and propose returning on Saturday. As to my hurries they are just beginning, and *alas!* for *want* of *the prize* the end which this year *was* to have bestowed on me, packing and travelling seem formidable undertakings. All things remain as I have already told you, only I have the additional hurry of going to the drawing-room morning and evening to-morrow. D.D. has asked a dozen people here to dinner to-day, which honour I could have spared,

as I want to keep my house for Saturday, though I have too much regard for *les petits soins* of those I love not to value every mark of affection; but if people only keep upon the *great road of loving*, and neglect the little paths of friendship, many delicate pleasures are lost. Don't expect a letter till this day se'nnight. I shall not have time to write sooner, and now will not expect to hear more than once a week.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Mount Usher,[1] 21 May, 1752,

After many delays here we are, but the weather has been so perverse that we have not been able to go out of doors. I gave you an account last Monday, my dearest sister, of what had passed the week before, and now you must follow me into the county of Wicklow. Mr. Usher sent a chaise and a saddle-horse for Mrs. Donnellan, her maid, and Gran. D.D. and I travelled in our own chaise, and the day being fair, Don. rode part of the way. We set out from Delville about 8; passed through Dublin, and a most pleasant country, till we come to Bray, (in the *neighbourhood* of which town *Bushe was born and bred*, the place called *Cork*). We did not stop till we came to Loghling's Town, eight miles from Delville, a very good inn, pleasantly situated; there we alighted to look about us, and bespeak our dinner for next Saturday. From thence we went to Kilcool, where we dined; I can't say much of the pleasant-

[1] Mount Usher, now united with the grounds of Rosanna, the property of Colonel Tighe.

ness of the country to that place, only a very fine view of the sea and good roads; from Kilcool the scenes are more enlivened, and extremely pretty—enclosures, fine meadows, shady lanes, one side skirted by mountains and hills of various shapes, diversified with cultured fields, bushes and rocks, and some wood; on the other side a beautiful prospect of the sea, and the roads like gravel walks, the hedges enriched with golden furze and silver May. This country is particularly famous for arbutus (the strawberry tree) and myrtles, which grow in common ground, and as flourishing as in Cornwall. Myrtles are so plentiful that the dishes are garnished with it, and next Xtmas the gentlemen in this neighbourhood are agreed to adorn Wicklow church with myrtle, bay, and arbutus, instead of ivy and holly. I tell them it is well I am *not* to be *one* of their congregation—I should be tempted to commit sacrilege! The arbutus bears fruit and flowers (like the orange tree) at the same time, and is in its *full glory* about Xtmas; the berries are as large as the duke cherry and of a more glowing scarlet, the surface rough like a strawberry; I believe you have never seen it in perfection, which makes me so particular in my description of it.

When I have the joy of seeing you, (Oh! when will that be?) I can show you a draught of one in perfection done by Mrs. Forth Hamilton.[1] We arrived at our journey's end between five and six, called 24 miles, would measure 36 English. By the name I suppose you think this an exalted situation; *toute au con-*

[1] This exquisite painting is in the possession of the Editor, and is done upon vellum.

traire it is as low as Bradley, and hid with trees and hills. The house is a very good one, old-fashioned, convenient, and comfortable, the hall *very large*, in which is a billiard-table and harpsichord, and a large desk filled with books; within it a large parlour, where we dine; and within that a drawing room, but the spacious hall and the amusements belonging to it make us give it the preference to all the other rooms: the bedchambers are proportionally good to the rest of the house, and excellent easy beds; everything though plain perfectly clean, like the Master and Mistress of the place, who were bred up in Dublin, and used to a great deal of company; but a large family—four daughters and three sons, (now men and women,) and prudential reasons, made them retire and settle down in this place about sixteen years ago, where they have lived a quiet philosophic life, and brought up their children extremely well. The eldest daughter is married to a *worthy clergyman*, and the second lives with her; they are now gone to the south of France for Mr. *Edgeworth's* health, and this morning Mrs. Usher shewed me a letter from Mrs. Edgeworth, written in a very fine hand, and a very sensible, agreeable account of the place they are in; the eldest son is bred up a squire at home, (their estate is but a moderate one,) he is a modest dull sort of youth. The eldest of the two daughters at home seems to be *the housewife* of the family, the youngest plays very well on the harpsichord, and sings surprizingly, though she has hardly ever been taught; they are both very modest well-behaved young women, neither pert nor awkwardly bashful. Our entertainment is suited to the rest—excellent and good things, *well drest* in a *plain neat* way. And now, having

given you an account of the country, the people, and manners, I must give you rest till the weather permits me to say something of the environs. The chaise is ordered to carry us this morning to the Murrah, a strand two miles off, and whilst it is preparing I must thank you for your charming letter, ending the 14th of May. Your friendship and the goodness of all my friends to me, gives me reason to *reverse* what Mark Antony says in "All for Love." "They *tell me* 'tis my birthday, and *I will keep it* with a double pomp of joy." I thank my dear Banny for his pretty letter, and was extremely delighted with his incomparable description of the Duchess of Queensbury! The Dean and Don., to whom I read the account *without naming her name*, instantly guessed the original, who I hope you met at last.

The chaises came, and we went to the Murrah. The weather was hazy and rainy, which eclipsed greatly the beauty of the prospects; the Murrah is seven miles long by the seaside: I think it may more properly be called a terrace than a strand, as it is not even with the sea, but raised by a gentle slope, the turf as fine as any well-mown garden-walk, between that and the sea, when the tide is out, is a strand covered with pebbles some of which are very beautiful, like the Scotch pebbles. As we drove up the Murrah we had a view of the town of Wicklow, which lies close to the sea, and spreads on the side of the hill; a point of land makes a bay, and there is always some sort of shipping which enlivens the prospect. On the right there is a great variety of agreeable views of fields, gentlemen's houses, gentle hills, and towering mountains. One very remarkable circumstance belonging to the Murrah

I forgot to mention, which is that it is situated between the sea and the lake; the part we went over was about three miles, the lake continued all that way, and runs into the sea at Wicklow Town. To make you comprehend it better than you can by this awkward description, I send you a little scratch not worthy to be called a sketch. We got home a little before dinner; the rain was so violent I could not gather any pebbles; so on Friday morning I got up at six, took one of the young ladies, who drove me in a one-horse chair, her brother was our squire, and to the Murrah we went again. The day was clear, and I gathered several pretty pebbles and got home again by breakfast; as soon as breakfast was over we all set out except Mrs. Donellan and Mrs. Usher, in chaises and on horseback, and went to the Devil's Glen, called two miles off, but will measure four. The Glen is somewhat like Longfords, and has all the horror but not the beauty. We went to the top and looked down into it; we could not go in our chaises above a mile, the rest of the way we walked, and went on truckle-cars, part of the way was too steep and rugged for any carriage. When we had satisfied our curiosity, and looked till our heads grew giddy, we returned; but before we got home went to a place called Cronerow Rock, belonging to Mr. Eccles, a gentleman who lives in Glassnevin: the rock grows like a great wart on the top of a very great ascent, the whole hill is feathered with a fine young oak wood, and the rock is so mixed with woods in some parts that you can only see it through the trees. We climbed very nearly to the top of it with some difficulty and fear of stumbling among the loose pieces fallen from the rock; but I could have

spent a whole day in picking up the fragments, some glittering with diamonds, others like fine marble—I never saw so beautifull a rock. I wish I had an enchanting wand, and could by a stroke place it just beyond my brother Granville's fine cascade. There are several natural caves in it, and the wood, which continues from the utmost top of the rock quite down to the valley, by so good a taste as his might be made the the finest thing I ever saw; but by this robbery, could I effect it, I should indeed do great injury to one of the prettiest countries I ever saw in my life. When you are on the summit of the hill I have described, the prospect is charming, and terminates with the Murrah and the sea beyond it. I have seen nothing in Ireland so beautiful, but it is more owing to nature than art.

I saw several places worth taking notice of, but if I did I should send you a book instead of a letter, so I return to good Mrs. Usher's house, where after a very good dinner, we went to *Mr. Tighe's*, Rosanna by name, whose garden is divided from Mr. Usher's by a very pretty clear river: *he* came in his boat to *waft us over!* It is a very pretty place and house, neatly kept, and capable of great improvement, which he is setting about with all speed. He went to England for six weeks, saw Pains-Hill, Mr. Charles Hamilton's, and Wobourn Lodge, Mr. Southcote's, and now says his own place is hideous, and will pull it to pieces! His ground lies finely, his trees very flourishing; a river bounds his garden, and the fields and country about him lie very advantageously to his view.

We left Mount Usher on Saturday morning, stopped at Loghling's Town, where we had bespoke our

dinner, and whilst it was getting ready walked about. Mr. Danville has an estate and seat just by the inn, the house old and ruinous, and ingeniously situated to avoid one of the sweetest prospects I ever saw. There is a natural terrace on the side of the hill where the house stands, of about a mile at least; the part I saw of it is a gradual descent from that to the highway, but at such a distance as not to incommode you either with noise or dust: part of the bank is quite green, and smooth like a slope in a garden, the rest covered with shrubby wood or fir-trees. Across the valley, where the road runs, is a river, over which is a bridge and a bank divided into fields, with little cabins; hedges and trees, rise on the other side, overtopped with mountains, whose deep purple made the verdure of the nearer prospects appear to great advantage. Mrs. Don., who had never been at this place to consider it before, says if she can bring Mr. Danville to any terms (he always lives in England) she will *build a nest* for herself *there*. A rap at the door calls me off—Mrs. Hamilton and her two daughters, which luckily for you has obliged me to end abruptly. To-morrow we go to Lucan, and return on Saturday; the Tuesday following to Dangan if Mrs. Fortescue is well enough (for at present she is much out of order,) and return the Saturday after.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Dangan, 3 June, 1752.

All last week was spent in a hurry. Monday we dined at Portico, every one in better humour than ordinary; *my friend* really very obliging, sang several

songs, particularly the *Cardinal's* favourites. Just as we were coming away, he came up to her and said, "*Madam, I have a demand on you.*"—"My Lord, I am ready to answer any in my power."—"*Madam, I demand the books my brother Don. left me.*"—"My Lord, I can do nothing till I have my Lord Chancellor's opinion."—"*I shall, madam, make my demand in form.*"—"*I shall answer it in form.*" He spoke his part with an insolent air; she hers (as good reason she should) with some resentment, and we walked off as fast as we could: the lady of the house looked surprised, as if she knew not what was meant, and this I suppose will be the last meeting the sisters will have in that house. They met at Lady Austin's at breakfast, and in the afternoon at Mrs. Hamilton's; last Monday *not* a word —indeed I may say *not a look of kindness* passed, and perhaps they may not meet for years! I never knew a more provoking behavour than Mrs. C's has been, but I believe it has had one good effect, that it has made Don. so indifferent, as to prevent her feeling any pain at parting; but how willingly would I feel the bitter pangs of parting rather than that dreadful indifference! As we came home, the Dean said, "Some sisters love *too much* and some *too little.*"

Tuesday I went to Finglass; Mrs. Forth, who has been ill, is much better. Wednesday staid at home to do business, and spent a sweet evening in my garden, with no company but D.D. *and the birds.* Thursday, settled affairs for the North, have taken a workwoman into my house, who is to have charge of all my *household* linen, and to wash my laces, as Smith is not now able to do all. Biddy Barber, is in great trouble, has just lost a very fine boy of the measles.

Friday, company morning and night. Saturday, spent at Lucan, Mrs. Don. was to have gone with us, but was not well—rather low spirits than real illness. Sunday, as usual in a family way; Monday morning, to breakfast at Lady Austin's, met grandmother Dillon, who is not a little proud of her fine grandson; Mrs. Preston has not been well since her lying-in, but is better and abroad. Tuesday morning we set out at half-an-hour after eight in Lord Mornington's coach-and-six (*Don. Gran, D.D. and your humble servant,*) our maidens followed in our chaise.[1] We stopped and took a second breakfast at Lucan, and promised to dine with them on our return next Saturday. We got here by two o'clock, found Mrs. Fortescue better, though far from being well. We are disappointed at not having our godson[2] here, but it is examination week at the College, and he not at liberty to come.

I have before given you a description of this place, which is grand but *not pleasing;* the views all extensive, the improvements calculated more to *show extent* of ground than to adorn it. I compare it to a king in his robes; there is a blaze that gives you an awe but *no shade, no retirement,* and exposed to the observation of every eye; while the repose and shelter that make a more limited and well laid out place delightful is wanting; it is not like a gentle, soothing friend that leads you on through flowery paths and delights every sense. Yesterday we took a

[1] The arrangement of this party proves that "*Gran*" (or A. G., the writer of the letters to Martha,)was a "gentlewoman's gentlewoman," as before appeared when Mrs. Delany stated she was asked in the evening to play a pool at commerce.

[2] The Honourable Garratt Wesley.

tour round the whole demesne, which really is *very fine*, the pastures filled with deer and all sorts of cattle, and the water covered with all sorts of fowl, ships and boats. One piece of water is nearly 30 acres, besides two or three very large canals, but trees *are wanting everywhere!* there are some young plantations, but those are *small*, and *promise but little*. We proposed going to-day to the famous Lord Trimleston,[1] the great florist and physician of this country: he has a very fine collection of exotics, but he and the lord of the manor are not on good terms, and I believe I shall not go, as I have but a few days to stay. If the weather favours us we shall go on board the Cumberland. Many enquiries are made after you here; Mrs. Fortescue has four boys and a girl. Poor Don. I think very low, and no wonder: to have but one brother and sister left, and they so unkind in their behaviour that it *drives her* from the place where it would be most convenient and agreeable to her to settle; and at her time of life to be seeking a home is a melancholy affair! she would most gladly make you a visit in her way to London if she could, but she must make her journey as short and as little expensive as possible. Miss Sutton makes a short visit to Lord Delawar this summer, and then goes into Nottinghamshire to her cousin's.

We have fixed our time for going to the North to the 16th or 17th. Friday, the wind was too blustering yesterday for us to go on board as we proposed, so at

[1] Robert, 12th Baron Trimlestown. This nobleman lived for many years in France, and pursued the study of medicine with great success. After his return to Ireland he resided at Trimlestown, and gratuitously and freely gave his advice to all who applied for it.

twelve the coaches were ordered, and we drove to Mr. Fortescue's estate, which he purchased about four years ago, and which joins to Lord Mornington's. He is preparing for building there, and shewed us the situation, which will be very fine, not two miles from hence; Mr. Fortescue proposes having his house ready to receive him by the time Mr. Wesley is of age and brings home a wife, but I wish before that happens there may not *a misfortune* befal this family that will *damp all their joys*; for I think Mrs. Fortescue is in a very dangerous way, though rather better than she was; she would be an infinite loss to her young family, to her father an irreparable one, and as far as one can judge of man's affections a great one to her husband, who is one of the best sort of young men I was ever acquainted with, and withal perfectly polite and well-bred.

In the afternoon laziness, seized all the family but Lord Mornington and myself, and a little after seven we walked out and did not return till nine. It is so fine to-day, I believe we shall go on the water; the barge is ordered to convey us to the ships, and I shall hardly have time to add any more to this letter. Mr. Stewart, a gentleman of this country who has a fine collection of pictures, has lent me, through Mrs. Fortescue's interest, a fine picture of the Transfiguration, *an original* of Carlo Maratti's—the figures small: Our Saviour, Moses and Elias, St. John, St. Peter and St. James. I shall make a beginning of it before I go to Mount Panther to secure the picture, for the gentleman is whimsical and may change his mind.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 13 June, 1752.

Before I answer your letter I must thank you (D.D. most gratefully joins with me) for the prettiest and most elegant japan pail, spoon, china cup, cover and saucer that ever I saw. Many impatiencies, disappointments, grumblings and growlings have they cost. Mrs. Vesey landed whilst I was at Lord Mornington's. We dined at Lucan in our way home, and there I was told she was come; as we did not come to Delville till late on Saturday, and Sunday was no day for business, there my impatience began. On Monday morning I went to see Mrs. Vesey, to get my box, and to see the person that had so lately seen and talked with my dear sister. Mrs. Vesey (of Lucan) met me there by appointment, and to fix Mrs. *(widow)* Vesey down, or rather fetch her back, to the subject I wanted to have her talk most of (for she *prates so fast* and *rambles so far*) that without that help I should not in twelve hours have found out that you were greatly benefited by the waters, look extremely well, fat, fresh, and fair, are in good spirits, and little Banny a delightful child; but no box—sent to the Custom-house to redeem it, put off till Friday—disappointed again! How could I forbear grumbling and growling? But I have it safe, and a thousand thanks from us both attend you, for your much valued tokens; D.D. drank your health in whey at 7 this morning out of *his cup*, and baume tea at ten! My cream-pail is now before me in my china case, and makes a very considerable figure. I suppose you are now going on with your house, though it

creates some dust and noise. How could Sir C. Mordaunt say a thing to you that he must know would hurt such a heart as yours? My illness was nothing but a violent cold, and my spirits having been ruffled with the disappointment of not seeing you this year, asI had depended upon doing, suffered more than they would (perhaps) have done at another time, but I told you the truth about myself, and always will. I am much pleased with your account of Miss Smith, and much obliged to you for making me so well acquainted with her; her attaching herself to you speaks more strongly in her favour than all the agreeable things you say of her.

I am afraid poor Nanny Viney's constitution is too bad to mend. What a melancholy prospect, if her piety did not support her! I have sent my niece Mary, by Mrs. D., a strong piece of Irish cloth for *frocks*, and have got coats for the boys, but no opportunity yet of sending them, as they must go privately; you must forgive my *home-spun tokens* to the dear children. I had hopes of fitting their coats on this year, but since that hope is blasted, you must not chide me for this little indulgence. On Tuesday, please God, we set out for Mount Panther. I shall not be able to write, I fear, till I get there, and my letters will take an unmeasurable round.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 19 June, 1752.

Here I am still. On Saturday night, late, D.D. told me he had business would keep him another week,

and though my baggage was gone and my house in some disorder, I was glad to spend a few more days with Donnellan amongst my haymakers and roses.

Last Monday I sat down to draw out the new picture of the Transfiguration, which I have borrowed of Mr. Steward. Yesterday Mrs. A. Don. and Gran were engaged to spend the day at Selbridge, Mr. Marlay's, three miles beyond Mr. Vesey's of Lucan. I made them set me down there, and found them in the midst of their haymakers. Lord and Lady Kildare,[1] Miss Macartney, Mrs. Lushington, Mr. Ponsonby, and Mr. Centleger dined there. As I know them all they did not frighten me, though I should have been better pleased to have had Mrs. Vesey to myself, but the day passed pleasantly enough. D.D. was so busy at home with his books and haymakers he could not go; no news of our law yet, though we expected it to come this week. I must finish to-morrow. This day I heard from our dear Duchess, who is well, but has had some panics about her children, small pox and fevers being all about Bulstrode. I am pleased with Lady Georgiana Cowper for remembering her god-daughter, and thank you for all your Bath news. The Mr. Usher we went to see is a Mr. Christopher Usher, cousin to my old acquaintance Will, who has been dead these six years; his brother Harry has been a year or two at the Bath, *his wife* is a pretty woman.

I have just inoculated two orange-trees of my own raising, and have planted 26 myrtles in my orangerie.

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[1] James, 20th Earl Kildare, married, February 7, 1747, Emilia Mary, daughter of Charles Duke of Richmond and Lennox.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Mount Panther, Friday, 25 June, 1752.

We have had, I thank God, a very safe and pleasant journey, good weather and good roads. The first day (Tuesday) very hot; we set out a little before eight. I did not see Don. the morning I came away. I was very sorry to part with her, and the more so as she seemed truly touched at parting with me; but since *duty* has obliged me to give up England this year, I was determined that no inferior pleasure to that should interpose and prevent my coming where D.D.'s duty calls him—and consequently mine; nothing less should have made me quit such a guest in my own house.

We breakfasted at the Man-of-War, 12 miles from Dublin. Dined at Drogheda: did not get there till almost five—fainting with heat. Thought it most prudent for ourselves and cattle to stay all night; sallied forth at seven to see the church, which is on a high hill; it is not quite finished, but will be very handsome; then descended and went quite through the town, which is large, and went to what are called "Ball's walks." You wind up a very high, steep hill (which otherwise would be unsurmountable) planted with trees —some in walks, others in groves, so that part of it looks like a thick wood: on the top is a long level walk, with old trees on each side of it, and at the end a pretty clean house and spruce garden full of flowers, which belongs to Mr. Ball, who is so obliging to the town as to permit that fine walk to be a public one, and it is *the mall* of Drogheda. The view from

it is surprizingly beautiful. At the foot of this fine hill winds the river Boyne, one of the finest rivers in Ireland, and which yields the best salmon in great plenty. The town lies on the side of a hill on the opposite side, and is so disposed with little neat gardens, old walls covered with ivy, a ruined castle, and variety of objects, that it makes a better and more pleasing show than I can describe; and the river, which winds and widens with a handsome bridge over one part of it, and shipping beyond that, complete the scene. On one hand you see the obelisk erected in memory of the famous battle of the Boyne; on the other several gentlemen's seats on the banks of the river. Unluckily it happened to be the Eve of St. John—a great Roman Catholic holiday, and at our return to our inn we were forced to pass by several monstrous bone fires (*actually made of bones,*) and firing of guns and squibs, and by the time we got to our inn, the whole air was impregnated with the vile stench. Glad we were when the night was over, to set out by 7 for Dunleer, Dr. Forster's, and there we found the town so thronged, it being fair day, that we could not find any accommodation for our horses and servants, which were too numerous to carry to any private gentleman's house—(four men, three maids, and six horses): so we stopped and breakfasted, and your comfortable letter met me, or rather overtook me, at Dundalk, where we dined.

From Dundalk we went to Newry, nineteen miles from Dublin, lay there, and within three miles of home met a servant with a card from Mr. and Mrs. Bayley to beg we would dine with them. We sent our luggage and baggage on, and were with them

a little after three. You may remember they live not more than a quarter of a mile from Mount Panther, which is pleasant, as we cannot have a more agreeable neighbour.

Our cause was opened on the day we came away.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Mount Panther, 10th July, 1752.

Mrs. Donnellan has named no time of going; her affairs move slowly on, and I shall be glad to see her again before she sets out. What a pleasure it is to see the growing friendship of your children! and yet, my dear sister, it is laying in a store of woe; for if they partake of each other's joys they must also feel each other's sorrows, and the lot of sorrow in this world is generally a larger check than that of joy: and yet for all my experience, which is now of a very long standing, I cannot relinquish the least part of your love, nor you of mine;—it is *wove* with our *thread of life*, and it must last as long.

All this neighbourhood are now in an uproar of diversions. They began last Wednesday and are to last till Saturday,—each day a horse-race, assembly and ball; we did not find ourselves inclined to enter the list. I have more pain than pleasure in seeing any horse-race, and yesterday a poor man was thrown down and trampled to death, such a sight would have embittered whatever diversion the race had given. The balls are too late for sober people, and too far off; Downpatrick is six long miles from hence. We have had three fair sunshining days very quietly to ourselves. D.D. is busy planting; when I *am weary* of dangling

after him I come in to my *home occupations*, and when *he is weary* he comes and *reads to me* while I work. He is now reading the Life of Constantine the Great.[1] What a glorious man he was! Last Tuesday, we had 14 people to dine with us. We have not yet been able to begin our public days; last Monday the Dean was obliged to attend a vestry, and to bury one of his curates at Downpatrick, I spent the day with our agreeable neighbour Bayley. Next Sunday, our new Bishop Whitcombe[2] is to be enthroned, and on Monday I suppose will dine with us with more of the clergy. We propose making no invitations on *any other days*, and then invite only one family and let chance comers fill the table: we do this to divide our company more equally, otherwise some days we might be alone, and overpowered on others.

I hope Lord John Murray's[3] franks come free to you; he is still in our neighbourhood, and I hope will continue there as long as we stay in the country. I fancy you have more satisfaction from your neighbours at Mr. Aylworth's, than you had from their predecessors. A plain understanding with humility and good-humour, never cloys; but pride, and whim, and uncertainty of disposition will tire, though attended with smartness of wit: one is good wholesome mutton, the

[1] The Life of Constantine the Great, from Eusebius. Translated into English under the title, Life of Constantine, with an Oration in his praise, and his Oration to the Clergy; and published in 1637.

[2] Dr. John Whitcombe, Bishop of Clonfert, was translated to the Bishopric of Down in 1752, and made Archbishop of Cashel in the same year.

[3] Lord John Murray, son of John, 1st Duke of Atholl, by his second wife, Mary, daughter of William Lord Ross. Lord John was a general officer, and died in 1787, leaving an only daughter, married to Lieut.-Gen. William Foxlow, who assumed the surname of Murray.

other a ragout! Mrs. Donnellan; says she shall go as soon as she can to England. Lord Holderness has quitted her house; she cannot undertake to carry the Irish stuff, it being prohibited; so I will send it when I return home to Delville some other way, and the gloves also, if she don't take them.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

July 18th, 1752.

How many blessings have I to be thankful for! Help me to bear them in mind (yourself one of the greatest) that in the hour of vexation and disappointment I may *not forget* how many undeserved blessings I have and still do enjoy! This is by way of a little preparation to something that, I fear, will give you concern—the loss of our lawsuit, which has been carried against us. The decree is not yet given, but will some time next week, and when it is I will send Mr. Dewes an account of the proceedings on both sides, that he may see how the innocent has been oppressed and overcome by the malice and vigilance of his adversary! I have spared you this account whilst the children were ill, not knowing what the event of their illness might prove; but I wish to give you the first intelligence of it, and intreat you not to let it prey upon your mind; the worst part is the malignity of enemies, who endeavour to blast the fair fame of one of the most valuable men upon earth; but I hope God will graciously permit him to vindicate himself, and *make his innocence appear as clear as the noon day*, and those who are *really and truly* his friends and mine cannot value him the less for a calamity oc-

casioned by his too great *disregard* of the things of this world and *too great security* in his own integrity.

I have written to my brother and the Duchess of Portland two posts ago. D.D. makes me go out every day, and now waits for me. I assure you I am perfectly well: if my friends will bear this as cheerfully as I hope to do, I shall still be happy; and I cannot suppose the decree will be so severe, but that a little retrenching and prudence in our affairs may soon satisfy any demand that we may be subject to.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Mount Panther, 20th July, 1752.

I hope the Lord Chancellor's decree will be more favourable than our adversaries would have it, and should he do the worst I trust we shall do very well, and that a little management for a year or two will establish us again: if we find we cannot live so retired here as we wish we will come to you; this winter we now propose spending here. I believe we must go to Delville for a fortnight or three weeks to provide some winter-entertainments—books, work, and my harpsichord. This is really a pretty place, though *it is not a Delville,* and the most disagreeable circumstance will be the distance I shall be from my good and kind friends in the neighbourhood of Delville. Donnellan has been very affectionate and kind to me, and would have come to me here upon this disagreeable change in our affairs but I have prevented her, and will if possible see her at

Delville before she goes; God grant that my brother may take this affair with that tenderness towards D.D. that I think his generosity and kindness to me will incline him! Never was a worthy, innocent man so hardly used; but his resignation and his temper on this occasion makes him more amiable than ever. His chief distress is his not having been able to fulfil his engagement to my friends. God knows, that is a matter of little concern to me—*provided they will do him justice*, for had he the world at command it would be mine.

The Archbishop of Cashell[1] is dead.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Mount Panther, 25th July, 1752.

The enclosed papers will give you a more perfect account of our affairs than I can by way of letter; the extract of the lawyers' pleadings as it was sent us by one of our council, and with them a copy of D.D's letter to Mr. Adderley, not having time to copy out the parts which particularly answer the several objections. I hope in God my Lord Chancellor will give an upright decree: he has had the papers on both sides before him to consider for near three weeks. Next Monday it is expected he will give it, and we cannot receive it till Thursday, so that this day se'night is the first account I can give you of it. It quite enlivened my spirits to think of my brother Granville's being at Welsbourn, as I know it gave pleasure to you all; I beg our disagree-

[1] Dr. Arthur Price, Bishop of Meath, was made Archbishop of Cashel in 1744, and died 17th July, 1752.

able affairs may not check your joy, for I hope, and *I am sure*, all things are ordered for the best. It is impossible that calumny and falsehood should long reign, and D.D's innocence and worth must and will, I don't doubt, prevail at last. We must consult our friends about an appeal, in case sentence is given against us, and shall be greatly obliged to Mr. Dewes if he will read over our case and give us his opinion. We go to Delville, please God, on Tuesday se'night. Enclosed in this is Mr. Bourke's testimony from Jamaica and the lawyers' pleadings.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Mount Panther, 31st July, 1752.

I much fear my dearest sister has received of late more pain than pleasure from my letters, but I hope we shall not suffer so much in our affairs as we at first apprehended. The Lord Chancellor has not yet given his judgment; it was expected last Monday, as he said he intended giving it, but yesterday's letters brought word that a difficulty was started which has delayed it. If that difficulty was obviated by Wednesday last, when the Court was to sit for the last time, we shall know our doom to-morrow, and I will add it to my letter, but if not the decree can't pass till next Term, which will not be till the beginning of November. *If you think* my brother Granville *will like* to be informed of all particulars send the papers to him. Now, my dearest sister, though the first shock of being condemned as a robber is hard to bear, yet perfect innocence must in time get the better of such a blow. D.D.'s fate in this

is singularly hard, even humane and generous actions make against him, but it is now in vain to lament. I thank God he is innocent, and that innocence supports us both, and I don't doubt but time and prudent care will place us again in a fair and happy situation. We must retrench accordingly, give up vanities and superfluities, and surely we may do that very easily, if D.D. keeps up his spirits and is blest with health, and if *my friends do him the justice he deserves.* And I know my dearest sister is too well acquainted with his heart to suspect it; I shall then hardly feel this trifling reverse of fortune. I have said "*my riches were my friends,*" and whilst they are preserved to me, I look upon the rest as drops in the comparison. We propose going to Delville next Tuesday.

Letters are just come—Lord Chancellor's decree *put off again* till the 24th Oct^{r}! I send you the copy of Dr. Barber's letter relating to it. D.D.'s mind is quite at ease, in a full assurance and confidence in God that his innocence will be manifested to the whole world.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 6th August, 1752.

I came to this place yesterday at 6 o'clock. We left Mount Panther on Tuesday morning, got to Dundalk that night, breakfasted next morning with Mrs Forster at Dunleer, and staid all that night there, came home yesterday in the afternoon, and had the pleasure of finding my dear good friend Donnellan very well. The meeting of friends that love one another sincerely

(especially if during their absence anything interesting has happened) is almost as overcoming as parting, but there is this material difference, that joy as it calms grows more delightful and pleasing and sorrow more affecting and deep-wounding. I found two letters from our amiable friend at Bulstrode, such as her kind heart always dictates when her friends are distrest. She *presses us extremely* to come to England this year, but that is impossible. The lawyers say our cause cannot come on till the middle of November, and if it comes to an account D.D. is fixed here for the winter; and we shall not be able to spend it even in the North, which is what we proposed. The Lord Chancellor, they say, was never more perplexed about a cause: I pray God he may act in this, as he has on all other occasions, like an upright judicious judge.

I had a letter yesterday of a few lines from my brother: he says "he is sorry for our disappointment, hopes I will keep up my spirits, and wishes it were in his power to be of use to me;" but I know he *feels more at his heart* than he expresses; and I wish he would *do himself justice* and *not suppress* what would make his friends happy, and do honour to his own sentiments. This is only to you, to whom I must at all times lay my heart open. If my brother would at this time take one month from his home occupations and bestow them upon me, how would it revive me! and more on D.D.'s account than on my own, as he is apprehensive of my brother's indifference *towards him*, and is at this time so oppressed that he stands more in need of relief than I do.

Mrs. Donnellan to Mrs. Dewes.

On the same sheet of paper.

I imagine, my dear Mrs. Dewes, that it will be some additional satisfaction to you to hear from me that our dear friend came home last night in better looks and spirits than I hoped, considering how her spirits have been fluttered by this odious detestable law. I will not pretend to enter into the affair, as it is too intricate for a letter, but I must assure you that I think she *shines more* in this *present dubious state*, than she could possibly do in the most exalted one! and the good Dean, whose consciousness of his own innocence has made him too careless in hitherto taking all the cautions he might have done against his more wary adversaries, is supported by that innocence, and is still sanguine in his hopes that it will be made manifest. Indeed I am in great hopes that as my Lord Chancellor has taken time to consider of it he will find that though the Dean has acted incautiously in forms of law, he has done it in the *integrity of his heart*, as all that know him must think.

As I have staid only to see them, I am now ready to set out to England, and only wait for a ship. I wish I could have the pleasure of meeting you, as I think it would give you some satisfaction to talk over our friend's affairs, but I am obliged to go directly to London. I hope to set out in a few days, and to hear from you at Hanover Square, where I shall be till I can get a house for myself. My *chief sorrow* in leaving this kingdom is leaving Mrs. Delany, but as I hope to see her in England next year it is the less.

A. DONNELLAN.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Dublin, 11th August, 1752.

I meant to send you a long letter to-day, but Bushe and Lady Austin (Mrs. Dillon's sister) came to breakfast, and staid till I was obliged to come with Donnellan to Dublin, in order to settle matters for her voyage, which if the wind proves fair she sets out upon next Thursday, at 11 o'clock. Her hurry and the real concern I have in parting with her, (for she has indeed shown me all the friendship and kindness imaginable on all occasions,) has made me unfit for writing to-day a long letter; but could I receive such a letter from my dear brother and sister Dewes—such generous proofs of tender affection—and not say a few words in return? My heart would burst without it. I wish to God those few words were to say we *could comply* with your most kind offer, but this year it is not practicable, for the decree will not be given till the middle of November; but if it ends in an account, it is not possible for us to say when we shall be at liberty—not till next spring to be sure!

My kind and affectionate friends the Hamiltons, Bushe, and Forth, have shown all the kind concern and attention to me imaginable. I must not omit Mrs. Vesey, who has shown me a particular regard; but for the rest of my acquaintance I keep from them as much as I can, as I have much business to think of and can at this time receive no pleasure but from discharging my duty to the best of my power; cheering one of the most worthy husbands in the world, and

gratefully receiving the kindness of those friends who I know sincerely love me. I keep up my spirits, and have now more reason to hope things will go on better than I had; as our lawyers, they say, were unreasonably alarmed, and that should the decree be against us, a rehearing may quite change the face of things; and rest assured whatever happens is better for us than our short-sightedness will allow us to see.

I have had two most kind letters from the Duchess of Portland.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 14th August, 1752.

Mrs. Donnellan is still here; the ship does not sail till to-morrow, and if the weather continues as uncertain and boisterous as at present, I hope not then.

Our affairs, I thank God, wear a better face than they did. At first it was "*down with him, down with him,*" but now they seem somewhat sick of their suit, and wish for a compromise; *however* we *must wait* for the decree, and can proceed no farther till that is over, and if it is given against us we shall apply, by the advice of our lawyers, for *a rehearing.* The plaintiff's lawyers kept all the force of their argument for the reply. One of our adversaries' lawyers says, he thinks the decree will be, that D.D. must account for all Mrs. Delany's personal fortune at the time he married her, but allowing all her acts since as valid. Let it go which way it will, the loss must be considerable; but I hope not more than what with prudence and management may in some time be made up. I feel little or no

distress at the thoughts of giving up many expenses, which, though like ornaments to a building, were agreeable embellishments, are not at all *necessary*, either to the strength or convenience of the building. When the sentence is past I shall be easier, because then I shall know more exactly how far we must go; but in the meantime I will prepare for the worst, and I assure you as long as D. D. continues in health and keeps up his spirits, and that my friends are satisfied that *he has no way deserved* the treatment he has met with, (as the worst thing he can be charged with is too much inattention to worldly matters,) I shall still be happy.

Don't be uneasy about our going to the North; we have really a very pretty convenient house there, shall keep good fires, and provide ourselves with books and work, and I shall send down my harpsichord, and hope to have Mrs. Bushe with me, who has in the kindest manner offered me her company. Nor shall I want for neighbours there, and the satisfaction of doing what I think is right will make me amends for leaving Delville, and being removed further from Dublin will be another very good reason for spending the winter at Mount Panther. You'll say, suppose the decree should be in our favour, why then retire? Why, prudence I think requires it; for we have been at great expenses without any farther demand, and it is *not so easy* to live with frugality at Delville as at Mount Panther, where every thing bears but *half price*. In time D.D. hopes to send Mr. Dewes a fuller and more satisfactory account of the state of his affairs; he has also perfected a new and short *will*, wherein he has left me everything he had in the world to dispose of, and now he is much relieved

from what was his greatest anxiety, God knows *I had none* on the score of *interest*, but whatever raises his spirits must mine.

Though the wind is fair and Donnellan ready, the ship will not sail till to-morrow; I am glad to keep her one day longer, though her affairs require her to be in London as soon as possible. If any call carries Mr. Dewes there he will know more from her of our affairs (for *she is a notable lawyer*) than I can tell you. Miss Anne Hamilton and one of her brothers came here to breakfast; I shall carry her back to Dublin in the evening and see her good mother, who is truly affectionate to me, and I must say the same of Finglass, or I should not do justice. We propose staying here till the end of next month, and then to the North, where I believe we shall not stay longer than Xtmas. The decree will not be given at soonest till the end of October; next week I shall set to my painting, and the week after propose spending a few days at Lucan; the Dean calls me into the garden, he makes me use exercise every fair hour.

Yesterday morning I met Mrs. Dillon at L. Bushe's. I am glad your house is going on so well; pray God send you many years of uninterrupted happiness in it! Do you put up your worked bed this winter or next spring? We have had an ugly alarm about Mr. Southwell: it was put in one of the newspapers that he was dead, but contradicted in the next; however, we fear there has been some reason for the report, as he is not in a good state of health.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, August 20th, 1752.

Oh what comfort and support are your letters! no less are my good Mr. Dewes's thoughts on our perplexed affairs. Every thing he has said relating to the affair is so clear, so strong, that I am surprized they should not strike everybody the same way; but no reasoning, no arguments can now be offered—we must *wait for the decree*, which cannot be given till the end of October or the beginning of November. Lord Chancellor has a fair character, and I hope will prove a fair judge! They say if it is given against us, we must demand a rehearing, and many things Mr. Dewes has mentioned in his papers will be, I am sure, of great use to the Dean; but the whole affair is complicated; D.D's inattention, (indeed his perfect innocence,) made him not think it necessary to explain many things, which would have saved us the greatest part if not all this trouble. As to shewing D.D's letter to Mr. Adderley to the Chancellor it is not to be done, for he must not receive any private information, but must proceed according to the representation of the affair in the Courts, otherwise D.D. has so many things to clear him in his power, that the affair could not possibly go against him, though he has collected them too late to be of any service to him; but I *should not* have said we had "lost our suit," for till the *decree has been given* it cannot be said to be *gained* or *lost*. It is not so easy to say *what* we shall lose. One of the lawyers on the other side said, it was probable that D.D. would be made to account for whatever Mrs.

Ten: was worth when she married him, allowing all her acts since as valid: she made no will, and the dispute is only about personal fortune, what D.D. had was settled by deed. *Miss T.* made three *wills*: in her first she left D.D. £1000, *in her second*, which she made in resentment (thinking D.D. would marry again) she left him nothing, but left her maid £300; *in her third* she makes many acknowledgments to D.D. for his kindness, leaves him the repeating-watch which he gave her, and some other marks of her favour and gratitude *(for much she owed him)*, and one hundred pounds to her maid. This *will* a young lady, a friend of hers, now alive, *saw*, and had she been thought of in time would have been a material evidence. The first *will* she destroyed when she made the second, and her maid tells us *that when she was in her last illness, in a high fever, she got out of bed, went to her scrutore, took out the last will, and burnt it herself*; but it is much more likely that the maid burnt the will herself, wherein she had a claim to only one hundred pounds, and preserved that that entitled her to three.

I am now going to copy the Transfiguration, done by Carlo Maratto, that I told you of some time ago. When that is finished we propose going again to the Deanery. I shall not write again till this day se'night.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

I have been in Dublin to see Mrs. Hamilton. I was under great concern about her, there being great reason to apprehend that one of her brothers and his wife were

cast away coming from Bristol, but this morning she heard of his not being set out yet, which has restored her to her usual composure of mind; though every shock hurts her poor nerves, and she has great cares and disappointments of several sorts, and bears them all with true Xtian fortitude. What a blessing, my dearest sister, it is to have such friends, and how poorly do I think of myself, and with great reason, when I feel my own infirmities struggling against and thwarting my reason on all occasions! I shall not write but once more before I go to Mount Panther. I am called to dinner.

Could you get me two or three ounces of Coventry blue thread, about 12*d.* an ounce, and send it to me by half ounces under cover?

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Lucan, 26th August, 1752.

I have had another short, very short, letter from my brother. He desires me "not to *fret*," but to be "more *cautious* for the future." How he has it in his power (at least for some time) to make me forget all my sorrows! A *month's visit* would have been *such a revival to me!* but now it is too late in the year to wish a friend at sea. *I know his heart is good*, and believe, if *he thought* he should do me any real good, (as he certainly would,) that he would have come to me.

We came here on Tuesday to dinner. There is no house in Ireland I like so well to be in for any time except my own. Mr. and Mrs. Vesey are very friendly and perfectly easy, so we have no sort of restraint, but

say and do just what we like; but I had no great inclination to come. I had begun to dead colour my picture, and am not much now entertained with company; but D.D. thought it would amuse me to come to this pleasant place, and as it happens I am glad we did. We are within half a mile of the Primate's. D.D. went yesterday morning to pay his duty to him, and he received him with much kindness, and gave him an opportunity of talking over his affairs to him, in such a manner that I hope it may be of some use to him. He told him, he thought he might depend upon my Lord Chancellor's integrity; that he had weighed the affair extremely well, and the delay of the decree he concluded must be an advantage to him. From hence it is impossible for me to write a long letter; company kept us late last night, and now breakfast waits for me. To-morrow I return home and my next letter shall be longer. We propose going towards Mount Panther on Tuesday night, and shall return, please God, the latter end of October D.D. does not choose I should pass the whole winter there, and indeed I hope there will be no occasion for it.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 2 Sept., 1742.

You know long before this the dispositions of the bishoprics and how useless my letter to Lord G. proved; it has *neither mortified* nor *disappointed* me! I only thought it *my duty* to do all I could to *serve D.D.*, but know that under the frowns of fortune *honour and power* are of more consequence in *worldly combats* than

innate worth and goodness; but am sure it *is best as it is*. The new Archbishop of Cashel[1] is an unlearned, weak man, fitter for a private curacy than the high station he fills, but he is a *good, well-meaning man*, and perhaps he may do more good than a man of brighter parts. So, much good may his promotion do him!

I agree with you perfectly in regard to my brother. I know he has excellent qualities, and that knowledge makes me wish to enjoy them more than his reserve will allow of. As I lay my whole heart open to you I must tell you of a vain foolish chimera of mine; I could not help thinking that he would come to me as soon as he knew of the sudden and unexpected turn of our affairs; and about the time this imagination seized me I was a great while without hearing from him, and the weather was very uncertain and turbulent; but at last, to relieve my fluctuating thoughts from that distress, I received a letter from him, which gave me no reason to think he had any such scheme, and though seeing him here would have been indeed a joy, I am *perfectly satisfied* at his not coming. This is not a time of year to wish a person of so much consequence as he is to run the least hazard, so pray God preserve him in health and safety!

Poor honest Kelly is dead; Mrs. Percival left him and Mrs. Shuttleworth each twenty pounds a year a-piece, and Mr. Kelly's annuity to Mrs. Shuttleworth after his death; so that with the money she has saved, which is 4 or £500, she is in very good and comfortable circumstances; and if her health will permit her to live in London, she will always live with Mrs. Don. as her

[1] Dr. John Whitcombe, Bishop of Down and Connor, made Archbishop of Cashel on the death of Dr. Price in 1752.

friend, but she is infirm, and cannot be of any great use to her. What a melancholy thing is the death of poor *Lady Egmont!*[1] the three sisters—*she*, Lady Anne Stroud, and Lady Margaret Cecil, *all gone in one year* in the vigour of their lives! a fine lesson of mortality!

We staid at Lucan from Tuesday till Saturday, the weather too bad to enjoy that fine place in perfection; but it is as agreeable within doors as without—perfect ease and freedom, and books and prints innumerable. I should have been glad to have seen nobody except themselves, but that was impossible. Mrs. Stone, the Primate's sister, and Lady Blaney and her daughters (all at present at the Primate's house at Leixlip, a mile and a half from Lucan) came to see me on Wednesday in the afternoon. In the morning D.D. went to see the Primate, who expressed great concern at the perplexity of his affairs, but *hoped the worst was over*, and Mrs. Stone said the same thing to me in the evening. I can't help forming some hope from what she said, as she is a very sensible, reserved, cautious woman, who never says an unnecessary word nor makes a compliment. On Thursday evening I returned their visit; on Friday went to breakfast at Lord Chief Justice Marlay's with Mrs. Marlay, his daughter-in-law; and on Saturday returned home. Sunday, our usual company; Monday, I sat down to my painting after some household business; Tuesday morning, Mrs. H. Hamilton came to me and sent her young folks on to Finglass, which gave us both an

[1] The Countess of Egmont died 16th August, 1752. She was Catherine, second daughter of James, 5th Earl of Salisbury, and married John, 2nd Earl of Egmont. Lady Margaret Cecil, the youngest sister, died on the 28th of March in the same year, and Lady Anne Stroud, her eldest sister, died the 3rd of July following.

opportunity of talking over our affairs. She is a most sensible affectionate woman, and the person in this part of the world I have the greatest confidence in, as she is perfectly discreet and trusty. Yesterday, dined at Mrs. Maxwell's at Finglass, and were most elegantly entertained, as she said, with her "own little dinner"—Mr. Maxwell not being at home; I will give you our bill of fare:

Broyled Chicken, Bacon, and Colly-flower.		Squad Pigeons.	Dessert. Eight Baskets of Fruit.
Stewed Carps.	Epargne.	Raised Venison Pie.	Peas, Epargne, Mush-rooms.

Side Table.
Roast Beef, hot.

Chine of Mutton, and hash under it. Turkey. Venison Pasty, cold.

The best part of the day I spent with the good sisters, Mrs. Hamilton and Mrs. Forth. I went to breakfast with them, and at 3 the Dean came to us, and we went together to Mrs. Maxwell's who lives next door to them; and this morning I have sent my chaise for them, and they are to breakfast with me and spend the day. Mr. Adderley and our old acquaintance to dinner here. Mr. Adderley is one of the worthiest men in the world; he spends his life in doing good and generous actions, and is most particularly friendly to D.D. When he heard the unexpected turn of our lawsuit he said we should not be distressed for to the last penny of his fortune he would support us against our enemies; he has been a most kind and tender friend to Mr. Maxwell, and if acquits hinself towards him (Mr. Adderley) as he ought to do, he has

put him in a way that will soon give him an opportunity of doing justice to everybody and set him in an easy condition of life, and I think poor M. seems sensible of all his errors and is determined to do what is right. D.D. has been very good to him, and I believe of *great use to his mind.* Mr. Preston, who married your acquaintance Miss Ally Dillon, has got a very good living. I am very sorry for poor Lady Tweedale's loss of her son.[1]

We are going to have a lottery here for the settling the poor French Protestants amongst us: it will be a very charitable good work and an advantageous lottery to those who will put in; recommend it, as it may be of use. We propose setting out from hence to Mount Panther on Tuesday se'nnight, and returning by the latter end of October; but if we stay out the winter, I shall have Bushe with me. Our dear Duchess is very good in writing constantly to me.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 19th Sept. 1752.

I fear you think too much of our affairs, but I trust and have reason to believe they will end better than they begun. In my last letter I gave you a full account of all things as they stand at present, and my own sentiments upon the whole, and hope it gave you some satisfaction. Pray God restore and preserve your health! How trifling are all worldly concerns compared to the life of a beloved friend? If you find your disorder not

[1] Lord Gifford, only son of the Marquis of Tweedale, died August 11, 1752.

entirely removed, or have any reason to apprehend a return, you *must submit* to going again to the Bath. I know how uneasy a thing it is for you to leave your family, but by this time I suppose you may send your two eldest boys to school, and Jacky and Mary might go with you. I am sure Dr. Burgh will be for the Bath, as it did you so much service the last time you were there; but I know I need not entreat you to take care of so precious a life. I cannot say more, my letter being waited for this post.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 26 Sept. 1752.

I wish to answer your charming letter line by line and word by word, but a hurry of impertinences overwhelms me, such as taking a long journey of 70 miles must necessarily occasion; and to-morrow morning, please God, we set forward for Mount Panther; the weather is better, and I think the bustle of the journey will do us both good, and help to unbend our thoughts from the one thing at present of consequence to us as to worldly matters. This day the Dean spends with Mr. Stannard, one of his council, and Miss Forde is to come to me; we shall be very differently occupied: he deep in law-matters taking council—I deep in love-matters *giving council!* I wish I were as able a council as the person D.D. has to consult, for the point is as arduous in its way: she is a very pretty, sensible girl: her *heart* I believe *deeply engaged*, with the approbation of her friends, but there are rubs in the way which require some prudence to remove, and as you don't know the parties I can't explain to you without

engaging in too long a story at this time. My Mrs. Hamilton has had an account of her brother being safe at Bristol; though her fears are over about him, she has been much hurt by the shock it gave her. Sunday, Bushe and Miss Anne Hamilton spent the day with me, and poor Mount, who is mightily struck with the death of the Bishop of Glocester.[1] I was prepared for it by a letter from Mrs. Viney, but it was impossible to lose so amiable an acquaintance—*I may say friend*—without real concern, though he has made a change so much to his advantage.

We have lost *our great* Mrs. Conolly. She died last Friday, and is a general loss; her table was open to all her friends of all ranks, and her purse to the poor. She was I think in her ninetieth year. She has been drooping for some years, but never so ill as to shut out company; she rose constantly at eight, and by eleven was seated in her drawing-room, and received visits till 3 o'clock, at which hour she punctually dined, and generally had *two tables* of eight or ten people each: her own table served with *seven* and *seven* and *a dessert*, and two substantial dishes on the side-table; and if the greatest person in the kingdom dined with her, she never altered her bill of fare. As soon as

[1] Dr. Martin Benson, Bishop of Gloucester, died August 30, 1752. He desired to be buried without any funeral pomp. The following verses written on his death were published anonymously.

"Altho' his dust thus humbly there is plac'd,
With no proud tomb, no polish'd marble grac'd,
The man, whose pious works so brightly shone,
Needs not the feeble fame of sculptur'd stone:
The character, his virtues fair imprest,
Is wrote indelible in ev'ry breast;
And, where the Muses' voice is found too weak,
The *poor*, the *patriot*, and the *friend*, will speak."

dinner was over, she took the ladies to the drawing-room and left the gentlemen to finish as they pleased. She sat down in her grey cloth great chair and took a nap, whilst the company chatted to one another, which lulled her to sleep. Tea and coffee came exactly at half an hour after five, she then waked, and as soon as tea was over, a party of whist was made for her till ten, then everybody retired. She had prayers every day at twelve, and when the weather was good took the air, but has never made a visit since Mr. Conolly died. She was clever at business, wrote all her own letters, and could read a newspaper by candlight without spectacles. She was a plain and vulgar woman in her manner, but she had *very valuable* qualities. For about a month past she has had frequent fainting fits, that alarmed those about her. On Friday morning her nephew, Mr. Conolly (and heir to her great fortune), breakfasted with her, and she was as well or better than she had been for some time. After breakfast she said she "wished to lie down," which she did; in half an hour she desired they would *turn her*, without making any complaint, and in turning her from one side to the other she died as quietly as if she had only fallen asleep! What a blessed ending to a well-spent life!

I have been thus particular in the account of this good woman, because as she was well known, you may entertain some of your friends with it, and nothing else is talked of now with us. When I return from the North I will buy or borrow, as is most convenient, Mr. Warburton's edition of Pope.[1] We have now got Vol-

[1] William Warburton, Bishop of Gloucester, the eminent theological writer, critic, and controversialist, born 1698, died in June, 1779. He published editions of Pope, Shakspeare, &c., and a Vindication of Pope's Essay on Man.

taire's age of Lewis the Fourteenth,[1] which with some voyages we have begun, will be as much reading as we shall have time for there.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Mount Panther, 30th Sept. 1752.

We have been come about half an hour, and find our house very clean, cheerful, and well aired, and had two very sleek, *comely cats* to *bid us welcome!* We sat out last Wednesday morning from Delville at 8 o'clock, breakfasted on the road at eleven on poached eggs, and got to Dunleer, to Dr. Forster's, at 4 to dinner, where we were very kindly and agreeably received, and staid there all Thursday. Dr. Forster's eldest brother, who lives in that neigbourhood, is one of the Dean's council, a very sensible, clever, friendly man. He came on Thursday morning to the Dean, and they had much discourse about our affairs.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Mount Panther, 7 Oct. 1752.

I received a letter from my brother Granville since I came; he repeats his desire that I would "not fret at what can't be helped," and (with a compliment) "*expects better from me.*" I do not doubt his love, and I should do more than fret *could I* imagine he had withdrawn it, and many instances has he given me of his affection! It is happy indeed for me that D.D. has no tincture

[1] Le Siècle de Louis Quatorze, by Voltaire.

of indolence in his disposition, for a grain of that added to what he thinks his indispensable duty here, and his years (being now in his 68th year), would make my visits to England impracticable! October runs on and every day brings us nearer our sentence, but it cannot be in this month; the Court never meet to do business till the 12th Nov., and our lawyers are not to have their consultation on our affairs till the *6th of Nov*, so we must leave this place on Tuesday fortnight, shall get to Dunleer, Dr. Forster's, on the 25th, and home on Saturday the 28th. We are both much better for our journey, and I am, thank God! quite well; the weather has been good, and we are in a very sociable, agreeable neighbourhood; Mr. Bayley has had his house full, and we have met almost every day at his house or this.

A love affair is going on there in which *I am called to council*, there are difficulties, but I hope they will be overcome as the young parties like one another. The tale has too many circumstances (as you are a stranger to the whole) for a letter; but when we meet they may serve for conversation, if we can find a leisure moment for its introduction, for after an absence of three years how much shall we have to say to each other! I told you a falsehood in regard to Mrs. Shuttleworth's income: Mrs. Percival left her 12 pound a year, and poor Kelly's ten pound a year now comes to her. Mrs. W. is vulgar, or she could not have behaved in the manner she did; but it is not a *flowerd gown* or a *laced cap* that will disguise innate meanness! I am sorry B. S. is to be so near you—an incendiary can be mischievous at all times, and the farther they are removed the better. I am glad to hear you mention Mr. Talbot again, for

whom I have a great esteem. What a good creature Nanny Viney is! she is blest with an angelic mind to make use of every occurrence in this world to enlarge her pious disposition. Her account of the Bishop of Gloucester quite overcame my spirits for some time. I could not read of his sufferings without feeling very sensibly; but his saint-like fortitude is, and must have been to all about him, a heavenly consolation! I return you the letter, and many thanks for it.

This week's journal runs thus: On Sunday at Down church, dined at Belville; Monday, dined there again with Mr. Price's family and some Fordes. Tuesday, they all dined with me. Wednesday morning, walked to Clogher to see Lady Anne Annesley, spent the rest of the day quietly at home. Thursday, the Bayleys, Prices, and Fordes drank tea, played at cribbage and commerce, prayed, and supped with us. Yesterday, peaceably at home. At candlelight D.D., and I read by turns, and what do *you think* has been part of our study?—why truly Peregrine Pickle! We never undertook it before, but *it is wretched stuff;* only Lady V.'s history is a curiosity. What a wretch! "For sure at heart was never yet so great a wretch as Helen."

I have heard from Lady Sarah Cowper, and find she has had ill-health: I will not answer her letter till the decree is given. I send Mary the enclosed moth and view (*B. fecit*), and the caricatures by a worse hand to begin her collection. I think it not necessary that my brother Granville should be troubled with the papers about our affairs; but I should be glad Mrs. Chapone could see them, from whom I have received an affectionate and good letter.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Mount Panther, 14 Oct. 1752.

I am very glad that your quarantine is over; for though you can live alone better than most people, the world is a *sort of julep*, which sometimes may relieve, though not *cure* any complaint, as the true cordial drop in it is love and friendship.

I have not found the North colder than it was at Delville. Just before I went last to Delville I stuck a slip of myrtle I took out of a ladies breast into a pot of earth, and it is *now in blossom*—I wish you had it in your garden. We had such a storm on Monday night that I thought the windows of the house would have been blown into the room; I thank God, it did us no harm, but blew down two large ash-trees, and Mr. Annesley had a new farm-house blown down to the ground. Poor Richardson! what a loss he has had; I suppose you have heard of the fire that has destroyed a great number of his papers? Don. was with him at Northend, when he wrote her letter, which I received this morning; she is *better and better* pleased with Sally Chapone. The last account I had of your old friend at Cheltenham was but a very indifferent one. I am glad my sweet little Mary learns so fast: Oh that I could share with you the pleasure of instructing such an intelligent little creature!

I find our Cousin Foley has another call to London, and the Maid of Honour has taken a house for them in St. James's Place, for the rotten dirty house in Stratton Street will hold them no longer. I had a very easy, cheerful letter from my brother, wherein he desires

to know *what* the lawsuit is about? I have informed him as *laconically as I possibly could!* Last Sunday, D.D. went to Ballycueter, 10 miles off; I spent the day at Mr. Bayley's, and he called on me at six, when he came home to our snug tête-à-tête he was much fatigued, and had a great pain in his shoulder which lasted two or three days, but he is now very well. Monday and Tuesday, walked in the sun in the morning; drawing, reading, prating made the time pass very well; after supper a game at cards—a new game of D.D.'s inventing called *double* commerce: if you have a mind to have it I will send you a receipt for it, if in return you will send me the *veritable receipt* of the *Irish plum cake.*[1] To-morrow, pray and preach at Baller. Don't expect another long letter till I get to my own home. Keep up your spirits on our account; I thank God mine *rather rise than fall,* and whatever the end may be I am sure it will be what is best for us.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Mount Panther, 20 Oct. 1752.

Yours and Mr. Dewes' kind letters of the 7th I picked up on the road yesterday morning, in our way to Downpatrick, where we went on a double score—pleasure and duty: I think I might have placed *duty* first. Mr. Mathews, one of the Dean's curates, *gave a breakfast* to all the fine ladies that were at Down assembly the *night before!* and though I made not one of that number, I was glad to meet all my agreeable neighbours together, and

[1] This plum-cake was a much valued receipt among Mrs. Delany's collection.

to take leave of them at once. We got to Down by ten, and as soon as breakfast was over *we all* went to prayers: the church was just opposite to where we were. After that, the Dean went to pray by poor Mrs. Lonargan, who is in the lowest state that it is possible for a human creature (that is alive and sensible) to be in, she seemed much comforted and pleased with the D.D.'s prayers: I saw her afterwards; a most melancholy spectacle she would be, were she not a very good woman, but her present weak condition may be considered only as a necessary preparation for joys not to be found in this world. She has an excellent daughter, who attends her with the utmost duty and affection—the young woman who used to be with me here sometimes, and now I have set this scene of mortality before you, my dear sister, I must mention another which I am sure you will be sorry for, and that is *Mrs. Fortescue.*[1] I believe I mentioned to you some time ago her being in a dangerous hectical way? Last Tuesday se'nnight she died in Lord Mornington's house in Dublin, where she was with her sister Crosby,[2] who is to lie-in there. What a shock! they were affectionate sisters. How I feel for all the family! They are excellent, good people, and this is such a breaking up of happiness that nothing but the truest Xtian fortitude can support. Such a husband! I hardly ever heard of anything so tender and so affectionate: six children, the eldest but seven years of age. My Lord Mornington's heart wrapt in her as well it might, for there never was a more meritorious daughter!

[1] Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Richard, 1st Lord Mornington, and wife of Chichester Fortescue, of Dromisken, Louth, Esq.

[2] Frances, youngest daughter of Richard, 1st Lord Mornington, and wife of William Francis Crosbie, of Ballyheige, Kerry, Esq.

I say too much for your tender heart, and yet as you know them all, you would rather I spoke of them all than not. No one in regard to their welfare has a *greater* loss in her than my godson, Mr. Wesley: *he* had *veneration* for her, and respect as for a mother, though she treated him only like a friend, watchful to the last degree of his welfare. He opened his heart to her on all occasions, and *always listened to her advice*—and followed it; most amiable in a young man born to a large fortune and *surrounded with flatterers*, (as all rich people are); and what an irreparable loss is such a friend to a young man so circumstanced! I did not think she was in such immediate danger of dying, for when I left Dublin she was thought better.

To-day, Mr. Annesley's and Mr. Bayly's family dine here; last night Mr. Frank Price (nephew to Mrs. Conway, our acquaintance), who is to be married to Miss Forde, gave a ball at Downpatrick. This morning D.D. set out at eight for Down in order to enthrone our new Bishop's (*Down*) proxy; and though it is not post day, as I was quiet and alone I chose to write to you for fear to-morrow might bring interruptions. I have heard of the Mrs. Cunningham you mention, but don't know any particulars about her, but will enquire for Mrs. Kendal's satisfaction, for whom I have a great regard, and wish she was a nearer neighbour to you; pray make her my particular compliments. I am afraid Mrs. Connolly has not shewn such justice and judgment in the disposition of her fortune as could be wished. She has left Mr. Connolly (her husband's nephew, and heir to a vast fortune) £10,000, to Colt Cunningham a small estate of her's in Wales, but to her sister, servant, and poor, very incon-

siderable legacies, but Mr. Connolly, who is a very generous good man, will, they say, make up her deficiencies. I have had a very cheerful letter from my brother, dated from his greenhouse. His lonely life has hurt him; people of such reserved tempers ought by all means to seek company; those of a cheerful turn can keep up their own spirits, though as we are naturally designed for society, I think it ought not to be shunned by anybody; the most insignificant body by being communicative may do some good—the wisest and best understanding *is useless when hid.*

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 28th Oct. 1752.

I know my dearest of sisters will be glad to see this date. I thank God we have had a very safe and pleasant journey, but I don't feel *quite* so glad to come here as usual, as I had rather have staid in the more retired part of the country till the clamour of our affairs was over, but could not suffer D.D. to be at such a time here alone. Your most comfortable and entertaining letter I met at Dunleer, Dr. Foster's, where we dined last Wednesday, left it on Thursday, lay at the Man-of-War, twelve miles from Dublin, and home yesterday at twelve. Here was I interrupted by Dr. Barber; as soon as he was gone, in came Mr. Greene; I have not seen him since our cause was heard, and you may believe we had much to say, and on a subject that cannot raise my spirits, though he thinks better of our affairs than at first. D.D. is gone to Dublin; there will

now be no rest for the sole of his foot. I wrote to London some time ago to have Mr. Murray and Sir Dudley Rider[1] on our side, but Mr. Murray (it is said), has been long retained on the other side, and Sir Dudley Rider too, who will be a great loss to us. Who does Mr. Dewes think best of, and why did I not ask this sooner? The Mornington family are as well as can be expected. Mrs. Crosby brought to bed of a daughter.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 4th Nov. 1752.

We are now in daily expectation of our sentence; I wish I could prevent D.D.'s anxiety on my account, and would have him only consider how to make the best for the present time. I have security which at all events must be a sufficient provision for me, and when I married D.D. I had no view but that of securing a tender friend and a most valuable companion, and the frowns of fortune cannot rob me of these advantages, and "for the trash of the world" (as you most justly call it), *I hope* I can resign it without repining *should that be our case;* but I see no reason why it should, though it may, and in doubtful cases it is most prudent to *expect the worst*, that the surprize when the stroke comes may not strike us unprepared. There have been hints given the Dean as if they would be glad to compromise, but that would be, I think, like subscribing to guilt, and I believe D.D.

[1] Solicitor-General in 1733, Attorney-General in 1736, and Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench in 1754; died in 1756. Sir Dudley Ryder was ancestor to the Earls of Harrowby.

will not consent to it. To say I am not at times dejected and oppressed would not be credited by you, who have known my heart so many years; you know that I am quick, easily alarmed, deeply affected by the common accidents of life, and that though I do *not* love money *for its own sake*, that I *love to spend it!* that, above all, I have too great, *I fear*, a regard to fame, and that an apparent blemish on my own or my friends character is a point of infinite consequence to me; and that as this unexpected turn in our affairs has struck at both fortune and fame, it is impossible for me *not to feel the blow.* But, I thank, God I have many hours of *cheerful hope and satisfaction*; and trust that that worldly pride which resists and struggles with these adversities will subside by degrees, and that a perfect resignation to the Divine will, will not only make me support the worst our enemies can do by us, but even make me thankful for the correction.

I am perfectly well, and so is, I bless God, D.D., and one consolation we have, which no malice of our enemies can destroy—a conscience *perfectly clear of the charge.* Now I have finished with this subject; and I feel *lightened*, like a traveller that has laid down a heavy burthen. D.D. had a message from Mr. Steward, the gentleman that owns the picture of the Transfiguration I am copying, to desire me to make haste. So now begins my journal.

Monday. went to town, made a visit to Mrs. Hamilton, —Mrs. Clayton, who was confined with a cold. Dined with Mrs. Ford on Tuesday. Wednesday painted. Thursday, Friday ditto. The picture almost dead-coloured; one day more will do it. Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Forth dined with me on Monday. Bushe confined with a cold.

Till our affairs are determined we keep quiet and see only our particular friends; the bustle of people that are no ways affected for one is better avoided—it rather disturbs than diverts the mind.

I am much obliged to little Jackey for the first efforts of his genius as a painter, and have put his pretty sketch safely by. I am sorry you are not so pleased with riding double as single; it is warmer and safer, and I hope you will pursue it, as it certainly had always agreed with you. Can the M's be so whimsical as to be afraid of your skill?

Lady Anne Annesley is daughter to Lord Tyrone of this kingdom, married to a near relative of Lord Anglesey's. They are very rich and *know it*, and spend their lives in *increasing not enjoying* their good fortune; but he is a very honest man in all his dealings, still would be more agreeable as well as more useful if he thought *less* of his possessions. His lady suits him exactly; she does not want sense, and is comical enough in a *satirical* way (which I don't love), but they are very civil neighbours to us in the country. I am glad our favourite young traveller[1] still keeps up his religious principles, and hope they will guard him from the many snares he will meet with at home and abroad; but I fear our scheme can never be effected. They can hardly come enough in one another's way to create an inclination by acquaintance, and our *belle amie* must charm by her *understanding*, which requires time and many opportunities; it is very likely his friends will be in haste to settle him as he has no brother, and I *don't think it unlikely*, if they don't aim at a great

[1] Probably Lord Dartmouth.

fortune, that one of our young Whitehall friends may be thought of, but I have never had the least hint given me, and only conjecture it, as the families are so well acquainted. I have heard constantly from our amiable Duchess, with all the warmth of true friendship. I have not heard very lately from Donnellan; she has not only been ill-used by her relatives, but I fear is imposed upon by her manager here, who is a nephew-in-law of the Bishop of Clogher's and quite his creature; so to compliment him and gratify Mr. Donnellan it is said he has delayed her affairs and given her much unnecessary trouble and expense. Oh what a wonderful creature are *you* possessed of in an *honest lawyer!* I fancy the verses on the excellent Bishop were Greville's.

I don't know how to help myself, but *I am vexed* at the books being dedicated to me. If I am not too late, I wish it could still be avoided; if it cannot, I don't like "*Mrs. D., wife of Dr. D.*" and I like "*lady*" less, as it is *not proper*. Why could he not say (if he must say anything), To Mrs. Delany, (a *native of this country,*) married to Dr. Delany, Dean of Down., &c., but he is *not* "*Dean of Connor.*" Don't call me cross, but I think I feel a little so on this occasion, though not ungrateful; for I am much obliged and well pleased that a person of so much real worth as Mr. Ballard should have a good opinion of me, but I rather wish for shade and shelter than to be exposed *to day's garish eye.* And now, my dearest sister, adieu! think of me with pleasure, and not with pain; if I hear of anything worth communicating I will write to you before Saturday; if not, conclude we are still in ignorance.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 9th Nov. 1752.

Yesterday the Tennisons moved for judgement. Lord Chancellor said, "*Gentlemen, you are very hasty, as if you had no doubt about it. But the Court differs from you, and has many doubts about it.*" One of our council desired leave to make a motion. My Lord Chancellor said, "*Don't be in a hurry; you shall have time enough to make what motion you please.*" I believe the decree will not be given this Term, and though suspense is an uneasy state it may bring fair truth to light, and then the *law's delay* will prove a blessing instead of a curse. If nothing but fortune were depending in this cause I should be ashamed to appear so anxious; but when the fair fame of one of the best and worthiest men in the world is depending it is impossible not to feel the utmost anxiety, but I thank God my mind is greatly relieved. I do not flatter myself that the decree will go entirely in our favour, but the worst I think can hardly happen, which is the Dean being brought in "as a spoliator."

Sir Dudley Rider *is retained for us;* and we have this post written to Mrs. Don. to secure Mr. Clark, a favourite of the Lord Chancellor, for if matters don't go to the Judge's mind they resolve to appeal.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 14th Nov. 1752.

I think you are in the right not to paper your room till you meet with one to your mind; it can be easily

done at any time; I believe I must draw hangings to your bed, but you cannot expect *any paper* will look so rich and so well as work. I am glad you use so much exercise, and like your church-cloak and riding-coat so well. I don't think everything that is *lively* is *tawdry*. Have you heard of the generosity of our new Cousin Falkland ?[1] She was in love with him at nineteen years of age, her father not approving of the match, it broke off, *she* married the Earl of Suffolk, and *he* Lady Villiers: Lord Suffolk has been dead some years, Lady Falkland this year; Lord Falkland is worth nothing as to fortune; she has £2,500 a year, £60,000 in money; £20,000 of it she has settled on *his children*—she has none of her own. I hope they will be happy, if he *is grateful* I think they must; she is very good-natured, and well principled.

The Bishop of Raphoe is dead.[2]

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 10th Nov., 1752.

I am glad any thing in my letters could amuse Lady Anne Coventry; her good heart must make her take pleasure in the account of good and worthy actions, though but very indifferently related. I am glad you mentioned our affairs to her; for as they are very differently represented here they will of course be so in

[1] Lucius Charles Cary, 6th Viscount Falkland, married, first, in 1734, Jane, daughter and heiress of Richard Butler, Esq., and widow of James Viscount Villiers; and second, in 1752, Sarah Countess-Dowager of Suffolk, daughter of Thomas Iniven, Esq., M.P. for Southwark.

[2] Dr. Philip Twisden, Bishop of Raphoe 1747, died 1752.

England. I do not know Mr. Wilmot, but wish I knew in what regiment he was, and where he is, whether in Dublin or in the country, as I should be glad to show any civility to a friend of Lady Anne Coventry.

I know not if Lady Dysart subscribed or not; I am ashamed of not having *put off* more subscriptions, but should be *more ashamed* to ask any body to subscribe after I knew he intended the dedication *to me!*

I should be very sorry to have you make a winter's journey if it can be avoided; and who knows, if our law matters end better than they threaten, we may meet at Bath in the spring. I wish extremely that D.D. would spend a season there: he has been of late much troubled with rheumatic or muscular pains in his shoulder and side, and I believe nothing so good as the Bath for those pains. I am, I thank God, very well, and so far from being hurt by the melancholy scenes that inevitably must pass by us, that I think after the movement of tenderness is over, the reflection of them brings comfort, and so strongly shews the uncertainty of all human happiness that the soul which "must be satisfied" seeks more for satisfaction where only true joys are to be found! Don't imagine from what I say that I have lost my relish to the things of this world as far as they are reasonable; I hope it is *not lost*, but *regulated!* and when our cloudy day is past, which at present "lours over our heads," I shall feel the same *cheerful liveliness of spirit* as formerly; should it be given against us, we must manage prudently and wisely, and when we know what is demanded, we shall know what is requisite to save. If *we* are victorious I hope we shall *bear it meekly* and with the utmost gratitude for the

blessing. Mr. Donnellan wished D.D. joy this morning of being Bishop of Raphoe, and told him he heard that Lord G. had got it for him. It was odd that one of our Lords Justices should say such a thing without foundation, (for it was the Speaker that told Mr. D.) and yet it is not possible any account should be come. I believe the Primate recommended D.D., but it is generally said that Dr. Carmichael, who was one of Lord Harrington's chaplains, will be the man; I have not the least expectation of its being bestowed where you would wish it should be, but I tell you all that passes.

I painted Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, and part of Saturday, for Mr. Steward (to whom the Transfiguration belongs) is in great haste to have it home. They say I am going on very well with it, it amuses my thoughts, and gives me pleasant and comfortable ideas. Sunday, Bushe came to me, and I hope will stay some time; she is sensible and affectionate, and very *conformable* in her humour, which makes her an agreeable companion in the house. *How few people* are there that one can like to have in that intimate way! This morning I have been *busied* with *idle* visitors.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 25th Nov., 1752.

I have been very busy at my picture; have painted twice over the upper figures in the Transfiguration, and next Tuesday shall go on with the lower figures. No packets are come in to revive me—three due to-morrow;

but the Jenny Glegg is come after being kept *a month* by the water-side, and having a very rough passage, and has brought me a piece of Lady Andover's[1] cutting that is the *finest thing* I ever saw of the kind—a landscape in an oval and a wreath round it of oak branches. This was packed in a book, and a box came with it, which I supposed a frame and glass, and opened it with the utmost caution for such: it was a frame indeed, but made by the same delicate fingers that composed the picture—it is of card, with embossed flowers in imitation of carving, most *exquisitely* done. I cannot give you a notion of it by my description, but the frame is worthy of the picture. I have bespoke an ebony frame, or rather case, with a glass to secure it from the dust—the frame to be as narrow as possible; it would be impertinent to attempt ornamenting it. I shall take it with me when I go to England, as it is small, and then your eyes shall see what my pen cannot describe.

Mrs. Bushe has been with me ever since Sunday; her agreeableness and good humour enlivens our fireside. We have just read the Belle-Assemblée, and the Lady's Travels into Spain;[2] my candlelight work is finishing a carpet in double-cross-stitch, on very coarse canvass, to go round my bed.

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[1] Mary, 2nd daughter of Heneage Earl of Aylesford, widow of Wm. Lord Andover, and mother of Henry, 12th, Earl of Suffolk and 5th Earl of Berkshire. The wonderful landscape here described, cut out in white paper by Lady Andover, is still uninjured, though 108 years old, and is in the Editor's possession in the frame here described. The cutting is more delicate than the finest lace.

[2] "The Lady's Travels into Spain; or, a genuine Relation of the Religion, Laws, Customs, and Manners of that Country, in a series of Letters. 1774. By the Countess of Danois." An English translation of these travels was published, under the auspices of Sir R. Steele.

How does Sir Antony? let him know we enquire after him. Poor Handel! how feelingly must he recollect the "*total eclipse!*" I hear he has now been couched, and found some benefit from it.

Handel became blind in 1751, and in 1753 he played on the organ during the performance of Samson, one of his favourite oratorios, in which occurs that pathetic air to Milton's words:—

"Total eclipse! no sun, no moon!
All dark amidst the blaze of noon!
O glorious light! no cheering ray
To glad my eyes with welcome day;
Why thus deprived thy prime decree?
Sun, moon, and stars, are dark to me."

Schœlcher says, "The audience saw the grand old man, who was seated at the organ, grow pale and tremble, and when they led him forward to the audience, which was applauding, many persons present were so forcibly affected that they were moved to tears."

Lady Ashbrook,[1] Miss Tatton that was, who was left a widow about six months ago is (they say), going immediately to be married to Mr. Ponsonby, Lord Besborough's youngest son; the scandalous chronicle says this has been agreed on some time ago, though such a provident agreement is not to be justified. Lord Besborough settles £2200 a-year on his son, and Lady Ashbrook has now £1000 a-year jointure, besides ready money, house, and furniture; so if riches can content she has enough; but they will not, and nobody knows when *they* are secure—they are fleeting joys, and if they

[1] Henry Viscount Ashbrook, died 27th June, 1752. His widow Elizabeth, laughter of Lieut.-Gen. William Tatton, does not appear to have married a econd time.

are retained, they can neither purchase health nor peace of mind, and many other valuable and desirable things; and yet when we have been possessed of them it is not pleasant to resign, tho' in the end it may be profitable.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, Dec. 2nd, 1752.

Mrs. L. Bush is still with me; she does everything in her power to make us cheerful, is a very entertaining companion, and has a feeling heart. Next to yourself there is not a better friend in the world than our amiable Duchess; she has written constantly to me every week, and has such anxiety about our affairs that I must ever be most gratefully thankful to her. We are now prepared for the *worst*, and in the mean time will endeavour to *hope the best*.

I am much pleased with your account of Charlotte Herbert,[1] those gentle refined manners are very desirable; they accustom children betimes to civility, and when they have it not in their nursery they are apt to fly out in the parlour and drawing-room. D.D. likes the *last dedication* mightily, it is to no purpose for me to wish it undone, but I wish poor Ballard had chosen one that could have done him more real service than I can.

No decree yet, and I believe it will not be given till *next Term*, which is not *till February*; but the Lord Chan-

[1] "*Charlotte Herbert*," was the person placed about Mary Dewes in one of those situations now unhappily unknown, because there are no longer any persons qualified to fill them, where the manners, of a gentlewoman were combined with great proficiency in plain needlework and in *getting up fine linen and laces*.

cellor is reputed a good and wise man, and will be cautious in doing justice. He is going to marry his son (Mr. Jocelyn[1]) to Lord Limerick's daughter, and goes out of town next Saturday for that purpose. The young gentleman has a very good character, and is a very pretty man; the lady much commended for her proper behaviour—genteel, but not handsome, and Mr. Jocelyn has *preferred* her to beauties and to fortunes: it is an agreeable and reasonable match, and I hope will prove a happy one.

Whilst I am writing two young Hamiltons are busily employed in the library in copying part of the picture I am copying; they have not applied themselves to drawing above six months, and it would surprise you to see what a progress they have made: they are pretty lads, sons to Mrs. H. Hamilton.

I have got a pack of cards[2] for Mary, which I will send her by the first opportunity; *the king of the fairies sends them to her*: they must be drawn out of their case with a pair of knippers, *no fingers* are small enough.[1]

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, Dec. 9th, 1752.

The hour is not yet come, nor can any of our council say when it will be; for to-morrow, if not to-day, Lord

[1] The Honourable Robert Jocelyn, son to the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, married, 11th December, 1752, Anne, daughter and heir of James Viscount Limerick, afterwards Earl of Clanbrassil. Mr. Jocelyn was created Earl of Roden, September 9, 1771.

[2] The pack of cards here alluded to the Editor has seen. They were about an inch long, and of proportionate width, painted by Mrs. Delany exactly to resemble cards in miniature.

Chancellor goes to Dundalk to my Lord Limerick's, and his son and Miss Hamilton are to be married on Monday. Dr. Barber, about 5 o'clock, brought me your letter of the 25th November, and one from Mrs. Donnellan to the Dean, in which was enclosed two letters of Mr. Burke's of Serjeants' Inn, relation to Mr. Burke of Jamaica, who, I believe I told you (unfortunately for us) died in his passage home about three months ago. Mr. Burke of Serjeants' Inn has been the person who the Dean has employed to search for the first draught of the marriage settlement, which Mr. Burke of Jamaica left in a chest behind him when he went away: it has been hitherto searched for in vain, but it seems *Mr. Burke* was *tenant* to Mr. Ward the bookseller (Sir Edward Stanley's father-in-law), and he seized for rent all Mr. Burke's goods (as he was obliged on account of his debts). Mr. Burke, therefore, has written to Sir Edward Stanley to desire particular search may be made into Mr. Ward's books and entries, that if it is possible we may trace where Mr. Burke's papers are; and should we at last find this important paper it would be a most happy event, better and more wished-for by us than the archbishopric of Canterbury: and certainly the face of affairs now promises better than at first.

Just here Bushe made me go with her to Drumcondra, half a mile off, to see a new manufactory that is set up there of printed linens[1] done by *copper-plates;* they are

[1] The Editor has part of a curtain which belonged to her mother, which has a beautiful design of boys on the branches of an oak-tree, looking into bird's-nests. It is a very fine chintz, printed in brilliant colours on a white ground, and the shades appear like an etching *through the colours;* she was informed that the design was by a celebrated artist, and that it was engraved "*on copper-plates.*"

excessive pretty, but I will not describe them as I hope to bring you a small sample next summer. Mrs. Nuens, walking from home on Thursday evening, fell down and has sprained her ancle and cut her knee, so that she will be confined some time, but I go on with my picture, have painted five of the figures twice over, and hope in less than a month to finish it quite.

Mrs. F. Hamilton and Mrs. Forth breakfasted here on Monday, and we went together to Dublin and visited some of our friends. Mrs. H. Hamilton is laid up for the winter, so I can only see her when I go to town, which is a great loss to me, for she is my *chief* female friend in this part of the world, and is indeed a most valuable woman. Bushe talks of leaving me soon; I shall miss her very much, but I can't press her to stay, as I think we are not in so lively a way as we used to be, and she has many agreeable acquaintance who want her. By candlelight our working and reading go on; our book at present is the History of Turenne:[1] he was indeed a hero. D.D. preaches to-morrow at his old church, St. Warbers—a charity sermon.

Lady Suffolk[2] was a Mrs. Enwin's only daughter, a great fortune; her father refused her *twenty years ago* to Lord Falkland on account of Con. Phillips, with whom he then was engaged.

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[1] L'Histoire du Maréchal de Turenne, published 1735, by Andrew Michael Ramsay, an able French writer, generally styled the Chevalier Ramsay, born at Ayr in 1686, died 1743.

[2] Henry, 10th Earl of Suffolk, married Sarah, only daughter and heiress of Thomas Iniven, Esq., of Southwark. The Earl died April 22, 1745, when he was succeeded in his honours by Henry, 4th Earl of Berkshire.

Mrs. Dewes to Mrs. Delany.

Welsbourn, 14th Decr., 1752.

After many wishes and tedious expectations I was made happy with my dearest sister's letter last Monday of the 20th Novr, and to-day received the next of the 25th Nov.; both were *twenty days* coming, so I fancy I shall be again rejoiced with another on Saturday. Would I could make mine convey all the comfort, support, and consolation I wish my dearest sister in every circumstance of life! but she has a greater from her own strength of mind than any I can offer, and I am persuaded she is more resigned to all that may happen, better than I. can bring myself to be, and did not Mr. Dewes console me by his opinion that "*neither in reason nor in equity can the cause go against you,*" I don't know how I should keep up my spirits; and yet I am ashamed to be cast down when I receive such constant proofs from you of your true Xtian fortitude, and true estimate of those riches which no mortal knows better how to employ.

Dinner is just come in; this day se'night another folio. Mr. Dewes tells me you have a very entertaining almanack that tells all Bishoprics, Premiums, &c.; if you will send it me, I will return you the Ladies Diary to find out riddles, if you have it not already.

Mary will be happy with the cards promised, and I long to see them as much as she does; some ingenious invention of your own I am sure, or Mrs. Bushe's.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 15 Dec., 1752.

I am glad you know that we suppose the decree cannot now be given till next Term, and I hope you will not think of it till the time comes; who knows but in the meantime that important paper may be found? pray God it may!

It is *currently reported* in Dublin that the Bishopric of Rapho is between Dr. Carmichael and D.D.—that Lord G. has made a point of it, and said he always intended whenever it was in his power to promote D.D., and that since he had married his relation he thought himself doubly obliged to do it! This the last made Bishop (Garnet)[1] of Ferns said at the Bishop of Clogher's table, who seemed to doubt the truth of it; upon which the Bishop of Ferns shewed his credentials in a letter from London. They say there will be removes on the bench, and that whoever comes in now will not go directly to Raphoe.

I have spent this week idly enough, Monday went to Dublin to see Mrs. Hamilton and other friends returned to dinner. We are now reading Anne of Austria, by *Madame de Motteville*;[2] she is entertaining and authentic, has a good heart, and though not very methodical is very intelligible in all her accounts. My young friend Miss Forde, who I told you was to be married to Mr. Price, Mrs. Conway's nephew, will be very soon married:

[1] Dr. John Garnet, Bishop of Ferns, 1752, translated to Clogher in 1758.

[2] Memoires pour servir à l'Histoire d'Anne d'Austriche, par Frances Bertaud de Motteville, a French lady of distinction, born in Normandy about 1615, died 1689.

wedding clothes are bought;—they are to be asked in the church—Lord Limerick's daughter was—and so it will now be *the fashion*, and *I think* a *very good one*: Miss Hamilton was married last Monday to Mr. Jocelyn, the Lord Chancellor's son. Yesterday morning we went to the rehearsal of the "Messiah," it was very tolerably performed. I was a little afraid of it, as I think the music *very affecting*, and I found it so—but am glad I went, as I felt great comfort from it, and I had the good fortune to have Mrs. Bernard sit by me, the Primate's sister, a most worthy sensible woman, of an exalted mind; it adds greatly to the satisfaction of such an entertainment to be seated by those who have the same relish for it we have ourselves. *The babblers* of my acquaintance were at a distance, indeed I took care to place myself *as far from them as I could.* Do you remember *our* snug enjoyment of Theodora? I could not help thinking with great concern of poor Handel, and lamenting his dark and melancholy circumstances; but his mind I hope will still be enlightened for the benefit of all true lovers of harmony. D.D. says I must go this morning to Dublin with him for exercise;—it is a fine frosty day, so I go.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 23 Dec., 1752.

Your two dear letters of the 6th and 9th came last Wednesday night when four packets were due; at the same time a letter from my brother, one from the Duchess of Portland, one from Mrs. Donnellan, and one

rom Mrs. Montagu. My brother's was to acquaint me with Sir Anthony Wescombe's[1] *death* and *will*; he did not send me a copy of it, only told me most particulars; I am glad he has so kindly remembered his godson, and I hope there can be no dispute about the books—I am sure on yours and Mr. D's side there will be none; I am amazed about those prints; I never heard Sir A. W. had disposed of them. As to his not leaving me a legacy I had no expectation of any: he has left his fortune to those I love as well as myself, and I am pleased with the disposition of it. I was much obliged to you for the copy of the will, one loves to know all particulars of a person so nearly related. I pray God that his last moments were enlightened; he had some good qualities, and he has had warnings most graciously allowed him for some years past. Donellan's letters brought two enclosed letters—one from Mr. Burke, with an account of his making further search for the original draft, and one from Sir Edward Stanley, in which he says there are two trunks of papers belonging to Mr. Ward which he will have searched. I wrote you word before that Mr. Ward was landlord to Mr. Burke, and distrained his goods

[1] Sir Anthony Westcomb, died December 6, and was buried in a vault at the back of the chapel in South Audley Street, on the 11th of December, 1752, where Lady Westcomb had previously been buried. That vault cannot now be seen, as it is boarded and a room erected over it, consequently the Editor has been unable to ascertain if there was any inscription over their grave, or what that inscription was. He left the whole bulk of his property to Mr. Granville, Mrs. Delany's brother, his first cousin and his godson. The Editor has taken great pains to clear up the confusion arising from the incompleteness of the extinct Baronetage as regards the Westcomb family, but without success. Sir Anthony Westcomb was a great collector of fine prints and drawings by the old masters, and left a fine collection, but the remarks alluding to the disposal of some of them might allude to prints from Rembrandt which were not found with the others.

on his going out of England; as Mr. Burke said this paper was in a trunk he left behind him in England, we have some hopes that it may be found in one of Mr. Ward's trunks. What a happy recovery will it be! and how will it make our adversaries blush (if they can blush) for having persecuted so much innocence with so much inveteracy! Your country journal was far from dull; every subject is enlivened by your manner of communicating it, and I love to follow you from your nursery to your cellar, but that last, indeed, a little frightened me, it is too damp a place for you to venture in, and desire you will not lead me there any more.

I am afraid Mr. Ballard has not a large subscription; it vexes me that he should prevent my being of use to him, but if we are successful in our affairs I shall hope to *make it up to him*. Will you be so good as to pay my five guineas to Mrs. Wells, as due at Xtmas. I am glad you were able to visit Lady Anne Coventry and found her so well employed; for a woman of her years to have sight and spirits for such youthful work is most extraordinary; I am sorry for her loss, and love her for lamenting her old friend the *gander!* How lovely is good humour and cheerfulness in an old woman! it is a strong indication of a good and innocent mind! no *rancour, jealousy or envy inhabit there.* I fancy I shall like your neighbours the Meades; you have made a good exchange. I was much entertained with your London prattle. I am afraid the flutter you were in on Sir Antony's sudden death, and the vexation of your domestics may have hurt you. I thank God the Dean is very well again, and in very good spirits, which makes me well and as happy as I can be in our present state of trial.

The ingenious kind Bushe is still with me; she would not leave me till the decree was given which we have expected for every day these three weeks, and still put off. What this day may produce God knows; it is the last of my Lord Chancellor's sitting till next Term, and as we have some hope now of finding the paper, I could wish the decree deferred till then. I am now inured to the bitterness of *uncertainty*, and it is not so heavy a load as it was; especially as it may produce what will reward us for past anxiety. I have heard a great deal of Lady Anson's[1] painting, and seen some very well done. I have not finished my picture, it has a great deal of work; six whole figures finished as highly as possibly—and I have had a fortnight's interruption by Mrs. Nuens' having sprained her ancle; and D.D. will not let me paint without her, as she saves me the trouble of mixing my colours and cleaning my pencils. Mrs. Barber, I think, is gently wearing away; some weeks she is so ill, they imagine she will not last many days, then she revives again.

I think you are very wise in not letting Jacky know of his legacy; by the time he is of age it may be well improved for him. I hope the dear children will enjoy the blessing of loving each other with *disinterested affection*, it will give them more real happiness than any other riches. I once wished that little *Mary* might have a sister *Ann*, but since that was denied I hope her brothers will make it up to her, though business and families dissipate men's minds, and divert them from the softer joys of friendship. I will finish this in the

[1] Lady Elizabeth York, daughter of Philip, 1st Earl of Hardwick, and wife of the celebrated Admiral Lord Anson.

evening. I must enclose Mr. Ballard's receipts to you and the order for the books: I should write him a letter, but am not at present settled enough for it. Mr. Barber is just come from the courts with the following account: that my Lord Chancellor has, *previous* to his final decree in the merits of the cause, decreed an account shall be taken of all effects in controversy between D.D. and his adversaries; he spoke two hours and a half, and upon every point on both sides, but he has given no light to guess at what the final decree may be; but he has acquitted D.D. of all guilt of spoliation, but not of the consequences that may attend the destroying or loss of the deed. I can, my dear sister, tell you no more at present. Our lawyers think we may have time to bring in something to our advantage, though on the whole we may be sufferers in fortune. However, if it please God that the Dean's character can be cleared from the cruel aspersions of his adversaries, I shall *not feel any other loss:* when I get any clearer information about this affair I will communicate. This is the 6th letter I have written to-day.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 30th Dec. 1752.

Now we have had more time to think over what passed in our cause last Saturday, it does not appear so bad as at first. The delay which must necessarily be (as an account is ordered) may give time for some happy turn in our affairs, and though in appearance we are hardly dealt by, God of his infinite goodness may intend it

for a blessing. As to loss of fortune, I trust we can *very well bear it*, and should they take *all* that came from Mrs. Tennison, we shall *still* have more left than a reasonable competency—the settling the accounts cannot take less than three or four years. It is generally imagined that the cause being entirely a new one has so many difficulties in it, that the Chancellor is very unwilling to give any decree, and that by this delay he hopes there may be a compromise. Without doubt the Tennisons will gladly offer it, and if the offer be such that *with honour* may be accepted, no doubt it would be right in D.D. to accept it. Mr. Burke's evidence (of Jamaica), after all the expense and delay on that account, was set aside, and not allowed, because it was a *parole evidence*. Does not this seem hard, that every conjecture should be allowed against us, and a real evidence in our favour not admitted? but perhaps it is my ignorance, and too great a partiality to myself that makes me think that severe which is only just, though it is hard to restrain the passions and affections, when one sees innocence and true worth treated in the manner D.D. has been, but he bears it all like a Xtian hero, and I hope his example has had some influence on me.

Don't regret my having no token from Sir Antony Westcomb; he has done better, and shewed his gratitude to those friends who always obliged him.[1] Thanks to my dear Jacky for his very well-written letter; he will I think *outwrite* them all, there is an uncommon freedom in his hand for so young a child. His eyes and landscape are very notable strokes of his genius.

[1] It would appear from this remark, that Sir Anthony Westcomb was also averse to the marriage with Dr. Delany.

I thank God I am very well, and will do everything in my power to keep so. I feel myself lighter and better since in part we know what is likely to be our fortune; as to our way of living, we are rather more retired, invite no expensive company (in winter indeed we never did); our time used to be the spring for returning dinners, and that next year I hope will be employed in preparing for our English journey.

I have found my agreeable set of friends here most *particularly* kind to me, but *Mrs. C.* has shewn *an indifference* that confirms my opinion of her having no real tenderness. Bushe is still with me; she wishes she could board for two or three years at a farmer's in Welsbourn, if any such there be that could undertake it: I say there *is not*, that I know of—is there? I believe she is not quite in earnest, but she *does love England* and wishes to settle there, at which her friends here are a little angry; and indeed I *think* her *wrong*, for her fortune is very small and must answer here better than it would there; and as she has been used to a pretty way of easy living amongst her friends (who are glad to have so agreeable a companion), she would not easily be reconciled to the narrow limits of boarding in any farmer's house. She sends you every kind wish, and longs most earnestly to be acquainted with you.

I am glad (wherever you may be by this time) you have got your noisy boys home, and noisy I hope they are; it is natural and right they should be so, as long as you keep a good command of the reins and can draw them in when you please. Next Wednesday we dine at Mrs. Adderley's; Thursday, at Mrs. Hamilton's; and Tuesday (which I should have placed first) intend

breakfasting at Lucan. You'll find I write my journal backwards; for on Thursday the Bishop of Derry and Mrs. Barnard, the Bishops of Elphin and the Bishop of Clogher came to see us, and on Wednesday Mrs. Stone was here. The bishopric is certainly gone, though not mentioned yet in any of the papers, which is odd. The King promised it to my Lord Hindford[1] (Dr Carmichael's brother) at Hanover, that is "*the first vacant bishopric*," for this was not then fallen. This is my last frank; as you, I am sure, will be impatient at this time to hear from me, I will not send it round by Bulstrode; and by next Saturday I suppose I may enclose to Whitehall. I will certainly send you an Irish almanack. Should you like the Dublin Journal? perhaps it would amuse Mr. Dewes, and as we take it constantly in I can when we have read it enclose it to you.

Miss Sutton has now ten thousand pounds, on which she may live very comfortably, for she is extremely prudent, and I hope she is *not* much inclined to marry, and then she will be the more careful *how* she bestows herself. Mr. Adderley is just come in, and assures me everybody considers the Chancellor has cleared the Dean's character.

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[1] John Carmichael, 3rd Earl of Hyndford, born 15th March, 1701, a distinguished diplomatist. His brother, Dr. William Carmichael, was consecrated Bishop of Clonfert and Kilmacduagh, 5th January, 1753.

CHAPTER XII.

IRELAND AND ENGLAND.

JANUARY 1753—DECEMBER 1753.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 5 January, 1753.

I am sorry I gave you any news about the bishopric. It was absolutely promised (that is the first Irish vacancy) by the King to Lord Hindford at Hanover. Other things of more consequence have dwelt so much upon my mind that this feels a trifling disappointment: had they given D.D. Clonfert I should have have been sorry, for it would not have been worth his acceptance. How are Sir Antony Westcomb's books settled? My brother I find by Don. is very busy and in good spirits, and by this time settled in Holles-Street.[1]

D.D., thank God, continues very well, and is now very busy planting in his fields, and I am very well. I have been a mere rake this week; dined on Wednesday at Mr. Adderley's, and yesterday spent an agreeable day (in spite of the weather) with Mrs. Hamilton in Anne

[1] The house left to Mr. Granville by Sir Anthony Westcomb.

Street; I have Bushe with me still, but fear I shall lose her on Monday; Lady Austin wants her to come. I have not painted for three weeks past, but propose beginning next week. The *Transfiguration* I am copying, is only *that part—not* the same as Raphael's, which has added to it the Lunatic that was brought to the disciples at the time of Our Saviour's Transfiguration. This is painted by Carlo Maratti; the figures are Our Saviour, Moses and Elias, Saint John, St. Peter, and St. James; the largest figures are about a foot and half high.

I enclose you part of our Irish almanack: upon second thoughts I'll make two packets, and send the whole.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, January 12, 1753.

Your warmth of piety and friendship awaken and improve every faculty of my mind, and I am not only the better friend but the better Xtian for the sentiments your exellent letters convey to me. I thank God I feel the happy effect of your prayers; and I enjoy a *very extraordinary* share of health and spirits, considering I have gone through years and disappointments enough to have impaired both; but God has graciously supported me—"*His rod and his staff comfort me.*"

I am now alone. My ingenious and agreeable companion, Mrs. Bushe, was obliged to return to Lady Austin, and I would not let her run the risk by staying any longer of disobliging her; it is *not honourable to monopolise.*

On Monday we were invited to the Bishop of Clogher's

and could not well avoid going, as we had put off a voluntary design of their dining here the week our decree was expected. So we went; nothing extraordinary happened; they sent for a Miss Barry, a famed physician's daughter, to sing and entertain us, which she did; she has a sweet voice. Tuesday we spent at the Bishop of Derry's; D.D. was engaged to the Sheriffs' feast, but came to us there as soon as we had dined. Mr. Rosingrave,[1] (who I believe you must have remembered at dear Lady Sunderland's, and who was sent away from St. George's church on account of mad fits,) is now in Ireland, and at times can play very well on the harpsichord. He came to the Bishop of Derry's—he remembered me and my playing; I own *his playing* gave me *some pangs*—it brought so fresh to my mind the happy hours of friendship I have passed with Lady Sunderland. I was not very well all day, and came home with strong symptoms of a violent cold.

As to our affairs, they must remain as they are for some time; if the Minutes of what passed come home to-morrow I will send them with this. It is necessary D.D. should consult his best friends and the ablest

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1 Thomas Roseingrave, son of one of the vicars-choral of St. Patrick's Church, Dublin. Early exhibiting indication of musical genius, he was allowed a pension by the Chapter of St. Patrick's, to enable him to travel for improvement, and he accordingly went to Rome in 1710. In 1720 he was concerned in the management of the Haymarket opera, and brought upon the stage, with some additional songs of his own, the opera of "Narcissus," set to music by Domenico Scarlatti. About the year 1725 he was appointed organist in the new church of St. George, Hanover Square, but on account of his occasional insanity, (caused by disappointment in love,) he was superseded in 1737 by Keeble, who during his life divided with him the salary. He published several voluntaries and fugues for the organ and harpsichord, and solos for the German flute.

lawyers in England how to proceed. I know he has nothing more at heart than to prove the uprightness of his intention to my friends, who are too generous and love us both too well, to condemn him for a most unfortunate but an innocent action, which has involved him in a chain of perplexities. The chief consultation now I think is, what sort of a compromise ought to be agreed to, *if any should* be made—none has *absolutely been proposed*, but *I have* been sounded to find out how he is inclined, though they will not get much by that. *The Granville blood rises*, and *scorns all compositions*; but I fear I must keep down *the rebel*, and perhaps submit to a humiliation to which I feel too great a resistance. I am glad your boys *are* school-boys; it is time enough to have them *philosophers!* Alma will take its progress, and you have laid too good a foundation, not to have your share of their love. I pray God bless them and make them worthy of the blessings heaven has bestowed upon them in such a father and mother!

D.D. is very busy planting. I keep at home, as the weather is very sharp, for a day or two. Have you heard of Madame de Maintenon's Letters?[1] They say they are charming, and that she had sense and piety, and never was mistress to the King of France. Have you read Voltaire's Memoirs of Louis the 14th? they are entertaining. Have you got Hervey's Remarks on Lord Bolingbroke?[2] D.D. likes them extremely; he has an excellent heart.

[1] Letters from Madame de Maintenon and other Eminent Persons, in the age of Louis XIV. translated from the French in 1753.

[2] James Hervey, an English divine, born 1714, died 1758. He wrote "Remarks on Lord Bolingbroke's Letters on the Study and Use of History," "Meditations and Contemplations," &c.

Mr. Ballard to Mrs. Dewes.

Magdalen Coll. Oxon, Jan. 16, 1753.

MADAM,

Mr. Palmer having just now called upon me and offered to carry a line into Warwickshire, notwithstanding I am still so very busy in writing letters, packing up books, etc., that I have hardly time to express myself intelligibly, yet I would not omit so lucky an opportunity of returning you my sincere thanks for your obliging letters, for the trouble you have had in conveying the books I sent to you; and likewise to acknowledge the receipt of the five half guineas you put into Mr. Talbot's hands, being the subscription-money from Lady Anne Coventry, Lord and Lady Halifax, Sir Danvers Osborne, and Mr. Lucy.

I have ventured to write a line to Mrs. Delany to inform her that I have sent the six books (as she directed) to Mrs. Donnellan; but being obliged to write in such great haste to a lady of such distinguished sense and judgment, I send it with some regret.

I must beg you to be so good as to forward the conveyance of it, and you will add one more to the many favours already conferred on,

Madam, your most obliged
And most devoted humble servant,
GEORGE BALLARD.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 20th Jan. 1753.

I here enclose for Mr. Dewes' perusal and opinion the Minutes of the judgement of the Court, from the

Registrar's notes. It is very strange that Mr. Greene and Mr. Barber, who were both in Court during the whole time of my Lord Chancellor's speaking, are positive that he gave *no final decree* in *any one point*; on the contrary, said "he would not, till the accounts ordered were brought in;" and yet you see in the Minutes that £3000 is said to be adjudged to the plaintiffs. Our council here have desired D.D. not to speak of any objection to the decree; they think they may be able to make an advantage of it; so we are silent, as in an affair of this consequence we cannot act too securely. I have written to Mrs. Donnellan and my brother with another copy of the Minutes, to desire Sir Dudley Rider's opinion.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes

Delville, 23rd Jan. 1753.

I hope you keep yourself very warm, and guard as much as possible against all chilling blasts. I *see* your children running like lapwings in the orchard, and then hovering round you with rosy cheeks and crimson noses, and their little hands blue and swelled with the cold.

The newspapers say the Bishop of Cloyne,[1] is dead; there is (if so) *a great man* gone. His country people are much disobliged at his settling his son at Oxford, and think that an university that trained him up was worthy of his son; I wish Oxford was enough in

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[1] Dr. George Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, died of an apoplexy at Oxford, on the 14th January 1753.

your neighbourhood for you to offer some consolation to his widow, who is an excellent woman and your old acquaintance.

You ask me what is the worst our adversaries can do? It is impossible to answer that question; for when I ask the same question, *that* is all the answer I can get, and time is a point of consequence gained. Was Blacklands a bought or a hired place? The five guineas I paid to the W's in the spring was what was due the Xtmas before 1751, and what I have now desired you to pay was what was due last Xtmas, 1752. How good you are in trying to make your neighbours friends: "*Blessed are the peace makers*," *&c.*, and I hope blessed are those *that endeavour* at it!

I have got now but a very indifferent cook, not worth transporting, but am sure we shall have no reason to wish for any other than your own. D.D., you know, loves only roast, boiled and broiled, and if all fails the greatest feast to him is a fried egg and bacon, but when we are so happy as to be under the hospitable roof of Welsbourn we shall enjoy every delicacy the heart can wish.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 26th Jan. 1753.

D.D. was with his counsellors this morning to get the state of our case to send to our lawyers in England, but everything relating to the law is tedious and disappointing; it is not yet ready; our counsel meet to-morrow to concert and consult, you shall know everything as well as I can tell it you.

I beg you will be careful how you trust to the floods, and don't venture to cross them in rainy weather, since they are so soon swelled. I hope you have got a good coachman,—I believe we have; Will Vaughan, the wild colt I brought from England, has left us; he was a slovenly, sullen fellow, and proved very ungrateful: after having been nearly a year useless to us, and a great expense, as soon as he was well he gave us warning—no loss. I have got a pretty little boy I am training up, but there's *not much encouragement* for such undertakings; he has been well brought up, and I hope may prove more grateful, but he has never had the small-pox, which will make me afraid of carrying him with us to England. This I began yesterday. This morning have been in Dublin; sat an hour or more with Mrs. Hamilton, went afterwards to visit Lady Rawdon,[1] Lady Betty Hastings that was; she was so desirous of my acquaintance (I don't know why) as to make me the first visit; she is modest and civil in her manner, neither handsome nor genteel. We called on one of our lawyers: I asked him if he did not think Lord Chancellor ordering in an account was, in effect, determining in Tennison's favour. He said "*not at all;*" but that it was to judge what claim they really made. D.D. says he must go to the North for Easter and some part of Lent. I can't let him go without me, but I will prepare matters before we go for

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[1] Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Theophilus, 9th Earl of Huntingdon, and of Selina, his celebrated Countess, was the third wife of Lord Rawdon, afterwards created Earl Moira, and mother of the 1st Marquis of Hastings. At the death of her brother Francis, 10th Earl of Huntingdon, in 1789, she succeeded in her own right to the Baronies of Hastings, Hungerford, &c.

our English journey, and do not at present foresee any hindrance to our being so happy as to see fair England before the month of May expires. Mrs. Bushe, I believe, has *not at present* any thought of seeing England, though she is much inclined, but her circumstances will not allow it. Whenever she does, she will be happy to spend some weeks with you, and she is indeed a very desirable companion.

I hear a *Mr. Knight*, a very pretty gentleman, with a good estate in Nottinghamshire, is in love with our *belle amie*. I like his character and circumstances for her extremely, if she chooses to marry; but her circumstances now may keep her very well single.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Saturday 3rd Feb. 1753.

Our counsel have met, the result of which was to wait till the Tennisons had got the Minutes of the decree altered (as our lawyers say they must), and then we are to make a motion to have it altered our way, which if refused, a hearing will be demanded, and if that does not answer our purpose we *shall appeal* to the House of Lords in England *directly*. God knows I would not hurt our adversaries farther than in justification of D.D.'s innocence may be necessary, but that is a point of too much consequence to give up without all the satisfaction and clearing that can possibly be had: that done, most cheerfully can I submit to any alteration of fortune; every day of life now shews me the insignificancy of superfluities, and if we examine

sensibly and impartially we shall find many things we have thought essentials, and perhaps necessaries, are mere superfluities. I am glad my dear children are well; you must not expect to find the boys have an equal genius to learning; but they may all be equally valuable, and by possessing *different* talents may be more agreeable than if their minds all bent one way, and more useful to one another. D.D. says "the great art of education is to *find out that difference*, and to *apply* to it accordingly." I am much pleased with the account you give me of Mr. Lydiat, as I think it makes you happy to have the boys under the care of so good a man.

Don't repine about bishoprics, I have *no wish now about them;* they are falling and disposed of every day I think; the last (the excellent Dr. Berkeley's) is bestowed on a very learned, ingenious good man, Dr. Stopford, who has been in expectation of one for *twenty years past!* They say the Bishop of Killala is dead, but I should be very sorry to have it bestowed on us—it is above an hundred miles off.

I should not have been sorry by way of amusement, when I went to England, to have seen an auction of Sir Hans Sloane's[1] collection; though I think it a great pity so fine a collection should be divided. I hope the King will buy them and build a museum such as a king should have. I have written a few lines to Mr. Ballard, which I trouble you with, as I suppose you have franks. I am sorry for Mr. Perkins's disappointment, but I should

[1] Sir Hans Sloane, died 11th January, 1753. His valuable museum and library were purchased of his executors for 20,000*l.*, by Act of Parliament, and form part of the collection of the British Museum.

imagine that anybody that was *married to the law* had wife enough without any other encumbrance! I have painted close this week. Our Saviour's figure is quite finished, and the sky about him, and Elias's head: I hope in three weeks at farthest to finish it quite; and then I shall prepare for our excursion to the North, and then—Oh how my heart leaps! I hope in God I shall pack up and sail for fair England. At present I see no hindrance to that joy, and indeed I never wanted such a relief so much, for I feel my spirits harassed, and at times more heavy and gloomy than *ever I knew them*, so that merely shifting the scene, were there no other call, would be of infinite use to me. But my calls are manifold, if gratitude to many dear and worthy friends is a duty; I never doubted their love, but our late unhappy circumstances have most strongly shewn their sincerity and affection; I have had the most constant and tender letters from the Duchess of Portland, and Don. has indeed omitted nothing that could comfort or relieve me.

We have just read Madame de Maintenon's Letters, and though in English, which must be a disadvantage, I think them charming. Such a strain of piety, good sense and fine sentiments! She never was mistress to the King. No boasting of favours, no pride, no presuming; and none of the French refinements, which often are so very fine that they are unintelligible; I long to have you read them, to know how you like them. And so adieu, with the best love and wishes from Delville to Wellsbourn.

D.D., I thank God, is very well again, busy in settling and cleaning his library and in sprucing his

garden: he keeps up his spirits *nobly*. I had last packet a letter from my brother: I have had but one before since the death of Sir Anthony. He says he is building a room for his library, 24f. by 18; and a drawing-room over it of the same size; that Sir A. W. did not explain sufficiently his meaning about the books, and then transcribes the paragraph: then says, "*that as the collection, together, is very valuable, and as dividing it will much lessen their value, will not the reversion of the whole collection be better for my nephew than the money now? besides, the money I lay out on the house will be of more advantage than what the books can sell for, they being at present a commodity that sells for little or nothing.*" I suppose you and Mr. Dewes will be *very well pleased* with this determination; as I think it must be an advantage to the child in the end, and it is pity so fine a library should not be kept up in the family.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 10 Feb. 1753.

D.D. is obliged to go to the Deanery the middle of next month; I can't let him go without me, and we propose returning the middle of April. Don't fancy now we are going to Lapland, for I assure you I think there is but little difference in climate, and I have given orders to have the house very well aired and *we have* a very good stock of fuel. The journey will do us both good, and *make us bustle*, and we shall visit our friends in England with a better conscience when we have done our duty in that scene of life, and with regard to

that charge that providence has placed us in and intrusted us with, and your own good heart will assent to what I say, I am sure. I feel now in a hurry, having many things to settle for home and abroad, and my picture to finish, which I hope will be done next week. This day (which I endeavour to keep unmolested) I must give up to Mrs. Vesey, who sets sail on Tuesday next, and has sent to beg I would meet her this morning at Mrs. Hamilton's, or she can't see me before she goes.

I return you Mrs. West's letter, and thank you for your entertainment, and your kind design in sending it to me; I feel all your delicacies and attentions. We too have been reading Queen Bess, by Echard,[1] and the account of our family in Collins' appendix, and I think it has done me a *great deal of good*; for I *do not* feel myself puffed up or elated by the achievements of my ancestors, but inspired to emulate what was good and praiseworthy, that I may not disgrace so good a stock; and I try to consider the difficulties and disappointments of worldly matters as *so many armies* that I am to encounter, and shall be ashamed to be wanting in that prudence and fortitude which is to resist and overcome the enemy. I hope those qualities may be inherent in me, and that the Author and Giver of every good thing *will strengthen and establish me.* Much more I wish to say, but what I have said has been in so much haste I fear it is hardly intelligible.

[1] Lawrence Echard, M.A., an eminent divine and historian, born about 1671, died 1730, wrote the History of England from the first entrance of Julius Cæsar and the Romans to the end of the reign of King James I. Published 1707-13.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 17th Feb., 1753.

As the sun approaches and warms us with his bright beams, I hope he will drive all clouds away. A gentleman came to the Dean one day last week, and gave him to understand he was authorized by the Tennisons to persuade him to compromise the matter: his answer was that he would hear *no proposal of accommodation* till they *renounced* their charge of "*spoliation*" brought against him. I suppose we shall soon hear more of this matter; the Dean told the gentleman that came to him about this affair that he was still in search for the original draught, and not out of hopes of finding it.

I thank God the Dean is now well, and in as good spirits as ever I knew him; I have of late had a good deal of the headache, but you know my headaches are not like yours. I have been very eager to finish my picture, and have not used so much exercise as I should, but the weather has been miserably bad; two days work more I hope will complete my picture, and then I'll fly and bustle about, get all things ready for our English journey, that when we return from the North nothing on my part may stop our course, and pray God send us a happy meeting; *'tis well the joy of meeting pays the pangs of absence, else &c.!* I painted every day this week, and have only St. Peter's figure to finish; last Wednesday Bushe and Miss Anne Hamilton spent the day with me. One evening last week Mrs. Tickel made me a visit: she is an original, she talks and cries, and laughs as fast as she can, ringing the changes as

Mrs. Griffiths used to do; but what makes it surprising, is that she really has sense and wit, but her passions are strong, and her spirits volatile! She entertains me like a good actor that performs an odd part.

All the gay world here are running mad after Mr. Madox, who does surprising feats of activity on a wire, and so easily, that I am almost tempted to go and see him,—but the chief allurement to me is his excellency in *beating a point of war!* I fancy it must be my descending from *such a race of soldiers*, that gives me such a relish to the beat of a drum—it is not my musical ear. D.D. is vastly obliged to you for your kind token of cheese; it has not yet come, nor the box with the precious work, the needles and thread. I am happy to find the children are so fond and affectionate to one another; I hope the seed is sown in good ground, and will in time produce a fair crop of friendship. We spend our evenings much as you do, and send for our neighbour Barbers in the evening; Rupy reads to us, and our niece helps me in any work I am in haste about. They have a little girl about ten years old, who though not a pretty child, being sadly marked with the small pox, is tractable and handy, and intelligent; she winds worsted and thread, and runs of messages, and is much pleased to be employed, and Rupy is really a very sensible young man. Old Mrs. B. is better; she always speaks of you with great regard and gratitude. She has given me two very fine gold medals of Queen Anne, one of them was Swift's legacy to her.[1] After supper we play a pool at commerce; I think it prudent in a moderate degree to en-

[1] The Editor has one of three medals.

courage in young people an inclination to any innocent amusement, and am happy when I find they have a turn for any art or science; the mind is active, and cannot always bend to deep study and business, and too often bad company and bad ways are the relaxations sought; to guard against that, nothing is so likely as any amusement that will not tire, and that requires application to bring to any perfection, and of course must prevent that idleness which *at best* makes them *very insignificant.* I agree with Mr. Dewes, that an immoderate love to music may draw young people into many inconveniences: I would therefore confine it as much as I could to an amusement, and never allow it to be their business. Painting has *fewer objections*, and generally *leads people into much better company.* I have not many fears for *our Mary*, the good education and the constant good example she is blest with, I hope, will make her another sort of thing than the generality of the young girls.

The justice of these remarks on the value of innocent recreation and on the superior advantages of *drawing* as an accomplishment in comparison with music, must be felt in all ages, and is, if possible, more applicable to 1860 than it was to 1753.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 24th Feb. 1753.

I have had a most friendly letter from the Duchess of Portland pressing me with great earnestness and delicacy to comply with a compromise, as does my dear sister. I see the reasons for it very plainly, and will not

obstinately resist what you seem so much to wish should be accomplished whenever it is in our power; but I am sure you would not for any *worldly* consideration have D.D. *submit to anything* that should in the least degree confirm the odium his adversaries would load him with, and if they will renounce the spoliation in such a manner as will *will acquit him to the world* nothing else will be disputed. I hope this is not dictated by pride, but from that due regard which every one in duty ought to have to their good name!

It is in vain to complain of Mr. Granville's bad correspondence; he is a *mortal man* and must have his faults, and *we love him with all his faults!*

I don't wonder such a heart as my dearest sister's should be oppressed, and even sad, at the loss of so worthy, so affectionate, and so grateful a creature as Mrs. Blanche was; and even if we have no particular attachment to good and valuable people, it is impossible not to lament what is so great a loss to the world. I told you I had no cook to bring you, so Smith, the Dean's man, and my boy will be all the family I shall travel with.

Lady Rawdon pleases here very well; she is very gay, and I believe the more so for the confinement she had at home: a moderate indulgence of pleasure makes it a thing of less consequence than when people are totally denied it. Lord Rawdon is a good-natured man, but reckoned near, and is too apt to talk like a traveller.

Mr. Adderley, a most kind friend of D.D.'s, has borrowed Delville for this summer, and we have most readily complied with his request; so when we set sail he

takes possession: he is building a house in the neighbourhood, and does not care to remain in Dublin all the summer. I have at last put the finishing stroke to the Transfiguration, and this morning D.D. has carried home the original, and I hope you will see it hung up in its place. Last Thursday being the 22nd of February, the anniversary of the Duchess of Portland's birthday and *Miss Mary Dewes*,[1] the same was observed at Delville with due honour to the day, and many, many wishes for happiness of every kind were made by all present. I need not particularize those who were most concerned on the occasion. That day I finished my picture: it cost me 46 days of 5 hours at a sitting.

Whenever you see Lady Anne Coventry I depend on your doing justice to the great esteem and admiration D.D. and I have for so excellent a person: one of the great pleasures I propose in going to England is paying my respects to her. I have desired a message to be delivered to Major Wilmot when he comes to Dublin (he is generally in the country) that I hope will bring us acquainted. Has Lady Anne Coventry or Mrs. Wilmot any commands that I can have the pleasure of executing here?

Is Mrs. Wilmot mother to Major Wilmot?

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, March 3, 1753.

I think your winters are too solitary. Why should you not spend three or four months in London or in

[1] The Countess of Oxford, mother of the Duchess of Portland, was also born 22nd February.

Bath?' Mary now is of an age to learn to dance, and other little accomplishments which only variety of good company can give; and under your eye I don't apprehend that *even* the Bath could hurt her. But this as well as many other important points, I defer enlarging upon till the blessed hour of meeting.

If D.D. were at home, he would say something to you about *my last work*; but you will hear enough of it when you meet, as he is very fond of it. I have not a scrap of *my work* to bring you, my dearest sister; I hope you will return with me next year, and I shall then choose what you like best I should copy for you. I designed you something and my brother, but shall only have time to finish one I promised to do for the Duchess of Portland a great while ago; you shall see it, for I will bring it with me to Welsbourn. If I can't finish it next week I must leave it behind, for it will not be dry enough to carry.

I have had two letters within the compass of six weeks from my brother, which I look upon as extraordinary diligence in him.

I hope none of our children will take an unreasonable dislike to writing. My brother says he does not know where he shall be when we come to England; but he believes in London, as he shall have begun his building. If so, I believe we shall see him first there, for after we have rested ourselves under your hospitable roof, we must go to London for a week or fortnight, as D.D. has business that will oblige him to go, and Donnellan says, she has a spare room on purpose for us, if we come to town at that time.

The lawyers did not meet yesterday. M. D.

(*Postscript by Dr. Delany.*)

My dear Sister,—The Transfiguration is the sweetest picture I ever saw, and the figures the finest you will ever see till your transfiguration. God in his goodness bless and preserve you and yours!

P. D.

In Mrs. Dewes's hand, underneath is written: "This is the Dean's writing; he means the picture my sister has just copied, which is from a capital picture of Raphael."

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 8th March, 1753.

Mrs. Vesey had a great mind to make you a visit; but you know when people move from one country to another there is so much bag and baggage that it is not always convenient to stop by the way, especially when days are short and roads bad.

I am glad you are easy about our northern journey, for I believe it will do us both good, and I should be sorry when I am so happy as to enjoy my friends in England to give D.D. reason to feel I had been the occasion of his neglecting his duty; for indeed it is my *pride and happiness* that he does most conscienciously discharge it as far as lies in his power. With all my diligence I am afraid I shall not be able to finish the picture I have begun for the Duchess of Portland, as our time for going to the North is fixed for the 20th inst. D.D. must administer the sacrament the first Sunday in the month, and Easter day; and preach another—for he is not able to do both, and he has four

churches to preach at besides, so that we cannot return before the middle of May, but time, my dearest sister, will fly, though it seems to do so less when we are impatient to see a beloved friend; but I know you wish the Dean should visit England with his mind free from any regret.

Tuesday sat down to my picture, but was interrupted by the Bishop of Cork.[1] Yesterday being Ash Wednesday, I concluded I should have no interruptions from my fasting, praying, and painting. When I came from church, who should I find but Mrs. Clayton, Mr. Bernard, and Miss Brown, and then came two ladies of the North! They staid till nearly four: I was quite harassed and out of humour.

I thought after the duty of the day to sit down to painting till five—our fasting-hour; but you see how impossible it was. I think it would better have become a Bishop's wife to have been at church on such a day.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 17 March, 1753.

I was much vexed not to be able to write to my dearest sister last Thursday and by that means you will be a post longer than usual without hearing from me; but I was hurried with people of business all the morning, and a little discomposed with an accident that has happened to a nephew of the Dean's. He was thrown off his horse on Saturday, and though his skull was not frac-

[1] Dr. Jennet Brown, Bishop of Cork from 1745 to 1772.

tured, the shock was so great as to deprive him of his senses. I dined on Tuesday at the Bishop's—D.D. was engaged elsewhere; and after dinner Mrs. Clayton told me of the accident with a great deal of caution not to surprize me, and much concern, for he is a great favourite, but is well attended by the best surgeons and Dr. Barber. On Wednesday they thought him better, but on Thursday his brother came to me in such grief about him that it was impossible not to be touched by it. Yesterday he was trepanned, and Dr. Barber, who has just been with me, says he thinks there is now more hope of him than there was. Poor young man! he unfortunately rode a vicious horse.

I agree with you that nothing does exceed (that I have read in the *French language*) the tenderness and warmth of Madame de Sevigné. She has wit and great elegance; but Madame de Maintenon's I think has more dignity. She has the strength of a manly style, and the ease and delicacy of a woman's; she was wise and cautious, and obliged to be on her guard, as her situation was a very extraordinary one, which robs her letters of that freedom and openness which is the great beauty of private letters. She was as to what regarded this world greatly to be pitied, as her virtues and piety set her above the guilt of any engagement with the King, but could not guard her against the calumny of it. She loved the King, and her whole life seems devoted to take care of his soul.

I find you have seen the "Essay on Spirit." If you have read it, you must find it is a very absurd, bad book, and written by an Arian. I have read and wept over

the "Gamester.[1]" The characters are pretty, the language poor, but some pretty strokes in it, and I think it a very proper play at this time to be represented.

Pray send me cut in paper the pattern of a bib that exactly fits Mary's coat, and the length of her petticoat from the hips and from the peak of her stays; it is to *try an experiment* in a coarse sort of work which, if it succeeds, you shall see; if not, forget I mentioned it.

I have not got Mr. Gilpin:[2] I hope he will come out before I go. I have got "Count Fathom," and shall have the "Jessamine[3]" in a day or two. These are for travelling books. We have got the "School of Man.[4]" He is conceited, and I think not quite honest; though he professes himself a Xtian. I have not gone through it. Smith says I shall not be dressed in time, so I must sign and seal.

Ever yours
M. D.

It is a brother of Mr. Clarke's that has had the bad accident I mentioned: they think him to-day a little come to his senses; he was very uneasy and unruly all night, which they look upon as a good sign.

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[1] The Gamester, a Tragedy, by Edward Moore, acted at Drury Lane Theatre, in 1753, with much success, and is still a favourite.

[2] The "Life of Bernard Gilpin," one of the English Protestant Reformers, was written by his descendant, the Rev. William Gilpin, born in 1724, and died 1804. Mr. Gilpin published several other works, "Remarks on Forest Scenery," "Sermons," &c.

[3] Jenny and Jemmy Jessamy, in 3 vols., by Eliza Heywood, who wrote many novels. She died in 1756.

[4] The School of Man, translated from the French.

From Mrs. Elstob to Mrs. Dewes.

Whitehall, March 24th, 1753.

It is impossible for me to express the pleasure, dear madam, I had in receiving the favour of yours, it being what I could by no means deserve or could expect, having been so long silent. It is now time for me to return my acknowledgments for your so kindly communicating to me the incomparable Lady Ann Coventry's letter, though it gave me great concern to find she was an encourager of my work, which I never knew till now, nor can imagine by what mistake it happened that I had not the honour of her ladyship's name among the ladies that were my encouragers. I am using my utmost endeavour to procure one of my Homilies and Grammars for her ladyship, though I am in pain for fear of a disappointment; there were but a few printed, which makes me apprehensive I shall not be able to get them. The Marquis of Tichfield is grown so much, that were you to see him you would hardly believe your eyes. He is as beautiful as when you saw him, but what makes him still more to be admired is, that I *can safely say without boasting* or partiality, *he is an admirable scholar* for his age, which is not fifteen till the middle of next month. The two eldest ladies are continually employed about one ingenious work or another, and I often wonder how they find time to do what they do, considering her Grace takes up a great deal of their time, and their several masters the same; and my sweet Lady Margaret, I am certain will not come behind her sisters either in person or ingenuity. Lord Edward, I believe, goes to

Westminster very soon; he is a delightful little man, and makes me too fond of him, though I am forced sometimes to tell him I am ready to set out "to go off to Master Dewes," as you know I used to do.

In compassion to you, who I am sure are extremely tired with this tedious scribe, I think it time without adding more to assure you that

I am, dear madam,

Your most affectionate

And most obedient servant,

ELIZABETH ELSTOB.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Saturday, 24th March, 1754.
(Evidently 1753.)

Poor Ramsay George, after great sufferings, being twice trepanned, and several painful operations, is by this time released from his misery, and I hope happy. In his intervals of sense, which were very short, he seemed sensible of his condition, and prayed fervently. The Bishop and Mrs. Clayton have shewn him great humanity; they loved him and will hardly get one in his place that will do them so much credit, for he was a very pretty genteel man, and more like a companion than an attendant. I went yesterday to see Mrs. C., but would not by any means consent that D.D. should go there, as his spirits are too much harassed to bear a scene of so affecting a nature.

We are reading "Count Fathom," a very indifferent affair, as far as we have gone: they say it mends in the second volume, and so it had need.

I am glad my brother amuses himself with the gay world, as he is too much settled and composed to be injured by the levity of those he converses with, and his reserve wants something that will awaken and divert him; he tells me he is just going to begin his building, and is in no small fuss about it.

I will not allow you to say that you are not at this instant as agreeable, as desirable an acquaintance as you were at twenty-five, but you say indeed the just thing, when you observe how "*few people are formed* for the *true pleasure* of a social life:" if there is not some interested view, some vanity to flatter, some favour to ask, our common acquaintance very easily drop us—and so let them. Were it not for those falling offs, the unavoidable acquisitions of new acquaintance would make the sum *total* too enormous, but if our real friends are true to us, we have reason to be satisfied.

I have by this day's packet received a melancholy letter from Lady Tweeddale, who is much affected by the loss of her only son, a very fine boy; she lies-in again in May. She says "*I have not heard a great while from Mrs. Dewes. I can't tell on which side the correspondence has dropped, but I feel the loss of it.*" I wish you would write to her: I think she has more of sentiment than any of the family.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 31st March, 1754.
(Evidently 1753.)

Here we are instead of Mount Panther, the weather too bad to think of such a journey, and Dr. Barber

thought as I had of late complained of the headache, that it was proper for me to be blooded, which I was on Monday was se'night, but got cold the latter end of the week, and was a little feverish on Sunday last. D.D. sent for Dr. Barber, who had me blooded again, kept me in bed on slops and juleps three days, and the day before yesterday I came down stairs, and find no bad remains but a little cough; but Dr. Barber absolutely insists on my not going into the North, and I believe D.D. will go the week after next without me. It is very uneasy to me to let him go without me; I am not used to a separation of that sort, but must submit. I hope I shall prevail with him to go to Mr. Lonorgan's in Downpatrick instead of going to Mount Panther, as Sophy Lonorgan (who used to be sometimes with me) I am sure will take care of him. He says he will return the week after Easter, and in the meantime I shall prepare everything for the English journey; so that if the odious law does not delay us, I hope nothing else will, and believe me, I am well again, and will do everything to keep myself so.

My dear Bushe, who came in to spend two or three days and help me to pack up, was seized on Wednesday se'night with a terrible cold; as her lungs are bad, she suffers greatly, but she is much better, and now sitting by me reading "Count Gabalis."

You say true many are the rules given for women's behaviour in the married state, and *much* might be *addressed to the men;* but you can't expect they will do it by one another, and they would exert their lordliness, should we presume to prescribe to them.

I am glad hoops are out of fashion, 'tis good news.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 7th April, 1754.
(Evidently 1753.)

I gave you account in my last I believe of the death of poor Ramsay George, that lived with the Bishop of Clogher; they have got his brother Dennis George, and have a treasure in him.

Now as to the northern journey: don't apprehend, because I don't go with the Dean, that I am not well, for were that the case he would not leave me; but as my being ill has delayed his going, he thinks it will now be too great a hurry for me *before my voyage*, and *he will not suffer me to go*. He proposes setting out next Tuesday, and staying one month, and has engaged Mrs. Bushe to stay with me during his absence and to take care of me. I am not reconciled to his going without me. We have not been used to a separation, and it is mutually unpleasant, but I hope it will be only for a short time.

I don't doubt of my dear Mary's being perfectly well managed, but I shall be glad to have her learn to dance. It will help to strenghten her limbs, and make her grow, even though she may not be taught in the best manner. I hope you will give her every winter an opportunity of being taught either at the Bath or London, and of seeing variety of good company, which is of more use in forming a gracious manner from the age of seven to fourteen than seven years afterwards! Every impression taken in our tender years is more lasting than when the mind is more filled with a crowd of ideas.

I am in pain indeed for poor Sally. Jack Chapone would be a vast loss to the girls: from all accounts he is a sober, well disposed man. I had a very handsome gratefull letter from Mr. Henry Chapone last week.

The "Ladies Diary" has puzzled us; we can't find out the first riddle. Have you read "The Brothers?"[1] I have not yet. Have you read "Count Fathom?" Though a great deal bad, there are some things very interesting, and the whole well-intended. I join with you in your opinion of "Jenny and Jemmy Jess." Her character is pretty; though had I time I could criticise. The author *I am sure* was a man.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Saturday, Delville, 14th April, 1753.

I don't think Mr. Dewes was ever guilty of the teazing, provoking ways I meet with from our lawyers here. The state of the case, which has been promised me every day for a month past, is not yet done, nor do I know when it will. Mr. Stannard sent me word yesterday he would send it me as soon as finished—*the law's delay, &c.*

The Dean left me last Tuesday, and the bad weather makes his absence doubly mournful to me, but he would not consent to my going, and has promised to be back in three weeks. I had a letter from him last night from Newry, within 14 miles of Mount Panther. Thank God, he got safe so far! Poor old Mrs. Barber

[1] The Brothers, a tragedy, by the Rev. Dr. Young.

has been extremely ill; not so much bodily pain, for she says she has none, but her mind much disturbed. Dr. Barber has put on blisters on her legs, and she rested better last night, and is pretty well composed to-day. Thursday morning Madame Clayton and her niece made us a visit, and we promised to dine there to-day. Have I really never told you that Miss Brown is going to be married? and that after all her flirtations, coquettings, &c., she is to have one of the prettiest sort of young men in Dublin—modest, sensible, sober, a clergyman with a living between seven and eight hundred a year, the Bishop of Derry's son and the Primate's nephew? Is it not strange he should fall desperately in love with one who is in *every respect his opposite?* But so it is; the young people carried it on privately, and were so far engaged, that his father and mother thought he could not honourably recede, and they are now doing all they can to settle them happily. *Mrs. C.* plumes extremely upon it, says it has been *her prudent education* of the girl, *and her own* wise management that has made the match! When we meet I can entertain you with some good scenes. Adieu, my dear sister. I return the valuable MS.; every mark of that lady's friendship[1] ought to be preserved, for her virtues enrich her nobility, and thus make every favour she bestows a real honour.

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[1] Duchess of Portland.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 21st April, 1753.

I am glad the Dean is removed from the melancholy scene of Mrs. Barber's sufferings, as he has a great deal of tenderness. I thank God he is very well: I have heard every post but one from him since he went; he has not fixed his day for returning, but he must be here by the beginning of Term.

Mrs. Bushe draws and reads and prates when we are together, but I leave her a good deal to herself, having a little finishing in hand in the chapel, which I have a mind to have done before D.D. comes back. I beg we may have our old room, let it be in what condition it will; I shall like to lodge in it better than in any room in the house, and it will be more pleasant to me without hangings than the best adorned apartment in the finest palace in the world.

Mr. Mount is in pretty good health; he has nothing to support him but a small income which is returned him out of England, arising, I think, from some houses in Westminster; for the salary of his place has run on to pay his debts, and if justice has been done him he expects that is now nearly done: if he meets with no advancement this year here, I believe that next he will go to England. On Monday next Mrs. Bushe and I design to make him a visit, and he is to give us cold gammon, and I shall carry cold beef, and make a merry day of it.

Tuesday we spend at the Bishop of Derry's, which is always a pleasant day.

Last Tuesday, dined at Mr. Tilson's, who is married

to Mrs. Bushe's handsome niece—a sober family party. Wednesday, bad weather, could not get to church.

I agree with you in your opinion of the modern stories; they do not build on a right foundation. Their *heroes* (whatever their heroines are) are *never virtuous.* Jemmy Jess., who is meant to be a good character, is not worthy of pretty Jenny, who is really a good girl. I think "Count Fathom" (though a bad, affected style) written with a better intention, and Melvin's character a good one, but they none of them are to be named in a day with our good friend Richardson. We are now reading the adventures of *our countryman,* Thomas Pellow:[1] I bought him for his namesake; I can't tell you much of him yet. Once more adieu! I hope you have been able to make a visit to charming Lady Anne Coventry.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 28 April, 1753.

Sunday Mr. Mount and the young Barbers dined here; in the afternoon came Mrs. Foster of Dunleer, a widow, Mrs. Donnellan, and her sister Mrs. Vesey that you knew at the Bath, who inquired much after you. Monday we spent at Mrs. Hamilton's in Anne Street; in the evening came sailing in Mrs. C. and her niece with all their colours flying, making full sail to a drum! Tuesday, dined at the Bishop of Derry's; met ditto company, who went to ditto in the evening.

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[1] History of the Long Captivity and Adventures of Thomas Pellow, in South Barbary, written by himself.

After she was gone Bushe and I staid an hour, and spent it more to our minds than when all the company were there. Can there be a more deplorable sight than to see a woman with brilliant parts, *qualified by nature* to make *not only* a rational but a *delightful companion*, so intoxicated by vanity and the love of pleasure as to sacrifice every valuable talent to it, and to be so far from being a desirable companion, that her levity sets her infinitely below the silly trifling girls she keeps company with. Youth and folly are excuses for an insignificant course of life; but sense and years to be so overtaken is indeed a severe reproach. Don't imagine, my dear sister, I am grown rigid and splenetic. I hope to avoid both, and will guard (as much as lies in my power) against them, and I am not for having women as they grow in years withdraw themselves entirely from the company of young people, but I would have them maintain such a dignity as shall make them respected, and have the *young* people *court their company*: much may be said on this copious subject, but I must proceed to my journal.

On Wednesday morning we made a visit to Finglass, tempted Mrs. Hamilton to go with us to Dublin to pick up a good old cousin of hers, who wished to spend a day with us at Delville. Just as we were setting out (Mrs. Forth not daring to be of our jumbling party, we left her behind) Mrs. Montgomery came with an intention, I believe, of spending the day; she is a very agreeable woman, and her story remarkable—too long for a letter. Her friend Dr. Clements was with her, and I prevailed on them to give us the meeting at Delville. They promised, and we pursued our first design, and

carried off Mrs. Hamilton, picked up Mrs. Pen Forde, and the day passed very pleasantly. Mount's day was changed from Monday to Thursday; he was to give us cold gammon of pork and custards; and *I added* fowl and beef. Mrs. Hamilton said she would be of our party, and in order thereto staid all night with us; so on Thursday morning we set forward. We got to Mr. Mount's at half an hour after two; he lives in a *little odd* sort of a house at a place called *Donnicarne*, two miles from Dublin. Mr. Adderley is building just by. It will be a very good house, and a charming situation. At our return dinner was ready. The day past very cheerfully; our old acquaintance was very happy, and the neatness of his house delighted us: we got to our own about half an hour after 8, and slept well after our frolic.

Yesterday we spent quietly at home, the greatest part of the afternoon in the garden; one of Mrs. Hamilton's sons is now here drawing whilst I am writing. In the afternoon we go to town to make visits, and look at a lodging for Bushe—her thoughts of visiting England this year are over.

Don't apprehend anything from the sea. It is a disagreeable element to deal with, but it never hurts me any longer than whilst I am on board, and though I must confess, and I fear you will find whenever you make me happy by coming here, that *a ship is a most unpleasant thing*, yet the happiness it is to convey me to is a full amends for a few hours distress,—and the passage is *seldom more* than *forty hours*, and often not much more than half that time; so turn your thoughts, as I will mine, from the disagreeable part, and

let us fix them on the joy of our meeting, which I trust in God will be permitted soon after midsummer. I will certainly bring my book of drawings, ashamed of having added so little to it. You know I cannot have a greater pleasure than employing my pen or pencil for you. The book is yours; I only keep it to fill it, which I will do as fast as I can.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, May 5th, 1753.

I must tell you D.D. returned home on Wednesday last, three hours before I expected him; thank God, very well and in good spirits. He is now deeply engaged in his affairs. He had in the country two great tasks upon his hands—a sermon to make on good Friday, on a sudden, and an answer to make to an affidavit of Mr. Head, one of the conspirators against us.

I was a good deal shocked last night with being told of poor Lord Cornbury's[1] sudden death in an abrupt manner, by one who did not know how great a regard I had for him; but as neither my brother, Mrs. Donnellan, nor the Duchess of Portland have mentioned the accident in any of their letters, I hope it may not be true, though it has been, it seems, twice mentioned in the English news. I think *his parting* with Cornbury was a presage that he was not long to enjoy it. Of all the young men of quality with whom I have been

[1] Henry Viscount Cornbury, only son of Henry Hyde, 4th Earl of Clarendon, and 2nd Earl of Rochester. Lord Cornbury was the brother of the celebrated Catherine Duchess of Queensbury, the cousin and early companion of Mrs. Delany.

acquainted he was the prime. There is nothing I wish so much for Mary, *next* to right religious principles, as a *proper* knowledge of the polite world. It is *the only means* of keeping her safe from an immoderate love of its vanities and follies, and of giving her that sensible kind of reserve which great retirement converts either to awkward sheepishness, or occasions the *worst evil of the two—forward pertness*, but this must be matter of conversation, not of letters.

I am very sorry for Mrs. Fitzherbert's[1] little family. The loss of a good mother at all ages is a severe stroke. I have not seen Lady Huntingdon's letter to Miss Blandy. We are now very full of talk about Eliza Canning.[2] I am much inclined to think her story true, and to condemn the gypsy.

Your account of the Bishop of K. is a bad one, but I hope it is not strictly true; he is a particular friend of Bushe, and she does not think him capable of doing a dishonourable thing. She knew he was going to be married (to Miss Moyser, a Yorkshire lady), and that the match was off, but had not heard any wrong reason.

D.D. came home on Wednesday, and yesterday we dined at a widow—Mrs. Donnellan's, who is a clever woman, has a pretty house, keeps good company, and is an old friend and acquaintance of D.D.'s.

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[1] Mary, eldest daughter of Littleton Poyntz Meynell, of Bradley, county Derby, Esq.; married William FitzHerbert, of Tissington, county Derby, Esq.

[2] Eliza Canning prosecuted a gipsy for theft, and another woman for detaining her against her will. The gipsy was condemned to death but pardoned, the other woman was branded and imprisoned; and Eliza Canning herself was tried and condemned for perjury.

Dr. Leland's[1] Reflections on Lord Bolingbroke are very well spoken of.

I had yesterday a letter from my brother. He tells me he has begun building one good room to his house: he could not do more *now* without unfurnishing it, and taking another house for the winter. He proposed setting out for Calwich the next day, in order to be in London to meet me there the latter end of June, or beginning of July. I hope I shall be able to answer his challenge. Mrs. Donnellan has a spare room in her house for D.D. and me, and as his business will oblige him to go to London for a fortnight, we shall accept of her offer when we have rested and revived ourselves at dear Welsbourn. My dearest sister, how fair and sunshiny every thing looks when that is in prospect! As I want repairs, such as stays, lute-strings, etc., I can do all that business whilst with Donnellan, and I look about for a winter habitation, as we propose spending three months in London, and hope that time Mr. Dewes and you will like to spend them there too. Indeed this is talking at random; for if we appeal, I suppose we must be earlier in town than our usual time, and hope we shall be as little separated as possible.

Domestic affairs call me away. My old cook has run away: I have just hired a new one that has a very good character, and must go and settle matters with her. I have had company every morning this week which interferes with my housewifery, for afternoons are

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1 John Leland, a Dissenting minister, born 1691, died 1766. He wrote sermons and other works, and also wrote against Tindal, Dodwell, and Bolingbroke.

not fit for business. Tuesday morning the Bishop of Derry and Mrs. Bernard made us a visit, and came with an intention to dine here; but we were engaged to dine with Mrs. Forde. Thursday morning I had a visit from Mrs. Stone, Lady Blaney and Mr. Fortescue. Should our new cook prove a *very good one*, should you like to have us bring her?

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, May 12th, 1753.

First I must speak of my poor Lord Hyde,[1] whose death has indeed shocked me extremely, though I hope and believe he was so good that it makes the sudden stroke less dreadful. I had a letter from the dear Duchess of Portland, *breaking the news* to me with all the gentleness she could, but I had accidentally been told it abruptly before I received her letter. D.D. and Mrs. Bushe had heard a flying report, but would not mention it to me, as they hoped it might be false; and then a person who did not know how great a regard I had for him asked me if I had heard of the sad accident? I find it was not a fit, but his death was entirely owing to the bruises he received from the fall. I most heartily pity the Duchess of Queensbury, but if it gives her a serious and right way of thinking, the event, melancholy as it is, may prove a happiness to her; and as she *has good sense* and *many good qualities*, I hope she

[1] The earldom of Clarendon having devolved upon the Earl of Rochester, his son was known by the second title of both peerages, Cornbury and Hyde.

will make a proper use of this great chastisement. If I could write an eulogium as elegantly as Madame de Sevigné, I should not quit this subject till I had done justice to the excellencies of Lord Hyde, but they are above my reach; I can only *admire and love his memory.*

Tuesday morning, before prayers, came Mrs. Forth in her chaise, and spent the whole day here. We had many visitors in the morning, and in the evening Mrs. Hamilton came to fetch her sister home: they are a happy pair.

Thursday we spent quietly at home alone; worked, and read Mr. Ballard's "Learned Ladies," which is just come to me. I think the performance, as far as I have gone, very well; he does not pretend so much to be an author as a compiler, and gives you very modestly (without assuming any merit to himself) his authorities for what he publishes. The style is full as good as could be expected from the man, and void of all affectation; I have gone no further than the Life of Margaret Clement.

My brother wrote me word he was going to Calwich, and should return to meet us in London.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 26th May, 1753.

D.D. set out again on Thursday morning at 5, and got above half way on his journey that night very well, and I hope got as well yesterday to his journey's end: I shall not hear till Monday. The weather has been very fine, and his great desire of doing his duty gives him strength and spirits.

I have read Mr. Ballard, and think his book may do a great deal of good, nothing animates more to virtuous actions than great examples, and I honour the author extremely for taking such pains in finding out the true author of the "Whole Duty of Man;"[1] I would rather be Lady Packington than any character he has published.

Smith, with her humble duty, begs the enclosed letter may be put into the Warwick post. She says it will go safely; I think she is mistaken, but she is uneasy at not hearing from her mother. I am ashamed to trouble you with it.

Thursday I spent all alone; yesterday my knot of agreeable friends spent the day with me. Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday next I am engaged, and have a world of business at home. Adieu.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 29th May, 1753.

The weather is charming, and Delville in the highest bloom of youth and beauty; I am in the garden every morning by 7 o'clock, and great part of the day besides. Saturday was a sweet solitary day, for as well as I love society, a day sometimes entirely to one's self is very pleasant, and I wonder at people who think it a melancholy thing to spend a day alone: it is like a

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[1] Dorothy, daughter of Thomas Lord Coventry, and wife of Sir John Pakington, was the reputed author of The Whole Duty of Man, and other excellent works.

pause in music, which when properly introduced gives a grace to the whole piece.

Sunday I kept as usual, Bush came and spent the day with me; she would fain have staid with me in D.D's. absence, but I have so many things to settle in my house, and lost some time by my cold, which confined me above a week, that every hour now is full of business, and so adieu for to-night. I see some trolloping interruption coming in the shape of a milliner, waddling up the portico walk where I am seated, and so good night. D.D. I thank God, is very well, and got safely to his journey's end again on Friday. He went 70 miles in two days, with a hired pair of horses to his chaise 40 miles of the way, the rest with his own pair. If we can bring our coach we will. My cook-maid is not worth transporting. D.D. leaves Mount Panther, if nothing unforeseen prevents him, on Whitson Monday. Went to town at eleven, made morning visits, dined at the Bishop of Clogher's—the wedding is to be in the country about three weeks hence. In the afternoon walked to Archdeacon Pocock's, to see some specimens of the Giants' Causeway; it is a wonderful natural curiosity, which we will talk over. To-morrow and Saturday I propose painting, to finish the picture I began some time ago for the Duchess of Portland, that it may be dry before I go. Impatience increases with approaching pleasure. I count minutes now, which is a foolish way if one could help it, as it makes the time appear so much longer. Pray God send us a happy meeting, and my most dear sister a perfect recovery of her health.

I am for ever most affectionately yours.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, June 8th, 1753.

As our good Duke is now at Bulstrode I will not send this round about, but choose make you pay, as I know you will not grudge it. My head and hands are full of business; it is happy for me I have friends to conclude for me, for the variety of things that pass through my mind are enough to confound a much better head than mine.

Last Thursday I dined with my good friend Mrs. H. Hamilton. Her brother Mr. D.[1] is one of the judges distinguished by the title of Baron; he is a very clever sensible man, and I believe rather a friend than otherwise to our adversaries—at least to their chief council he is a most intimate one. He came to his sister, and told her that he believed if D.D. had a mind to compound it would be in his power, and *desired* her to *tell me*, that if he could do us any service in the affair he would gladly engage to make a proposal. I anwered that an *honourable compromise* I could not, and I was sure D. D. would not, be against, but I could by no means think any proposal ought to come from us who had been so grievously injured; but if they would say what their demand was, D.D. would lay it before his friends and council in Ireland and England, and give it due consideration; I could not without the D.'s advice say more. On Saturday as I was reading in the portico at the farthest end of our garden, between

[1] Arthur Dawson, Esq., appointed one of the Barons of the Exchequer in Ireland, 1742.

seven and eight o'clock, I saw stalking up the walk a huge man. Upon nearer approach I saw it was the Bishop of Elphin: much discourse we had, walking an hour and half without resting, backwards and forwards: upon the whole he gave me great encouragement to think we should find redress in an appeal. I own that is what I most incline to, as I think it must be a better clearing of D.D.'s character (though a tedious, expensive affair) than any other conclusion. When he came I had with much struggling (reason and pride combating) brought my mind to submit to an humbling compromise. I argued with myself of how little value was the opinion of worthless men, and that all the good part would acquit D.D.; that we were in the decline of life, when worldly matters ought to have less weight with us, and our short time not given up to the wrangling vexations of the law, and it was a consolation to think we were not the injurers; but I own the Bishop of Elphin staggered my resolution, and made me doubtful whether I *ought to try* to persuade D.D. to *any compromise*. In this fluctuating state of mind I came in to prayers and breakfast, and afterwards sat down to finish the picture I had begun for the Duchess of Portland. At one o'clock one of Mrs. Hamilton's sons brought me a note to beg to speak with me, and to tell me that "her brother had it in his power *immediately to make up the affair*, if he had proper authority and instruction from me." I was engaged to dine in Dublin, and before I went to write a long letter to D.D., which I did, and told Mrs. Hamilton I had acquainted D.D. with all that had passed, and that I expected him home Whitson Tuesday or Wednesday,

and could give no other answer than what I had done. So here it rests, and I pray God it may have a reasonable and proper conclusion!

I suppose we could have our coach painted at Warwick?

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, June 14th, 1753.

I proposed going last Tuesday to meet D.D., but could not, it being holiday time, get any horses. Thank God he came home about eight o'clock very well! Every hour, every minute I may say, since he came home, has been filled up with business. Yesterday morning we went to town as soon as he had breakfasted. I met him at dinner at Mrs. Hamilton's, where I sat quiet and comfortable till near eight. This morning D.D. is gone again to town.

I have had a message from my brother by Mrs. Donnellan, that he waits for my coming to London, and he has asked her to meet us at Calwich before the summer is out. Mrs. Montagu has lent her her house at Hayes, ten or eleven mile from London, to try what country air will do. I have this day written to the Duchess of Portland, who engaged Mr. Sharp as our solicitor, to desire he would get all the cases of spoliation that have been since the last that were published our lawyers here say they will be of great use to them.

We fully purpose to leave this by Midsummer.

According to the intention announced in the preceding letters, the Dean of Down and Mrs. Delany visited England at midsummer in the year 1753, and went to Welsbourn.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Uxbridge, the Crown, 1 o'clock.

I cannot stay till I get to town to tell you, that the journey has almost cured my cold. D.D. says the few miles you went with us did me an infinite deal of good, and so it did. We got to Banbury at half-an-hour after 9, and to Buckingham (the Cobham Arms) at two, but (as I remember) the George is a much better house. We got to Aylesbury about nine, excessively tired and hot, for hotter weather never was felt. Many recollections came into my mind at *the old inn* at Aylesbury, as you may imagine! We breakfasted in a delightful inn this morning, at Great Missington, and have just dined here. Here the history of my travels broke off. We left Uxbridge at half-an-hour after three, and till we got to Acton were almost suffocated with heat, but I thank God we got *here* (London) before seven. I have sent to my brother and the Duchess of Portland, and hope to have a glimpse of them this evening.

Mrs. Shuttleworth is just come in, and gives me but a very indifferent account of my dear friend Donnellan; she sets out for Bristol next Thursday.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Bolton Row, 3rd July, 1753.

By a forgetfulness of Gran's I did not see my brother on Saturday, but found him in the parlour when I came down to breakfast; he looks extremely well, and more lively and communicative than he generally is. Soon after came in the amiable Duchess. Many kind enquiries after you; in short we talked so fast of everybody and everything, that it would have required the shortest of short hands to have set down what was said on both sides. At 12 I went to Blacklands[1] with great apprehensions about Donnellan, but I had the pleasure of finding her better; she had engaged my brother to meet us, and we spent a comfortable pleasant day. In the evening Lady Bateman and Mrs. Vesey fetched us home. I breakfasted at Whitehall. To-day we dine with my brother. I am just going to see some extraordinary drawings this morning that can be seen no other day, and have appointed people on business at one o'clock: hope then to have time to say more. D.D. proposes going next Thursday to Hawnes, to Lord G.,[2] who is there; we both think it will be better to talk over business with him there than here, where he will be more taken up with business and ministerial affairs.

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[1] Blacklands, on Chelsea Common, had been the residence of Sir Antony Westcomb, who died about six months before, and was probably lent by Mr. Granville (his nephew and heir) to Mrs. Donellan for change of air.

[2] Lord Granville.

I am just come from seeing very fine drawings. D.D. returns on Monday. Duchess of Portland goes out of town to-morrow, Donnellan on Monday. When *we shall be released* I can't yet tell, as the state of the case is not yet come, and it signifies nothing to consult our lawyers till that comes. Sally Chapone came this morning, just as I was going out: poor thing! she could not speak to me for tears of joy at seeing me. She and I are to spend next Thursday at Blacklands.

By the time I hear of your being at Cheltenham I shall be able to say when we can come; I hope soon.

After this letter an interval occurs of four months, when the sisters were probably together at Cheltenham and Wellesbourn.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Angel Inn, Oxford, 9 o'clock;
14th Nov., 1753.

We are just safely arrived hither, but no thanks to Mr. Peyton's bad equipages. This day we have had no overturn or fright, but as much vexation as we could have without a bad accident; for at Long Compton the iron bar behind the chaise broke. Well, we had nothing to do but wait till it was mended. They said it would take two hours; so we thought we had best make it our baiting place. When the two hours were near expired, the chaise was *not near done;* so we left Smith and Jack, and took their chair, which

conveyed us safe to Woodstock by the time it was dark, and we have made shift to come thus far this morning. Sir Charles Mordaunt's coachman met us at Long Compton, and I charged him not to tell you our distress till I could tell you it was over. Poor Smith and her *equipage* did not get to Woodstock till near eleven.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Bulstrode, 16th Nov., 1753.

I found the Duchess of Portland encircled by her daughters, all at different works. Nobody is here at present but the family, not even Lord G., so my amiable friend and I can enjoy all our talk without interruption; by-the-by, they say Lord G. is married, but it is treated in the family as if not believed. I long to have you get "Sir Charles Grandison," and believe we shall read it together, but you will win the race, for I shall be only allowed bits and scraps of time for it; I shall not desire to read it to the society here least justice should not be done it, and then I should be vexed, and lose my pleasure in the book.

The Duchess has got the most beautiful bull that ever was seen, and several new birds.

My present work is repairing some old works that I did when last here. The Bishop of Ossory[1] (Cox) is to be Archbishop of Cashell, and Mr. Morris (Lady Primrose's uncle) Bishop of Ossory. I have now very

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[1] Dr. Michael Cox, Bishop of Ossory, translated to Archbishopric of Cashel in 1753. He was succeeded at Ossory by Dr. Edward Maurice.

little concern how matters of this kind go, though I am glad indeed when a good man is promoted.

"Harriot and Fidelio"[1] did not quite last out our journey: it is poorly written, but I think well meant. When I am not too much hurried, I propose sealing every letter with a new seal of the Duchess; I begin to night.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Bulstrode, 29th Nov, 1753.

I should not have written so soon again but to obey your commands in regard to Mr. S. Dobson. The Dean says he has *no scruple about fish or drawn gravy*; the latter he seldom eats of, but it is not from any exception to it if the creature from whence it is drawn is bled sufficiently at the time it is killed, as according to the custom and manner of killing them they must be.[2]

The Duchess's cold was much better yesterday (I have not heard of her yet to-day), but it was so bad on Sunday she kept her room, she was feverish and her throat sore; but as her cold mends I hope it will be soon over; she is in good spirits and looks comely. Her daughters are as sweet and engaging as possible, always at some ingenious employment: Lady B.[3] and Lady H.[4] are very lively and easy in their manner, and

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[1] The Memoirs of "Fidelio and Harriot," published in December, 1752.

[2] The enquiries for Mr. Dobson were probably to satisfy the scruples of some clergyman, who wished for Dr. Delany's opinion about eating blood.

[3] Lady Elizabeth Cavendish Bentinck, afterwards wife of Thomas, 3rd Viscount Weymouth and 1st Marquis of Bath. She died 12 Dec., 1825, aged 91.

[4] Lady Henrietta, afterwards wife of George Harry Grey, 5th Earl of Stamford and 1st Earl of Warrington.

under no further restraint before the Duchess than to watch her looks and motions and instantly to obey them. Lady M.[1] is more silent and reserved, but there is something very gentle and sensible in her look, and I hope she will grow; I think her a good deal grown since I saw her. Lord Titchfield has great reputation at school, and he behaves himself very well in every respect; Lord Edward is a lovely child, but shows not the genius to learning his brother does. Mrs. Elstob is surprisingly well, complains of being weak, but is in better spirits than ever I saw her in my life. The Duke is the same good obliging person he ever was, and Mr. Achard is sometimes Monsieur *Depoivre* and sometimes Monsr *du Miel!*

As to works and improvements, they are innumerable; the Duchess has fitted up the little room out of her conclave that opens into the garden in the Gothic taste, and made it the prettiest cell you can imagine. As to the garden improvements, the weather has been too cold for me to examine them, though I walk every day when the sun shines, but choose the most sheltered parts. I went on Saturday to see the menageries, and saw such beauties of foreign birds as gave me great pleasure; I will learn their names and send you a list with their description as exactly as I can give of them. And there is the most extraordinary bull I ever saw: it came from some part of the East Indies; it is as round as a ball, and looks as if it was bursting with fat: it is not so high as some dogs I have seen, the colour a pretty grey, between its shoulders rises a

[1] Lady Margaret died April 28, 1756.

hump, in camel fashion, much higher than its head, and looks soft and dark like sable, it is as tame as a lamb and has a very good-humoured countenance: his horns were broken off in a duel with an animal of his own kind. D.D. goes to town to-day or to-morrow; the Duke of Portland is so obliging as to offer him a room at Whitehall. The Duchess of Portland tells me my brother is in London.

I am all impatience for you to read "Sir Charles Grandison." Oh how you will admire him! but I dare not particularize anything for fear of forestalling; I have only read two volumes; *don't tell me your opinion farther* than that till I have read more. Since we cannot be together, the next greatest pleasure is to be occupied in the same study, and I read "Sir Charles" with double pleasure as I think he may be also entertaining you at the same time.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Kensington, 27th Nov. 1753.

I had a sad alarm about my poor friend Donnellan. I came here yesterday and found her in her bed very weak and with a fever fit on her, but she does not look so bad as I expected to see her, and between whiles is very cheerful. She speaks with *great fortitude* of what she *apprehends* for herself, and though it is a tender point that must affect a friend, yet I hope to be edified by her example. I have got a very warm good room here, and Thursday shall go to Whitehall to meet the Duchess of Portland, and if Mrs. Donnellan continues pretty well, shall return on Monday to Bulstrode.

D.D. came yesterday and dined here; his business obliges him to be in London, and to-day I expect to see my brother. Donnellan sends her kind compliments, and begs you will drink lime-water, about a pint a day; you may make two or three draughts of it, and drink it at any time, adding to each glass a quarter part of very warm milk.

I am sorry you have not got "Sir Charles Grandison;" I dare not open my lips about particulars for *fear of forestalling!* I have got no farther than the third volume.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Kensington, Nov. 28th, 1753.

Mrs. Donnellan is much better: she has had no return of her fever since the day I came, when indeed I found her very ill, and Mr. Clerke and her Doctor (Heberden), said if she did not soon mend they thought her in great danger. It is a satisfaction to me that I came to her; she had a great deal to say to me in relation to her affairs, and she is much revived by having talked them over. Poor Mrs. Shuttleworth is so overpowered with her concern that she is almost useless to her; Mrs. Donnellan thinks of moving to town soon, as this is too far from her doctor, and too lonely. To-morrow morning I shall go to town to look out for myself; I am to dine with my brother, and go back with the Duchess to Bulstrode on Monday. What a fluctuating world is this! My spirits were hardly recovered the agitation of leaving Welsbourn, were *just beginning to enjoy* the sweets of Bulstrode, when

alarmed on the account of my poor friend here: but it is best it should be so, and these preparations for mortality I am very sensible are necessary and salutary, as they remind one of what every mortal must submit to, and by timely notice prevent the stroke when it comes from being so shocking as otherwise it might be to human nature.

I am going on with "Sir Charles Grandison" and long to know how far you are gone, that I may enter on particular passages. I have just finished the 3rd volume. What a soul that Richardson has! His delicacies I fear cannot be relished by many, but you will feel their full force. I cannot finish without telling you a thing that will please you. Before Mr. Mount left Ireland he received a letter from Mr. Wilson to desire he would draw on him for what money he wanted, and to be sure to leave no debts behind him. He shewed this letter to my friend Mr. Adderley, who said, "Write immediately to Mr. Wilson, and tell him it is *not only* in England you have a friend; make what acknowledgments you think proper, but *I insist on your acceptance of this paper* (giving him a note of £50,) and if that is not sufficient you may command as much more."

Thursday morning.

I came to town this morning, called on the Maid of Honour, who is but very indifferent but really looks *as pretty as ever*, then went to Lady Cowper. Dined at my brother's: his new room is charming, and he in very good looks and spirits—his dress genteel, handsome, and fine.

I am now in the yellow bedchamber at Whitehall, and expect the Duchess every moment; tired with the

rattle of the day, refreshed with your letter. About "Sir Charles Grandison," I perfectly agree with you in your observation.—*Yet* Harriet *is* a charming, lovely, generous creature; Clementina *is* divine, and Sir Charles Grandison truly a great and fine gentleman: the subalterns have all merits in their different ranks.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Bulstrode, Decr 2nd, 1753.

Who do you think is here? why no less a person than Mr. Miller: he called here soon after dinner with an intention to go on to Beaconsfield, but the Duke and Duchess have been so obliging as to ask him to stay here to-night, and you may imagine he is not a little happy. They have shewed him the house, and he is now in the library up to the elbows in books of prints: I should see him with more pleasure if he was going directly to Warwickshire. I hope Mr. Dewes is perfectly well now, and able to enjoy the fine frosty weather in walking about his territories, and that dancing and your Christmas festivities go on well and merrily, but I hope your kind hospitality will not give you a fit of headache: I am much obliged to my dear Court, and much pleased he likes "Sir Charles Grandison."

I am provoked at J. Chapon not sending you the rest of "Sir Charles Grandison;" could I have thought you would have been kept so long from it, I would have sent you mine by the Stratford coach—I hope by this time you have got it. I am afraid you will not

like the *blue stars* of Coventry thread, as they will be much too dark for matching your bed: if you make them blue I think they must *be silk*.

I am delighted with your journal, and that Master Edgeworth is so well behaved a child: it would have been indeed grievous to have had your great good-nature and humanity hurt and ungratefully returned, as it would have been had he proved *a bad boy*. All school-boys must lose some part of the polishing they get at home; a herd of little wild creatures playing together entirely off of their guard will contract of course some rusticities, which will wear off again.

Lord Edward is a very well-behaved child, though very much indulged and caressed. I think the Duchess is more indulgent to him than she used to be to the others; though you know how excessively fond she is of all her children. She and Lady Harriet are gone this morning to Piercy Lodge to see the Duchess of Somerset:[1] she grumbled at me that I would not go, but I must be *invited* by great ladies; and I think the Duchess of Somerset has not always been so civil as I thought my due. Lady Betty entreated the Duchess to let her stay at home to paint, and Lady Harriet went unwillingly; you will be delighted with their pretty humble manners when you see them.

I am not yet fitted with a house: the Dean wanted a house nearer St. James's Park, and I to be nearer Whitehall, but let the situation be which it will, I shall have room for my dear sister and my Mary, and good Mr. Dewes too I hope. The Duchess was always

[1] Mary, daughter and heiress of Daniel Webb of Monkton Farley, Esq., and wife of Edward, 8th Duke of Somerset.

an engaging and agreeable companion, as well as a valuable friend, but I think I never enjoyed her conversation with so *little* interruption; and the addition of the young family now grown up is a very pleasing one; but no part of our society has given me so much satisfaction as I received last Sunday, when the Duke and Duchess, Lord Titchfield and the two eldest daughters (with all the domestics of the house, men and women) received the sacrament the decency and order and great attention of everybody made the solemnity appear truly divine. I have had great entertainment too from Dr. Young's letters to the Duchess, which she has been settling, and read me above three score: they are I think the best collection of *men's* letters I ever read: strong sense, fine sentiments, exalted piety; they are written with as much ease and freedome as politeness can admit of to a great lady, and the compliments are delicate, without the least flattery; so far from it, that it is plain he takes every opportunity of shewing that he is above it, and by that how well he knows the persons he addresses, and for wit, and lively and uncommon imagination he is most excellent. You remember some of his letters, I am sure; there is honourable mention *made of you* in more than one.

I hope Mr. Dewes will not confine himself about Mr. Sharp's opinion, but send his thoughts when he has most leisure. As Mr. S. seems to clear D.D. entirely of the *spoliation*, and places his character and conduct in so just and so advantageous a light, I cannot help feeling great consolation from it, though he seems to give his opinion against us as to the other parts in dispute, but *they* are things *not at my heart*. If D.D.'s good name

appears to the world such as it deserves to be I shall not only with content, but joy, submit to the loss of that part which every day grows of less and less value, but a good name *increases* more and more *in value* as we view this world with less partial eyes, than we did in the glittering time of youth and vanity.

Will you forgive my not sending you an alphabet,[1] but I indeed have not had time, and when breakfast is over I have so many works in hand, that I have not much time to myself, and that is devoted to writing letters and reading.

No news, but that the ladies wear no caps!

Lady Charlotte Villiers'[2] *sons* are to be called *Hyde*, her *daughters Villiers*. I have got a good house in Suffolk Street.

In the course of this year, 1753, several letters were written to Mrs. Dewes by Mrs. D. West. They are not of general importance, neither are they necessary to be inserted for the purpose of links in the Life of Mrs. Delany, but one or two facts connected with them are interesting. It appears that the husband of this lady had been a fellow student in the Temple with Richard Edgeworth; his connections were Irish, and Mrs. West had resided in Ireland. Her sister, then dead, was Lady Caswall, who had become acquainted with Dr. Delany at Mrs. Duncombe's. Mr. Richard Lovell Edgeworth, writing fifty or sixty years afterwards, mentions having been taken to school at Warwick and placed under the care of Dr. Lydiat, on the 26th of August, 1752, "*a day very memorable in his recollection;*" but according to Mrs. West's contemporary letters,

[1] These are letters still preserved, cut out in card by Mrs. Delany, and beautifully executed.

[2] Charlotte, eldest daughter of William Capel, 3rd Earl of Essex, by Jane, eldest daughter of Henry Hyde, 4th Earl of Clarendon, became heir to her grandfather. She married the Hon. Thomas Villiers, second son of William, 2nd Earl of Jersey.

the year 1753 was the time when R. L. Edgeworth was sent to Warwick school, and it appears by the above letter, that he was at Wellesbourn, with Mrs. Dewes's sons in December, 1753.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Whitehall, 3rd Dec. 1753.

The fluttering life I have led for a week past, has prevented my reading "Sir Charles Grandison" with that quiet and calm which one wishes to do a book so entertaining. Friday morning was very busy with the Duchess, looking over some new acquisitions of shells, agates, mocoes, and a thousand fine things; consulting how things were to be placed in her new dressing-room, and many more things too numerous for a letter. D.D. and I dined tête-à-tête, the family with Lady Stair;[1] in the afternoon I went and made a visit *there*, and to Lady Wallingford and Dash; many inquiries after my dear sister, and hopes of seeing you this winter. Came home at ten; all the family assembled, and Lord G. to boot. Lord Titchfield is a most beautiful and charming youth, Lord Edward not quite so pretty as he was. I staid there till yesterday morning; D.D. came to read prayers to us, and brought me away; the Duke and Duchess, the young lords and myself dined at my brother's. You know how polite he is in his manner, and his guests were very well pleased; my brother made an excuse to D.D. for not asking him, as his table would hold but six. The Duchess and I went to Mrs. B. Granville's, and staid with her the rest of the

[1] Eleanor, daughter of James, 2nd Earl of Loudoun, and widow of James Viscount Primrose, married secondly John, 2nd Earl of Stair.

evening; we propose returning to Bulstrode to-morrow, where I hope to enjoy a month's repose, *if that can be.* The Duchess says I have cheated her this year most abominably, and instead of two months which I always gave her, she will not have six weeks; it is *very true*, but it is *not my fault;* and I am the greater sufferer. The Duke went, and was very fine; his coat dark mouse-coloured velvet, embroidered with silver; Jenny Glegg's work, and the *finest I ever saw;* the waistcoat Isabella satin, embroidered the same as the coat; there was a great deal of finery. Lady Coventry[1] looked in high beauty, but I heard of no particularities as to dress. Lady Frances Ludlow[2] (Lord Scarborough's daughter) had a sedan-chair in the form of *an Indian house* with horned corners; there were several more. I have a thought about them, which I think will be a great improvement, and that is to have *silver bells* hung to the corners instead of old-fashioned tassels; and on a Birthday, or any public assembly the harmony of the bells will be delightful, and instead of the *drums, routs, and hurricanes,* which give one more an idea of warlike meetings than polite and peaceful societies, *bells, bellisimas,* (and whatever changes on the name the fanciful and witty shall desire) may take place!

I dined to-day tête-à-tête with my brother. He says "it is monstrous" in him not to have answered your letter; but he says, "what with fitting up his new room, going to auctions, squabbling with fine ladies at

[1] Maria Gunning, wife of George William, 6th Earl of Coventry.

[2] "Lady Frances Lumley, daughter of Thomas, 3rd Earl of Scarborough, married, the 16th June, 1753, —— Ludlow, Esq., of a large estate in Ireland."

brag, D.D., Mrs. Delany, Duke and Duchess of Portland, (thus he huddled us all together,) he has had no time to himself since he came to town;" he has given me some very pretty guinea wedges, of which you shall have part.

And now for "Sir Charles," we have talked about the beginning, and agree in our opinion. From the time that Sir Charles rescues Harriet, the story and characters rise, his hero is *as faultless* as mortal hero can be: I *wish* indeed we *could match him*, there is grace and dignity in everything he says and does. No wonder, with the addition of so high an obligation as that of saving her from the vile Sir Hargrave, the sensible, grateful, generous Harriet's heart should be so deeply engaged; how natural are all her doubts and apprehensions! but the sisters are unreasonably teazing, though not unnaturally so, considering the friendship and the great desire they had of her engaging their brother. Emily's innocence and childishness makes an agreeable variety, but she *ought not* to have been in love! She was too young to be won by the shining virtues of her guardian; they should rather have given her an awe for him as for a parent, unless he had not been the man he was, and had courted her love, for he always treats her as a favourite child. Miss Grandison is sometimes diverting, has wit and humour, but considering her heart is meant to be a good one, she too often behaves as if it were stark naught. As to the Italian story, it is one of the finest things I ever read in my life; was ever a superb family better described! What a divine creature, Clementina! What a madness is hers! was ever Xtian fortitude put to a greater trial

considering her religion! And great as Sir Charles is, Clementina has a superiority over him, his distress is touching to the last degree, but everywhere he keeps up his character nobly. I could be more minute in my observations, but that would go beyond the compass of a letter: the *objections I could make* would take up but little room, but were I to enumerate its beauties, it would take up a volume. One thing I cannot be reconciled to, which is Harriet's telling her love to *so many!* her Lucy only should have been the confidante of a passion (since she had not a sister) which at first was so hopeless. The style is better in most places than that of "Clarissa," but *nothing* can ever equal that work. And now I long to hear how you like it as you go on. I know you must be charmed with Sir Charles. What a variety of trials does he pass through! I am so cold I can write no more. D.D. dined with the Bishop of Oxford.[1]

The Duke and Duchess are playing at whisk with their two boys.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Bulstrode, 9th Dec. 1753.

I don't wonder Sir Charles Grandison should engage you so deeply; I long to have you read the fifth volume, which is extremely interesting and entertaining. Such a lover! but I won't run before you; all I can say is, I have made several objections (slight ones indeed) as I have gone on, and now I retract them, for I think

[1] Dr. Thomas Secker, Bishop of Bristol, was translated to the bishopric of Oxford in 1737, and made Archbishop of Canterbury in 1758.

so excellent, so improving a work, is above little criticisms.

I am just come down from *Mrs. Elstob*. She is wrapt up in her young lords and ladies, and I believe has no thoughts of quitting them till they disperse into families of their own; and indeed she is too infirm to undertake any fresh charge now.

I will do with the drawing as Mr. Millar shall direct, but I don't think it is well enough done for an engraver to work after. *Did I leave a sketch with you* that belongs to my book and is unfinished, of Haymakers in Delville Field? The Duchess says you visited Lady Delves in London, I *say not*; tell us who is right? She has promised to give me a recipe for making powder from the eyes of pikes which is very wonderful in its effects.

I wish I could tell you when the concluding volume of Sir Charles Grandison comes out: I suppose you have the small edition by your expecting three more; the *octavo edition* (which is that I have), has but 6 vols.; I wish it had a 7th. Are you come to Mrs. Shirley's letter about the apparition? I don't know where the 4th volume of the small edition ends.

I am very glad Bath agrees with Mr. Lucy, but my brother says he can't be quite well unless he comes to London. Dr. Young is, I believe, in London; I sent my compliments to him by Mr. Richardson, with whom I suppose he is; you say nothing about our Sally and Miss Richardson, do they come to you?

I will ask the Dean, when he comes, about Mr. Peark's poem; I don't remember anything of it. How my letter is interlarded with Sir Charles Grandison! I am sorry you have not been able to see the excellent

Lady Anne Coventry; her good sense and unprejudiced mind will highly relish our friend's work, and so must every wise and good body who will allow themselves to read it.

Monday, 10th.

We shall have a house full to keep Xtmas here—the young Lord *Dupplin*[1] (who is as blithe as a bird out of a cage), and the Bishop of St. Asaph.[2] Lord G. has not been here since my being here; he is in an awkward situation at present, for which he may thank his own folly!

You would be surprised to see the improvement Lady Betty Bentinck has made in her drawing; I think she comes *very near* Ehret; she has copied one of the fishes out of my book most exactly, and it is one that has the most work in it. She is indefatigable, and has such a modest satisfaction when her mama, or any body she wishes to please, likes her work, that it is great pleasure to applaud her.

I *had* a letter last post from Bushe. Miss Monck[3], Harry Monck's sister, is married to Dr. Quin, a very ingenious man, and in great vogue; her fortune I believe £5000. When her brother took his leave of her he said he "could never suffer the son of an apothecary to *sit in the* room with the Duke of Portland's sister:"—she said, "Brother, I am sorry for your pride." I told the Duchess of it, and she laughed and said, "Why, he has visited us and dined with us."

[1] Thomas Lord Dupplin, afterwards 8th Earl of Kinnoul. His wife, Constantia, daughter and heir of John Kyrle Ernle, Esq., died July 14, 1753.

[2] The Honourable Robert Drummond, Prebendary of Westminster, made Bishop of St. Asaph in 1748, and translated to Salisbury in 1761.

[3] Miss Monck, sister of Henry Monck, Esq., married Dr. Quin, M.D.

Pray send me the title-page you copied from Lady Anne Coventry's fine book of printed plants. The enclosed feather is the blue and white Indian pheasant's. I send it for Mary's collection.

The history of Ehret, the painter alluded to by Mrs. Delany in the above letter, will be best given in an extract from a letter of Sir William Hooker's to the Editor, which he was so good as to write on being asked for information. "In Dr. Pulteney's 'Historical and Biographical Sketches of the Progress of Botany in England' (1790), ten pages are devoted to a notice of Ehret. He was the son of the gardener of the Prince of Baden Durlach, and while very young had painted 500 plants with such skill that the celebrated botanist Dr. Trew of Nuremberg, gave him 4000 florins for them. He then went into France, first to Montpellier, then to Paris, where he was employed under Jussieu to paint plants for the Jardin du Plantes; thence for a short time to England; thence to Haarlem, where Clifford became his patron, and where *Linnæus* found him, for whom he made the figures in the Hortus Cliffordianus in 1737. He returned to England in 1740, and there spent the remainder of his days, very much under the patronage of Dr. Mead, Sir Hans Sloane, Dr. Fothergill, and the Duchess of Portland, who possessed 300 paintings of exotic plants executed by him, and 500 English ones, all done on vellum and highly finished. He visited much at the seat of Ralph Willett, Esq., of Merley in Dorsetshire, for whose library he made 230 finished drawings on vellum, besides 70 on paper, and more than 500 in an unfinished state. Dr. Trew likewise engaged him while in England to paint for him 300 drawings for his great botanical work, 'Trew and Ehret's Plantii Selectii,' 'the whole executed in so splendid a manner as to constitute at this day one of the finest ornaments of the Botanical Library.' Such was Dr. Pulteney's opinion; but these engravings are very inferior to the paintings which I had the gratification of seeing at Llanover.

"I am not a little pleased to find that my copy of this fine work

is the identical one that was the Duchess of Portland's. Ehret died in the year 1770, in the 60th year of his age, and is buried at Chelsea. The 'Bibliotheca Banksiana' shows that Sir Joseph Banks's library possesses a volume of 65 coloured drawings by Ehret, purchased at the sale of Sir Robert More. This library is now in the British Museum."

The paintings here mentioned by Sir William Hooker are a few specimens by Ehret which belonged to Mrs. Delany, done on vellum, from rare plants at Bulstrode, and it is impossible to describe the perfection of the drawing, colouring, and individual texture given to the leaves and flowers of each plant. Amongst them is one by Lady Elizabeth Bentinck, copied from Ehret.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Bulstrode, 14th Dec., 1753.

The Dean came here yesterday with the Duke of Portland. Mr. Sharp is reckoned not only a very clever lawyer, but a very honest man; and if his opinion takes place, not only the malice of our enemies will be defeated, but D.D's innocence and worth manifested to the world. I shall write to-night to have a house taken somewhere near St. James's Chapel and the Park.

Lady Tweeddale says you have been a great while in her debt. Dash is still gentle and sweet, but years impair her rosy hue! I want to give you a page or two on Sir Charles Grandison, but forbear till you have gone farther; let me know at what letter your volume ends. Pray put my five guineas into Mrs. W.'s purse, and if —— should be with you, I should be much obliged to Mr. Dewes if it be convenient to him to pay her ten pounds from me, which with the five guineas to Mrs. W. I will repay in London, or where he pleases.

Would you believe it: our little Mary's speech to Lord F. gave offence, and he thought she was tutored by me to say it, (Oh the vanity and caprice of an old bachelor!) and poor Bab was the person in view on whose account it was thought to have been said!

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Bulstrode, 21st Dec., 1753.

You asked me what I thought of "Sir Charles Grandison" consenting to have his daughters bred papists? Why I think it the only blot in Sir Charles's character. Had a woman written the story, she would have thought the *daughters of as much consequence as the sons*, and when I see Mr. Richardson I shall call him to an account for that *faux-pas*; but on the whole it is a most excellent book, calculated to please and improve all ages. What a venerable, amiable creature is old Mrs. Shirley! How delicately does Sir Charles behave towards her! Surely you have got the 4th and 5th volume? I dare not say a word about them till I know. I think there is a fault in making Emily in love so young, unless he means to show young women how they may by *resolution* and proper endeavours *get the better of any passion.*

I have sent to Mrs. Cook, my milliner, to get me a house, but have heard of none yet; I hope next week to hear of one; you revive my heart by giving a hint of coming to London. The present moment is all we can depend upon; happy if we could pass it in such a manner as to secure a lasting happiness for futurity! However, whilst we are confined to this globe we must

give some attention to terrestrial affairs, and our discharging all our duties in their several orders will be part of our title to a better place. I have just finished a troublesome job: the lustre I made for the Duchess of Portland was fallen almost all to pieces, occasioned by the wood not being sufficiently seasoned, but this day I finished repairing it. The Duchess has turned me an amber vase on a jet foot, excessive elegant and pretty.

Lady Betty Bentinck has begun to copy Mrs. Hamilton's roses,[1] and I believe will do them very well. How does your shellwork hold? Have you begun the shade for your toilette? If not, I believe you must do it to wash, for the catgut in time grows very limp, and the silk fuses. I should think a border the same as that of our great grandmother's netting, and the middle part worked plain in the common way on the very coarse catgut, would be best.[2] What a sad account of Mr. Osborn![3] I suppose you have heard of his death. He married a sister of Lord Halifax's, who died seven or eight years ago. This gentleman, by the interest (and greatly at the persuasion) of Lord Hali-

[1] These roses painted on vellum, with butterflies, are in the possession of the Editor.

[2] The work here alluded to, the Editor believes was invented by Mrs. Delany; the groundwork is like cat gut (in squares) upon which are worked (by the eye) beautiful and intricate designs in white thread, (like lace work,) in all sorts of stitches. When finished it was put on coloured silk for toilet tables. She said she took out this sort of work to do "between the coolings of her tea."

[3] Mary, third-daughter of George Montague, 1st Earl of Halifax, married in 1740, Sir Danvers Osborne, who succeeded his grandfather in the Baronetcy, 28th April, 1720. He was appointed Governor of New-York, and died a few days after his arrival in that province.

fax,[1] went abroad as governor to some of the plantations; his mother miserable to part with him. In the voyage he was dejected and melancholy, and told a gentleman who bore him company that he wished he had not undertaken the charge; he feared he should not acquit himself to the satisfaction of his friends. On his arrival at his government he grew more gloomy; every thing went wrong, or seemed so to him. He was ill and feverish, and one day that company dined with him he went into the garden, and hanged himself with his pocket-handkerchief; upon his being missed some of the company went into the garden, and found him quite dead. He left a Latin sentence in his desk to this purpose: *that when God Almighty intends the destruction of any of his creatures, he permits them to be mad.* Poor Lord Halifax is extreamly to be pitied, and they say is most prodigiously affected by this unhappy affair; and what can be said to the miserable mother? Now I have written this long, dismal story I wish I could add something sprightly to make amends.

The Bishop of St. Asaph is here, he goes away to-morrow. I forgot to send you a recipe for the head-ache, which the Duchess of Portland charged me to do some time ago, which is to eat every morning as soon as you wake a bit of stale bread about the size of a walnut: she was assured (by a person who had tried it) of its being effectual; and now I recollect another commission she gave me a fortnight ago, which was to beg you would get her an ounce of the fine Coventry

[1] George Montague, 2nd Earl of Halifax, brother of Lady Mary Osborne.

blue thread. I sent your letter to Mr. Chapon, and desired him to send you seven pieces of the print borders when he sent Sir C. Grandison. I have written to-day to congratulate the Vineys on their good fortune; my brother writes me word they have got a quarter of £5000 in the Irish lottery. I hope he has not put an 0 too much?

We are all in disorder at present. The Duchess's dressing-room all unfurnished to have a *papièr-machée* ceiling put up; but we hope it will be finished to-morrow, and then we shall be very busy in setting it in order again. Mrs. Wilmot is returned to Lady Ann Coventry: I am afraid the death of Mr. Osborne will be a concern to her. Mrs. Elstob begs her very particular compliments. She is very well and much concerned that she has not yet been able to get her dormouse.[1]

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Bulstrode, Dec. 28th, 1753.

No account of any re-hearing yet; public feuds run so high in Dublin at this time that private disputes are at a stand, except those that are raised by the public ones. I thank God, on many accounts, that we are in England this year, for Dublin is in an uproar. My house is not taken yet, but I cannot fail of getting one.

D.D. says Court is *too much* tasked, and so says Mrs. Elstob. Lord Tichfield says they never have anything

[1] This was evidently an article of dress, and sometimes spelt "dorm*euse*," but the Editor has been unable to ascertain whether it was a night-cap or a hood.

to get by heart at breaking up times, but I hope, on your speaking to Mr. Lidiate, everything will be settled to your mind.

The lady named for the *Peer* is the same coquette widow you mention: don't you think after all his wise consideration he makes an excellent choice if it be true, but I fancy it is only conjecture. Mrs. Cook, the milliner, lives in St. Alban Street, near Pall Mall.

We were yesterday at Windsor to see Babess. Mrs. Royce better, Master Foley with his aunt for the holidays: he learns, they say, very well, is tall of his age, but I don't think him a pretty boy. I told the Duchess your thoughts about Dup.; she thinks it would do well, but if *he* does not what signifies it? I shall not meddle with Boadicea;[1] I will avoid tragedies as much as possible. I am impatient to know your opinion of the 4th and 5th volume of Sir C. Grandison, and could almost envy you the pleasure you have *to come*. The young ladies here have read it, and are charmed with it; I have had a great deal of pleasure in hearing their sensible and natural remarks. They have said nothing yet to the Duchess about it, and I don't know but reading it a little by stealth may make them more eager and more attentive; at least one knows their real opinion of it better than if it had been read aloud among us all.

You should wear a week's mourning (grey or white) for Lord Gower.[2] You should have done the same for

[1] Boadicea, a tragedy, by Mr. Richard Glover, author of Leonidas, an epic poem, and other works.

[2] Burke states that John, 1st Earl Gower, died December 25, 1754, and that his son the Hon. R. Leveson Gower died October 19th, 1753. Sir E. Brydges' says the same.

Lord Clarendon.[1] Lady Charlote Villiers is now Lady Charlotte Hyde, and her children are to take the name of Hyde. I have not been able for a fortnight past to send you any of the Duchess's fine seals, for her dressing room is pulled to pieces, filled with scaffolds, and the ceiling ornamenting with papier-machée, and all the seals are in the great table, which cannot be got at till I write next. I was most heartily rejoiced at Miss Viney's good luck, and have written my congratulations.

How came it to pass that Sir Harry Parker,[2] of Stratford, should get £1500 a-year by the death of Lord Clarendon? Keep the sketch and needles till we meet, which I hope will be early in the new year. I have taught Lady Harriet *petit metier*, with which she is much delighted. The Duchess is at present very happy in the company of Captain Maccnamara, Capt. of an East Indiaman, the Rhoda: he brought her fine corals, and is to bring her fine shells; the man seems to have no great judgment about them, and it would divert you to hear the Duchess and I tutoring him on the subject, and coaxing him to bring us the treasures of the deep.

I have drawn the picture of the fine bull, and will as soon as I have leisure send you a copy of it. I

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[1] Henry, the last Earl of *that family*, who died 10th December, 1753. His only son, Lord Hyde, died the previous May. Henry Earl of Clarendon was the grandson of the Lord Chancellor Clarendon: on his death the titles became extinct, but were revived by the creation of the Honourable Thos. Villiers, 2nd son of William Earl of Jersey, the *husband* of his granddaughter, Lady Charlotte Villiers, as Baron Hyde in 1756, and Earl of Clarendon, 1776.

[2] Sir Henry John Parker was the grandson of Sir Henry Parker, 2nd Baronet, who married Margaret, daughter of Alexander Hyde, Bishop of Salisbury, son of Sir Lawrence Hyde, of Hinton, county Wilts. He was consequently a distant relation of Henry Hyde, Earl of Clarendon.

will also remember a list of birds and beasts. Is not the odd plant in the corner of your garden the ladies slipper? if it is, 'tis a *rare plant*, and the Duchess begs you will, when the season comes, make layers of it, and if they take shall be much obliged to you for a plant. When you meet you will have an infinite deal of learned jargon about plants together.

CHAPTER XIII.

IRELAND AND ENGLAND.

JANUARY 1754 TO FEBRUARY 22, 1755.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Bulstrode, 14th January, 1754.

I must date one letter more to my dearest sister from this beloved place, which this day we are to leave; and next to leaving Welsbourn it is the parting that gives me the severest pang. Don't imagine that the pleasing view of having your company made us take a lodging of a higher price; upon my word it did not: we absolutely could get no other, luckily it is very roomy, and not the worse for being near Whitehall, and we may go to St. Martin's church, and hear Kellaway every Sunday. I am afraid our friends and allies the Hibernians will be so far from flinging off their English yoke, that they will bring on themselves a much heavier: I am glad I am out of their way at this turbulent season.

Thus far was written yesterday morning. We left Bulstrode at half an hour after eleven, and were set down in Suffolk Street (at Mrs. Begnal's at the Blue Lamps) at three. D.D. very well. We came six in the coach, 7 nosegays of oranges and myrtle branches, a

basket, a leathern satchel of books, and *as much straw* as would litter a horse! The Duchess sent Lady Harriet and Lady Margaret to town on Saturday, because she would keep me to the last moment; the Duchess of Portland came here at 7, and she and my brother staid till past nine.

We have got into a *strange house*, room enough for three families; you will fancy yourself in an old inn! Come and sparkle here as soon as you can, to enliven the dark mansion; when you are in it I shall think it an old castle, which is what you and I like.

I am very sorry for poor Lady Throck.[1] To-morrow D.D. goes to Sir D. R. with some of his papers. The rehearing will not be at soonest till the 23rd. Poor Mr. Conolly[2] is a great loss to Ireland; and we have lost Mr. Parker, the ingenious curate of Glassnevin; the poor will have cause indeed to lament him.

Shall I speak to Mr. Serise the dancing master, to secure him for Mary?

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Suffolk Street, 21st Jan. 1754.

The Dean says he will not suffer a delay in your coming, the sooner the greater the obligation; and to hurry you still more, I assure you, though the last volume of "Sir C. Grandison" should come out *next week* you *shall not have it till you come.* Clementina is indeed a most divine creature; she is too refined for a wife

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[1] Catherine, daughter of George Collingwood, Esq., and second wife of Sir Robert Throckmorton, 4th Baronet of Coughton, Warwick.

[2] The Right Hon. William Conolly, died January 3, 1754.

to anything less meritorious than Sir C. G., and *his* she must *not* be! I hope we shall very soon talk it over, as I have not time to enter farther into the bewitching subject. I am vastly glad of all your *little hops*. Less than two months of Mr. Serise will signify nothing; that may lay a good foundation.

Thursday, my brother dined with us. In the evening came Mrs. Southwell, Mrs. and Miss Talbot,[1] Mrs. Montagu (Hanover Square), and Duchess of Portland.

Sunday, went to St. Martin's church, Kellaway played. I am just starting to meet Mr. Granville at a fine sale of pictures, and am afterwards to go with the Dean to Mrs. Cavendish to see her fine things—a treat I shall procure for you when you come.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Suffolk Street, 29th Jan. 1754.

On Saturday the Dean was perfectly well, only complained of a weakness and watering in his left eye. We dined at home, and Doctor Courayer[2] with us, and in the afternoon I went to Mrs. Donnellan. On my return the Dean was just as I had left him, and in the morning went to St. James's early prayers; when I

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[1] Mrs. Talbot and Miss Talbot, widow and daughter of Edward Talbot, second son of Dr. Talbot, Bishop of Durham. Miss Talbot was the author of Essays and Reflections and Poems, and the correspondent of the celebrated Elizabeth Carter, the translator of Epictetus.

[2] Dr. Peter Francis Le Courayer, a Norman ecclesiastic, born in 1681, died 1776. Being formally censured by an assembly of French cardinals and archbishops for his writings in defence of the ordinances of the Church of England, he quitted France and was well received in England, and had the degree of LL.D. conferred upon him by the University of Oxford.

met him at breakfast, his left eyelid was much fallen, and his mouth drawn a little awry. I immediately apprehended what it was, but as *he did not perceive it himself* I was loath to take notice of it, and as he had promised to read prayers to Mrs. Donnellan I sent to Dr. Heberden,[1] (her physician,) to meet us *there*. The Dean read prayers very well, but his voice not quite so clear, which he took notice of it himself; and on looking in the glass saw what indeed had terrified me to such a degree that I hardly knew what I did. I thank God no bad symptom has increased; he was cupped on Sunday night, and had a perpetual blister laid on, and takes valerian and other mixtures. it is undoubtedly an attack of the palsy, but everybody assures me it was *as slight* as such an attack can be, and that by such early care I need not doubt his recovering. The Duchess of Portland, my brother, and Miss Granville come to me twice a-day; the Duchess wishes for you in town, but much as I wish it, don't hurry a moment sooner than is convenient. I really think the Dean better to-night.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Suffolk Street, 31st Jan. 1754.

I know my letter last post has given my dearest sister much disquiet. My dear D.D. is no worse; I cannot

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[1] William Heberden, M.D. of the University of Cambridge, was born in London, in 1710, and practised there for many years as one of the most eminent physicians of his time. He lived to the age of 91, and died at Windsor, May 17, 1801, leaving behind a high reputation for professional skill, general learning, and Christian excellence. To him, Cowper the poet addressed the sonnet, which begins, "Virtuous and skilful Heberden," &c.

say he is better. The doctor to-day, on his complaining of a pain behind his ear, has ordered him a blister in that place also; he continues nervous draughts and hiera picra, but his mouth continues in the same way, and so does his eye; and it is impossible to see that alteration without a *terror* of what may happen. God Almighty grant that whatever may be the event, I may submit to his blessed will!

The Duchess of Portland and my brother have been with me every day, and the greatest part of the day I see nobody but them, Miss Granville, and Mrs. Montagu. D.D. is absolutely forbid all study or talking of business; Mr. Dewes when he can come will be of infinite service to us, as I am sure he will be so good as to talk to our lawyers. But *these* matters are *now* as *nothing to me!* my whole mind is set on the care of his health—I can think of nothing else.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Suffolk Street, 2nd February, 1754.

We have dined on the best hare that ever was tasted. D.D. is now allowed to eat as heartily as he pleases of one thing, and his appetite, I think, is better than before his attack.

I called on the Duchess of Portland for half an hour. You see by this, my dear sister, that I am better than could have been expected, considering what my shock has been.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Suffolk Street, 5th Feb. 1754.

The Dean, I thank God, is not worse, but I cannot say he is better; last night he put on his fourth blister: he is extremely patient. God send you safe whenever you come! Wrap yourself very warm, and the dear Mary.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

19th Feb. 1754.

If this meets you to-morrow, my dearest sister, on the road, my brother desires you will come to him in Holles Street, where you will find him at any time between three and seven. If you are set down at my brother's, send me word if you dine there, and my chair shall come for you and Mary, your maids and baggage may come in a hack: I would meet you if I knew exactly the time: My heart beats with joy at the thoughts of seeing you. God send you safe and well.

In Mr. Granville's writing.

"If you will dine with me in Holles Street my sister Delany will meet you there, which I think you had better do."

It appears that Mr. and Mrs. Dewes remained three months with Mrs. Delany during this time of anxiety, and on their departure the Correspondence recommences.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Suffolk Street, 9 May, 1754.

Though I hope to follow my dearest friends soon I could not part with them without the utmost reluctance. My dear and most amiable sister came to me when my heart was full of woe and gave me consolation. Many things happened whilst you were here to alarm and distress you, and is it not plain that the obligation is all on our side. I thank God the scene is now changed for a more cheerful and hopeful one, and I trust we shall soon meet again: what pleasant or unpleasant circumstances may follow I can't yet say. Mr. Hammersley has promised to send us Wilbraham's opinion to-day. If there is a probability of an appeal we shall hardly leave England this year, but I will *endeavour* to enjoy the *present*, and since it was convenient for you to go before us, I will make all the haste after you I can. I shall long to know how you performed your journey, and how my dear child does; the house is dismally quiet without her.

I know you will not be satisfied without knowing how I spent my day. I got up at seven, found the dear note, and in our most solemn moments remembered our dear friends with the utmost thankfulness for the inestimable blessing of *such* friends. At breakfast came Mr. Lambert for his two hundred pounds as part of payment for our house in Spring-Garden which he was paid—(William witness.) Settled about several matters relating to that house. I then set down to copy Mrs. Cavendish's head, drew it out and dead-coloured the

face and hair: the sun drove me out of the dining-room at one, and I carried my work into the bed-chamber; much taken up with my employment, when in walks the Dean and my Lord Foley, who came to wait upon Mr. Dewes. I painted on, and his lordship looked on for about half an hour.

Sir Velters Cornwall is not dead: it seems report has a spite to him and kills him once a year. At four the dear Duchess and her three daughters came to dinner. We were none of us in spirits; she had toiled all the morning at Dover Street house on business of Lady Oxford's: they desired their most kind compliments to you. At six Mr. Granville came and drank tea with us. As soon as that was over I went with the Duchess to Mr. Deard's[1] in Pall Mall, to see a curious collection of shells. There were ten small drawers full—the number of shells inconsiderable; not to be called a collection, as many sorts were wanted, but the shells were perfect of their kind, and some rare sorts—and so they had need for the price set on them is three hundred pounds! Saw our *belle amie*, and all the account I could get of Mrs. Lane's ball was that the crowd was so great there was no dancing with any pleasure; a magnificent cold supper that nobody could get at, that is to say, that many people could not get at; so that it was a tantalizing sort of entertainment to those who love dancing or eating. Miss Sutton had two partners: the first she did not like and bestowed him on a friend; the other I suppose she liked better, for she danced (or at least stayed), till near 5 o'clock, which

[1] Deard, the jeweller, lived in Pall Mall, and died in 1761. "Deard's *deluding toys*," are spoken of by Garrick and by Horace Walpole.

she says "half killed her;" but yesterday she looked very well again. I sent my chairman with your notes.

The Duchess goes to morrow to Kent to Mrs. Lambart and does not return till Saturday night. I hope we shall quit this place the week after next. My best respects to the charming Lady Anne Coventry: one of my great pleasures in visiting Warwickshire will be the pleasure of once more paying my *devoirs* to her.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Suffolk Street, 16th May, 1754.

In the morning Miss Mulso and Miss Prescot breakfasted with me; after that I went to the City with the Duchess of Portland. Mr. Granville dined here; after dinner made a visit to the bride-folks in Hanover Square, and finished the day with a visit in Bloomsbury. D.D. gave Miss Mulso a ticket for the "Messiah," and I took her with me—my brother called for us both; the music was *too fine*, I never heard it so well performed. The chapel is fine, and the sight of so many poor children brought up (I hope to good purpose), was a pleasant sight.[1] Miss Sutton and Miss Granville drank tea with me. I was to have gone this day to Hertford, but Mrs. Shipley is ill, and the Dean would not let me go alone. He has had leave in the most gracious manner from the Princess of Wales to dedicate his sermons to her.[2]

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[1] On the 2nd of May, 1753, the Messiah was performed in the chapel of the Foundling Hospital, under the direction of Handel, then blind, who played a voluntary on the organ.

[2] Sixteen Discourses upon Doctrines and Duties, more particularly Christian, and against the reigning Vanities of the Age. By Dr. Delany.

The Duchess of Portland has had a letter from Welbeck that has fluttered her a good deal, and though she has no reason to think Lady Oxford[1] in any immediate danger, she thinks she must go to her, but waits for another letter in answer to one the Duke has written for leave to wait on her. She cannot under this uncertainty go to Bulstrode, and believes she shall set out for Nottinghamshire next Monday or Tuesday. It would be unkind in me to leave her in the distrest way she is in, so I suppose we shall hardly go till Tuesday se'night, next post you shall know more certainly.

We have not yet got an answer about the bit of ground; D.D. wants to settle that before he leaves London.

The Dean and Mrs. Delany having paid a visit to Wellsbourne on their way to Ireland, she resumes her record of events at Birmingham in less than a month after the date of this letter.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Birmingham, 9 June, 1754.

We arrived here yesterday, I thank God very safely; but between Stratford and Welsbourn were forced twice to get out of the coach, not from the badness of the roads, but the ignorance of our postilion, who had never undertaken that post, and was no way qualified for it. I charged Stephen to say nothing to you about it, but I know *men* are blabs and therefore tell you my own story; at Stratford we tried to get a postilion—none to be had; Jack undertook the office, and has per-

[1] The Countess of Oxford, mother of the Duchess of Portland.

formed to admiration—the coachman says he does not desire to have a better. So now we have nothing upon our thoughts, but the melancholy reflection of having left such dear and kind friends behind us: we dined at Henley, our god-daughter[1] is a special traveller, and is as watchful and observant over us as if we were her parents. She says she never was so well on the road, and has had nothing of the headache; we did not get to Birmingham till half an hour after eight, and had no time nor daylight to view the riches and beauties of the place. After sleeping very well in very good beds, we met at nine at breakfast, and before it was over Mr. Douce came to us. D.D. went with him to his church, and Sally and I went to the new church, which is so light and glaring 'tis *intolerable.* Mr. Douce dined with us; he has carried off Sally to his church this afternoon: D.D. is taking a nap; I persuaded him not to go to church this afternoon. In the evening we propose taking a walk as far as the Vauxhall of this place and drinking tea there, and to-morrow setting out for Newport, where we shall lie. The roads mend as we go on, but they were bad to this place *notwithstanding the turnpike.*

I am afraid my brother leaves you to-morrow. I am glad this proves so fine a day that he may see Walton to advantage. My love and blessing to the dear children! I hope you will indulge them *often* with a ball. I see them dancing before my eyes, and as long as the delusion lasts I am happy.

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[1] Sarah Chapone *the younger*, the god-daughter of Mary and Ann Granville, and whom the Dean and Mrs. Delany first took to Ireland with them on this occasion.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Chester, Wednesday morning, 9 o'clock,
12 June, 1754.

I thank God we arrived safely here last night at ten o'clock. On Sunday afternoon I told you Sally went with Mr. Douce to the old church: he took her to his house, changed his dress, and brought her back in a chaise, set her down, and took D.D. in her stead. She and I walked to *their Vauxhall*, the gentlemen followed, overtook, and came back to meet us; we walked in the gardens, which are really pretty; sate down in one of the boxes, drank tea and coffee (very good), and came home to our inn before nine. We dined on Monday at the Four Crosses, and got to Newport by eight to a very quiet comfortable inn. Sally said she believed we should next day pass by Mr. Sandford's:[1] she had "heard him say the Chester road was close to his gates." I said immediately, "Why should we not breakfast there?" No objection being made, we enquired whereabouts it was, and found it was within five miles of Whitchurch, where we were to dine. We stopped five miles short of it yesterday morning to refresh the horses, and sent William with a billet from Sally to Miss Sandford to tell her we were upon the road, and if convenient would breakfast with her. Mr. Sandford immediately mounted William's horse *without* boot or *spur* (except in his *heart*), and met us before I thought William could possibly be there; he seemed delighted to see us, and was extremely polite and obliging; *it was*

[1] Daniel Sandford, only son of Thomas Sandford, of Sandford, in Shropshire, Esq.

very plain to whom it was chiefly owing! Miss Sandford was also very obliging, though not so agreeable in her manners as her brother. The father, most fortunately, was at Scarborough; they pressed us much to dine and stay all night, but that we could not do, so the young gentleman made us take with us the finest carp and tench that ever I saw, and accompanied us to Whitchurch. D.D. is charmed with him, and has invited him to Delville, which he seemed very well pleased with; we parted after dinner. Our horses proved miserable, and with much labour dragged us along; D.D. is at this moment, I believe, reproving Mr. Gavan for his ill-treatment. The coach waits to carry us to Park Gate.

The yacht has been kept by contrary winds, which still continue, and hitherto is lucky for us; for the state cabin is free, and we shall, I hope, secure it immediately, and that my next letter will salute my dearest sister from my own sweet Delville. "The Rambler" and "Adventurer" entertain us by turns—we give the preference to the "Adventurer."

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Park Gate, 14th June, 1754.

We have good reason to think we shall sail this evening; the wind is turning about and is very temperate and pleasant, and we have secured our passage in the yacht. She is a charming clean new ship, and reckoned the best sailer on the coast. The Dean went on board her yesterday to fix the best accommodations he could, and had we not come to Park Gate as we did, we should not have found room. People come every

day, and the place is crowded. Sally *is amazed* at the sea, but not at all frightened. Yesterday morning we walked to a neighbouring village called Nessan, to visit the minister, Mr. Mapletop, his wife and daughters. In the afternoon Lord Granard[1] made us a visit; and there is a Mrs. Gordon who is in this house, who supped with us, a good-humoured woman who gave us fish and other things. She has had a frightful accident; some days ago was bit by a mad dog, and though it did not fetch blood it razed the skin enough to give a shocking alarm; she immediately went to a Mr. Hill, who lives near Liverpool, and has an infallible remedy which all this neighbourhood say has really never failed—it is a dark powder, which he gives in a glass of wine-and-water, which they take, nor do anything besides; she has great faith in it and seems perfectly satisfied, which is happy for her.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 15th June, 1754,
12 o'clock.

I bless God we are safe at home! We went on board the yacht yesterday at 6, sailed half an hour after, and in thirteen hours after were at anchor in the Bay of Dublin—a surprisingly quick passage, but a very rough. All on board excessively sick, and the "*brown maid*"[2] more than anybody. D.D. pure well, and now my giddy head will allow me to say no more.

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[1] George, 4th Earl of Granard. [2] Miss Chapone.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 18th June, 1754.

I am glad you did not come over with me; I never had so rough and so disagreable a passage: thank God it *was short*, and we are all very well after it. I think D.D. much better than he has been yet, and the sweetness and business of his garden has cheered him extremely. Our god-daughter is pretty well, still in a whirl and *an amaze*; she is writing to Kitty. I have introduced her already to most of my intimates, went yesterday morning to Mrs. H. and Mrs. Forth, of Finglass, dined at Mrs. Forde's, drank tea at Mrs. Hamilton's in Anne Street, and there met Mrs. C., who has quite disgusted me with her indifference about her sister.

The Dean has fixed his time for the North, to the 2nd of July, to come back in August. Nothing yet done in our affairs. The Tennisons don't think now of offering a compromise, but it is more their interest than ours, so we are very easy about it.

Yours, M. D.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 22 June, 1754.

I did not tell you how well I like Sandford: it is capable of being made a charming place, fine wood and water, and pleasant prospects. The young gentleman is *still more* to be liked, and his *respectful, tender* behaviour to our Sally is very remarkable, and yet I believe

he does not design it should be so, *her's* towards him was quite easy and proper.

Mrs. H. Hamilton's eldest son,[1] the widower that was when I left Ireland, *stole another wedding*, but I don't see any reason he had to keep it a secret; the lady may be a very good fortune, and is without it very desirable; she was brought to bed of a daughter last Tuesday. Our gardens are in high order and beauty: I have just agreed with a skilful gardener to take the care of all my fruits and flowers, without having anything to do with any other part of the garden, so I hope Flora and Pomona will both flourish. I have got a cook, housemaid, coachman and postilion to drive with four horses, and we talk of setting out next Tuesday se'night, but I believe our coach will hardly be ready to go so soon, but D.D. is impatient, though in the midst of his haymaking, to be on the spot where he thinks his duty most calls him. Politics, thank God! subside, and the present conversation runs on a book just published, the author unknown: "Observations on Lord Orrery's Life of Swift."[2] I hear it very much commended, and D.D. has been applied to, to know how he likes it, and if the facts are true, which *you* may imagine has given *us some sport*. I am glad to find it so well received; it is you remember never to be owned. Everybody thinks his Lordship is very gently treated.

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[1] Gustavus, eldest son of the Honourable Henry Hamilton, married, first, Letitia, eldest daughter of Edward Bolton, of Brazeel, Esq., and secondly, Alicia, daughter of Col. Paterson.

[2] Dr. Delany wrote "Observations on Lord Orrery's Remarks on the Life and Writings of Jonathan Swift."

The Tennisons have now no intention to compromise, and this must infallibly *oblige us* to go to England again before winter.

From Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Lucan, 28 June, 1754.

You see by the date of my letter I am lodged in a pleasant place. I am not surprised Miss Sutton should appear well pleased with everything she meets with at Welsbourn, and I am sure it is not only appearance, for her good sense will be gratified by the conversation she will meet with there, and the pleasure her company must give. I am no less happy with *my brown maid*,[1] who likes the new scenes she is engaged in; nothing can give more pleasure than to see those obliged whom one wishes to oblige. I am surprised at Mr. R., and don't wonder the poor low-spirited girl[2] should be uneasy; but I suppose he *likes her present situation* (if with you), and knows the advantage of it. I almost heartily wish Mr. S[d][3] in circumstances to declare the sentiments of his heart, which yet he has not done; but it is very plain what they are. I have had some conversation with my young friend on the subject: she is as innocent as *Emily*, and as sensible, delicate, and generous as *Harriet*.

Surely the Mordaunts will pay Miss Sutton the civilities to which she has so good a right on her own account, as well as being in your house. Monday we staid at home all day, it was fine, and we enjoyed the garden

[1] Miss Chapone was called "the brown maid," or "the nutbrown maid."

[2] Probably Miss Richardson, daughter of Mr. Richardson, the author of 'Clarissa."

[3] Mr. Sandford.

and haymaking. Tuesday we called in the morning on Mrs. Hamilton in Anne Street; had the pleasure of hearing that her son, Mr. Sackville Hamilton,[1] has got an additional salary of fifty pounds a year for his extraordinary merit. We went afterwards to see the University library, and appointed Dr. Barber to meet us there and dined with him, Mr. Adderley of our party. Wednesday, walked about Lucan. Yesterday morning went to St. Catherine's (Dr. Sam. Cook's), to Castleton (Mr. Conolly's), and dined at Mr. Marley's at Selbridge; all these places on the river Liffey. Sally is fallen desperately in love with that river, but how she will be able to deal with such a whimsical lover I can't tell: sometimes so impetuous, sometimes so smooth and gentle, insinuating and inviting; then (when you least expect it) roaring and foaming with rage: sometimes he leads her a plain, easy, flowery way, then scampers over rocks, tumbles down mountains, and shoots through subteraneous passages. What do you imagine her gentleness will be able to do with so *changeable a lover?* She *sees* all this, and yet admires him *more and more!* Mrs. Marley's only child and darling is grown a fine girl.

I have formerly given you an account of most of the places I have mentioned, except St. Catherine's, which is downright ugly, enclosed in high walls and terraces, supported by walls one above another, as formal as a bad taste could make it, and yet it is capable of being one of the finest places I ever saw; from the house to a chapel there was a fine gothic gallery with

[1] The Right Hon. Sackville Hamilton, third son of the Hon. Henry Hamilton, was afterwards Secretary of State for Ireland.

bow windows, which the present owner *pulled down*, and has put up a palisade in the stead of it. 'Tis provoking to see such beauties *thrown away upon Vandals.* From St. Catherine's we went to Castleton, and saw a huge house, now *empty and forlorn*, that used to be crowded with guests of all sorts when last I saw it. Selbridge is greatly improved; but as it is only *nature* humoured and adorned, it is not so easily described as a place composed by rule and art. On our return home we called at St. Woolston's, another place on the banks of the river Liffey, purchased by the Bishop of Clogher, and a fine bold situation. The only improvement yet made is a sea-horse (*a very ugly monster*) who watches a cascade; and a river-god who pretends to preside over a gushing brook, but in reality has retired to a ditch for a different purpose.

Yesterday I went in the postchaise in the afternoon to see Mrs. Stone at Leixship; to-day we return home. D.D. was attacked by Lord Chief Justice Marlay, as being author of the Observations on Lord Orrery; it is much talked of, and we are often applied to for the truth of the facts. This is Saturday morning; Mrs. Hamilton expected to breakfast. Not a word has passed of the lampoon at Cheltenham, and V. is so civil and polite in his own house, I can't find in my heart to tax him with it.

From Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 6 July, 1754.

The Mrs. Gordon at Park Gate was the same civil lady I used to meet with at Chester; I hope and believe

the dog that bit her was not mad. I don't wonder you should be delighted with your agreeable companion; I knew it must be so, she *is qualified* in a very peculiar manner to make a most desirable companion: happy the person that could engage her for life, but I *don't know* the man that deserves her. The Dean is quite pleased and happy that you like his seat at the Oak, and is well rewarded for the little trouble it gave him, to be so kindly remembered, he hopes to finish his work next spring, for our journey to England will be so late, and our engagements besides to Calwich will carry us beyond the time of out-of-door's work: I *must* contrive, if I can, to make a visit to Stoke, and we must be in London for some time to furnish our house against winter.

You have heard, I suppose, that Lord Dartmouth[1] is certainly to be married to Miss Nichols, with above an hundred thousand pounds. She is pretty, and they say has been well brought up and is good humoured; but I would have had *my Sir C. Grandison* have a Harriet Byron, and I cannot have a high opinion of this young lady's understanding if she had any inclination for Lord Pultney,[2] but I hope she had not. She should be a spotless lily for so sweet a man, and if she is, her good fortune into the bargain will be very convenient, as his estate is small. What says Mr. Talbot?

This morning we had an account of Mrs. Townley's death; she died last Wednesday was se'night at the Bath, and by her death a rent-charge jointure of £600

[1] William Legge, 2nd Earl of Dartmouth, married, in 1755, Frances Catherine, only child and heir of Sir Charles Gunter Nicholl, K.B.

[2] William Viscount Pulteney, only son of William Earl of Bath. He died unmarried in his father's life-time, 1763.

a-year falls in to the Dean. The poor woman has been in a miserable way for many years, but I did not think in danger of dying, as her disorders were called hysterics. I believe the Townley's will mourn in good earnest for their cousin, as this will enable D.D. to withstand everything without suffering any very great inconvenience.

I am very glad to hear Lady Anne Coventry is better; I most sincerely wish her recovery, and D.D. not only wishes it but prays for it, though she is so angelical that this earthy habitation hardly seems to be her element. I had a letter from Mrs. D. from Hampstead, in very good spirits (not a word of the beloved friend, Mrs. M.); she mentions having tried to get a lodging in vain at Wimbledon, and of going to Calwich as soon as she is able to undertake such a journey. Why should Mrs. Scot's being with her sister prevent Mrs. D. being there? I have not yet got shells large enough for the festoons, and fear it will be in vain to make them here, but I will send a barrel of shells to Sir Charles Mordaunt's, and hope to give myself the pleasure of making it there. Should I do it here there would not be time enough for the putty to dry, and the shells would be all jumbled together before they reached Walton. I will do my best, and shall be very glad of an opportunity of obliging Sir Charles Mordaunt; my compliments to his house. I want to know how Miss Sutton likes Charlcot. If the master of it is not charmed with her, he must be a "*deaf adder*" indeed! and if he is I shall pity him, for *I fear she will not* think him worthy of her smiles. Let my brother know of Mrs. Townley's death.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 13th July, 1754.

Your happiness in Miss Sutton contributes greatly to mine, and you confirm the opinion I always had of her excellent understanding and temper. I have also great satisfaction in our god-daughter. What a pleasure it is to have the children of the friends of our youth so ready to enter into a friendship with us! I think such a union mutually advantageous; the young friend's vivacity and the old friend's experience and seriousness make an agreeable mixture, *if* mutual complacency be *properly observed.*

Long before this I suppose you have had a confirmation of Lord Dartmouth's engagement to Miss Nichols; I hope she will prove worthy of him, if she does she *must* be *very good.* Alas! poor women; that amongst so many but one can be made happy! How many girls that have plumed and tiffed (perhaps *turned down their hats* for him) will be disappointed! I hope this great acquisition of fortune will enable and incline him to do generously by his sisters; I would have him buy a pretty house for them and furnish it: Lord Halifax[1] did so by his sisters when he married. If my brother had a sentimental heart he could not withstand the charms of our *belle amie*; but that's *a gift of God bestowed on few*, and I cannot wish her to engage him, unless Cupid when he throws the *dart*, could enlarge as well as wound the *heart!*

Our hay goes on marvellously well. Sally and I

[1] George Montague, 2nd Earl of Halifax.

wandered over fields and garden, and then settled in the orangerie. She read to me Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*,[1] a very comical play, full of particular humour. I have taken up my pencils again. I found the Madonna with the Child asleep quite mildewed, and am copying it *in oil* before I venture to take off the mildew, as that may lose some of the tender touches.[2] I had a letter last post from Mr. Richardson. I suppose, if Lady Anne Coventry is well again to see company as she used to do, that you will carry Miss Sutton there, who knows well how to relish and revere her excellences. The *Observations on Lord Orrery, &c.*, lately published, is much talked of and commended here, but Swift was more loved and known here than in England! Wednesday, I went to Lady Arabella Denny's assembly: she lives in the neighbourhood, and keeps every Wednesday.

I hope to see Bushe soon, who says she will come if we do not go to the North. Towards the beginning of September we propose packing up our alls for fair England, and going directly to Calwich, where I hope to meet my most dear sister and niece. I want to know the best and shortest road to Calwich, for as we shall be late in the year we must make the best of our way. Our house in town will be finished by Michaelmas, which we must pay for and take possession of, and it is fit we should see that the man has performed his part before we do ours.

Though Mrs. Donnellan has promised my brother a

[1] Every Man in his Humour, a comedy, published in 1701. By Ben Jonson; born in Westminster, 1574, died 1637.

[2] The first picture was printed in crayon.

visit, I fear her being able to perform it; she has found Hampstead air too sharp. I can't part with my Sally on the road, but will carry her on to Calwich.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 20th July, 1754.

I don't wonder your kind heart should feel a disappointment at not being able to gratify it in so near and delicate a point: it was natural to hope for success, but thank God our friend in question is in circumstances, and has sense enough to guide and support herself without a conductor! I own it is pity one so well qualified for a companion should not meet with one of suitable dignity; the engaged person was worthy of such a happiness, and though the choice he has made appears a *mercenary one*, I am sure that has not been the *main* motive, and I hope he will be happy! The young lady has an *extremely good character.*

I will take care of the enclosed letter you sent to Mr. Edgeworth, but have not yet been able to find him out; I expect Bushe, and she can, I fancy, inform me where he is to be met with. Don't you make a store of black currant jelly? it is certainly a fine thing for a sore throat.

Everybody thinks the author of the Observations on *Lord Orrery* has treated *him* with great lenity and good manners, and gives no reasonable offence even to the person it is addressed to; it is generally thought to be D.D., but nobody owns it. On examining my shells I find I have none that will by themselves make consider-

able figure enough for festoons for Sir Charles Mordaunt's cold bath, but will do very well to mix with others, so that it would be in vain to make a festoon here; but I will send (as I am desired) a cask of shells, in which I shall put a basket or box of some for you. Sally had a letter last post from Miss Sandford. She seems to love and like her as well as her brother: I think if the father was a reasonable creature what you wish might be accomplished, but he is such a wretch, I have no hopes, only if Providence sees fit it *should be* it *will be*. We catch many fair delightful hours for the garden; let my brother know we only wait to hear from him to fix our time absolutely for leaving Ireland.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 26th July, 1754.

I am sorry you could not have Miss Sutton's company for a longer time, a conversable companion is a treasure; I am sure you made her happy. On Tuesday Mr. and Mrs. Price of Holly Mount spent the day here. Dined yesterday at Mrs. Forde's, and brought away L. Bushe, who came from Mrs. Bushe's at Kilfane on purpose to see me. Our good Sally received a letter last packet from her mother with a good account of all her friends: she received it last Tuesday at dinner, and her joy was so great she could not wink away her tears. It is very strange that joy should ever bear the garb of distress, but so it sometimes does with tender hearts!

I had a cheerful letter from Mrs Donnellan, with an account of her intended visit to Calwich, and that she

and Gran proposed setting out last week, and that she hoped you would meet her there. My good Dean works as hard at his accounts as his head will allow him, and they go on pretty well; but till they are finished and sworn to, he cannot leave this country.

I hope if you go to Calwich Mary will go with you.

It appears that the Dean and Mrs. Delany left Ireland, a few weeks after the date of this letter, and proceeded at once to Welsbourn.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Birmingham, eight o'clock,
Saturday.

I thought it would be too great a flutter, my dearest sister, to surprize you at once, which makes me dispatch the bearer to tell you we are, thank God, safe and well, and have had as fine a passage as could be wished. We could not reach Welsbourne to night, but hope to be with you on Monday by 3 or 4 o'clock,—hardly sooner, so charge you to eat your dinner and *not* stay for us. To-morrow is a day of rest, and we shall, I hope, be able to go to church and return thanks for our happy voyage and journey so far. Upon your receipt of this letter be pleased to give the bearer a crown for me, and I pray God he may find you in good health! Let me know how you do by the man; he will be back to-morrow night. The reason of our supposing we shall not be sooner with you than three or four on Monday, is that we shall go by Stratford, as they tell us that is much the best road.

The Correspondence ceases after Mrs. Delany's arrival at Welsbourn till the month of October, when she went to Bulstrode.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Stoken Church,
Half an hour after 11, Wednesday.

I suppose Mr. Dewes told my dearest sister how he found me fuming and fretting at the inn at Hartford Bridge. I had not the least notion of the coachman's stopping there, and robbing me of ten precious minutes of your company. I thank God, we proceeded very well on our journey. I hope you got well home and your *two* daughters.[1] The moon was greatly serviceable to us; we did not get to Oxford till near eight, and only baited an hour and quarter at Euston; we had not time nor much inclination to see the Grotto. We were ushered into Oxford by ringing of bells, illuminations, squibs, crackers, and bonfires, and could willingly have spared all the bustle and roar of joy that surrounded us. Upon examination found we were not much concerned in the matter, and it was all for his Majesty's coronation day.

Mrs. Berkeley has left Oxford, so we had nothing to do but bespeak our supper and go to bed. We rose this morning before six, with the intention of going to Bulstrode by dinner; our coachman thinks we might get there by three, but as it is uncertain we choose to eat our dinner here, and whilst it is getting ready I dedicate a few moments to my dearest sister, and hope to close it with an account of finding ourselves safe at Bulstrode. Though a certain author for whom we have a tender regard says "acknowledgments for favours received are odious repetitions," I wish at this time I could do my own heart and D.D.'s justice as I ought, but when we have *much*

[1] Mary Dewes and Miss Chapon.

to say we can *say least*; so I hope my good brother Dewes, as well as yourself, will accept in plain and simple words our best thanks for the happy hours bestowed on us at Welsbourne. Your kind thought of setting out *with us* gave us sunshine for the rest of the day, which would have been gloomy had you not brightened it; I hope the girls and the mares came safe and soon to you at Mrs. Aylworth's; I suppose you dined there, and got to your own tea between six and seven.

Bulstrode, 6 o'clock.—Just come safe and well. I go to town Saturday or Monday.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Bulstrode, 25th October, 1754.

I hope you had my letter by the coachman yesterday, and the first volume of the Letters from the East. You will meet with the description of a storm, that seems to me to be brought in without any connection to the rest of his travels. I cannot find out where he was going, nor from whence he came, but on the whole the letters are amusing.

I never saw the Duchess of Portland better in health and spirits. Lady Margaret a good deal grown and much *enlivened*, and nothing was wanting *but that* to make her as agreeable as her sisters. The Duke is very well, and Mr. Achard does not complain; Mrs. Elstob as well as she can expect to be, but very uneasy that she cannot write to you, but her fingers are so contracted she cannot guide a pen. The young lords are at Westminster, Lord Titchfield leaves the school at Xtmas with as great a reputation as ever any young nobleman

left it. And now I have told you the particulars of a *happy family* I must mention a *most wretched one.* I suppose you may have heard or seen in the newspapers an account of Lord Drumlanrig's [1] death. I cannot yet positively tell you how it happened. It was reported at first that he shot himself; but that seems incredible. He was a good sort of a young man, just married to his own heart's content, and good settlements made on him. The Duke and Duchess of Queensbury with Lady Drumlanrig were coming from Scotland: Lord Drumlanrig was on horseback and (the news says), took out one of his pistols to shoot at a crow, and by the stumbling of his horse shot himself! If this circumstance is true, it is more probable it was accidental than designed; he could not in a moment be so destitute of all humanity, as to shock his dearest friends with such a dreadful scene!

The Duchess of Portland would not tell me of this sad story the night I came; it is impossible to get it out of one's head; I think it must distract the poor Duchess of Queensbury. I am the more concerned as I fear she has not secured in her own mind the only support under such afflictions, but Providence may mercifully send these trials to awaken her, and bring her to a right way of thinking: she will find on these occasions that whim and caprice will add to her distraction, and that nothing but a perfect resignation to the will of God, and an humble acknowledgment of her own demerits, can bring

[1] Called in Sir Egerton Brydges' edition of Collins's Peerage, "Henry Marquis of Beverley." He was the eldest son of the Duke and Duchess of Queensbury. He was married to Lady Elizabeth Hope in July, 1754, and died on the 19th of October in the same year.

her any consolation; I most sincerely wish her that true consolation. The Duke of Queensbury is a calm, and I hope a good man; he must be truly afflicted, but he is beter qualified to bear the stroke than the Duchess; I say nothing of the wife, but surely she is greatly to be pitied.

I will now lead you to a pleasanter scene. As soon as we had breakfasted yesterday the Duchess of Portland, D.D. and I walked out: first fed *all the birds of the air and water*, visited the Indian bull and his fair lady, who it is hoped will bring him an heir; from thence we went into the flower-garden, and visited *ach flower that sips the silver dew*, but even the fragrance of the tuberose, and the sple dour of the Guernsey lilies (now in its *highest bloom*) were imperfect for want of your company to share them with me. I have enclosed you a few specimens to add to your little book of dried vegetables, and will continue doing so as long as I stay here The hot-house is very full; the coffee-tree loaded with berries: do you know the Ipecacuanha plant? it is very pretty.

Works of all kinds are going on here. Lady B. and Lady H. Bentinck turn and carve in ivory to the *utmost perfection;* I did not before know they had ever attempted it—I have not yet seen their painting. Babess went from hence last Monday, hurried to town to Master Neddy Foley, who has had the small-pox, but is in a fair way of doing well. We stay here till Monday, and then go to London I shall not finish my letter till evening, as I may then have something more certain to tell you in relation to poor Lord Drumlanrig.

I can tell you no more of him only that it is certain he was killed by his own pistol.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Whitehall, 30th Oct. 1754.

We came to town on Monday as we designed; set out at eight, and were in Spring Gardens by half an hour after eleven. Much disappointed at finding the house no forwarder; but we have set all hands to work, and I believe it will be ready for us. The house is small, but very pretty, convenient, and in a delightful situation, as I hope my dear brother, sister, and niece will be sensible of before March. If I don't fill my letter with "*my house*," you may be much obliged to me, the Dean says I am like Mr. Miller and his enclosures with Sir Charles Mordaunt—I lard all my conversation with something about "*my house*." It is pleasant to be possessed with things that please one; it is like viewing a fine picture in a magnifying glass—one enjoys every part of it. I was not born to be a philosopher: nature has not thrown in enough of indifference in my composition, nor has art attained it; in short, I *like*, and *love*, and *dislike* with *all my might*, and the pain it sometimes costs me is recompensed by the pleasure.

On Monday, after some fretting, a great deal of scolding and expostulation with Mr. Lambert, our builder, came to Whitehall. Lord Titchfield made us a visit, he is a charming youth: we engaged him to dinner, and eat our beef-steak and roast fowl at 3, considered our house over and over, read between whiles, and often in the midst of the description of the Vatican or Trajan's pillar, I broke out, "*but the larder must be so and the pantry so*." What a medley of the *virtuoso* and the *goody!* Yesterday morning, after an hundred interruptions and settling

where the dressers, boiler, stoves, &c. &c. were to be placed, we went to see Mrs. Donnellan at Fulham: she has got a pretty house, and lamented her being obliged to leave Mr. G. so soon. I told her how great your difficulties and disappointment in going to Calwich so hastily and not finding her there; she pleads her state of health, and the fear she was in of *dying there:* and says it could be "*no great disappointment to you*" as your visit was to "*your brother, and to meet me.*" I felt cross, and let the conversation drop soon. I had a greater ruffle soon after, upon her telling me that Mrs. S. told her that my very dear friend had endeavoured to make a match for the lady who was with her last summer with *our* Sir *Charles Grandison;* that the Rev. Mr. T. was the person employed and had proposed it, and that was the reason of her being invited into the country. Lady G^{d}. told this to Mrs. S., and Mrs. Don. said she could answer for the young lady's being ignorant of any such design. I said you might also have answered for ——'s, who knew *before* the young lady came to her that that gentleman *was engaged.* Don't let this vex you, for the worst that can be said is, that your friend wished two worthy people happy together; but I thought it would have been kinder in Mrs. Don. to have told me by myself, and not abruptly before D.D. and Mrs. S.

The Duke and Duchess of Portland came to town to-day, and to-morrow we are to go into the City to do a world of business. I saw the Maid of Honour yesterday; she is well again. Master Neddy Foley recovered of the small-pox; and goes in a few days to Windsor with his aunt. Mrs. Cob (who desires her respects) has had two hundred pounds left her by her old Mistress Bricknal,

with whom she served her time, and little Polly, who lives with Mrs. Glegg, is acknowledged by a good aunt, who lives at Berlin, and *invites her* over to be *her heiress!* It is pleasant to see the young things we have known from infancy in a prosperous way; they are both modest, industrious, virtuous women, and have had their just reward. I am just come from my house: they are going on very well. I have ordered *lockers* to *your windows;* additional closets can be of no use this year, but will make the house very convenient another year. I shall have room enough in the new ground to make a *little garden* of use, though not of pleasure. I can have borders for kitchen-herbs and salad; though it can add no beauty as it is not raised, but is even with the kitchen-floor. Mrs. Chapone is very well, and is to be with us to-morrow before 10. I have not yet had time to enquire after Mul. and Pres.,[1] but shall send this evening to enquire if they are to be met with. Richardson, very busy, removing this very day to Parsons Green. D.D., who, thank God, is pretty well, called yesterday in Salisbury Court.[2] Lord Granville is at Hawnes, and comes to town against the Birthday. The Duke and Duchess of Queensbury are in town—their grief is very great; various reports about Lord Drumlanrig's death, and it is so extraordinary an event, one wishes to know every circumstance. It is as certain as anything of the kind can be, that it *was accidental,* and so brought in by the coroner: had it been on purpose he would certainly have held the pistol close to his temple where he received the wound, and then the temple would have

[1] Mulso and Prescot.

[2] Richardson's printing office.

been more shattered and the hair singed, which was not the case. Lord Charles Douglas[1] and a Mr. Mackey left them early that morning at their inn, and rode on to dine with my Lord Downs, whose house is on that road. The Duke of Queensbury and Lord Drumlanrig were in a post-chaise together; the Duchess and Lady Drumlanrig in another post-chaise before them: Lord Drumlanrig complained of not being well, and the Duke prevailed on him to take his valet de chambre's horse, which he unfortunately did and rode between the two chaises. It is supposed he took out one of the pistols to see if they were in order; his horse stumbled, and by catching at the bridle the pistol went off: the Duke *saw him drop off his horse* not dead, but unable to speak—he lived two hours. The Duke had so much command of himself as to stop the Duchess's chaise, and to tell her that "an accident had happened to Drumlanrig, but begged her *not to stir*, as if she did Lady Drumlanrig would also, and he would immediately let her know what was the matter." In the mean time the poor wounded man was put into the chaise, and a messenger despatched on to Lord Charles. Mr. Mackey was called, and desired to acquaint Lord Charles, that his brother had died suddenly: they without any delay rode back to the inn where the melancholy scene was, and found the Duke and Duchess and Lady Drumlanrig sitting like so many statues; the Duke clung upon Lord Charles, the two ladies quitted the room, and Mr. Mackey fainted quite away. We need not have recourse

[1] Lord Charles Douglas, the second of the two sons, and the only children of the Duke and Duchess of Queensbury.

to fiction for a tragical scene when such as these are unhappily met with in real life! God only knows why these extraordinary events happen!

You must wear grey or white gowns for a fortnight.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Whitehall, 5th November, 1754.

I find our poor Sally has disobliged Mr. Richardson by not writing to his wife or daughters; Mrs. Donnellan, who loves them too much to be on the blaming side, would *not admit* of any excuse I could make. I hope to find Mr. Richardson when I see him more reasonable; he has been so busy removing, that we have not yet seen him: in short, that *fiend jealousy* goes about destroying all the delight of friendship! Where is the difference between a friend and an enemy, if everything one does must be examined with such severity? I think Sally wrote to Miss Patty Richardson when she was in Ireland, but Mrs. Donnellan says what has given offence has been her writing to *Miss M. and Miss P.* and *not* to Patty. Make her write a letter soon—I think they can't be long angry with her; I ought to make the best excuse I can for her, for when she was with me I employed her so much, or we were so engaged with company, that she had very little time to herself.

Mrs. Vesey's house in Bolton Row is empty, and if they are not in England when I come to town after Xtmas we go there till our own house is perfectly aired and safe. The stucco men have not yet done the

dining-room. Mr. Serise[1] hopes to see Mary as straight as an arrow when she comes to town. Lady Wal. drinks tea with me this evening. I have sent Mary a warm black capuchin to go to church in. Tell Sally I can't get enough for her uncle K.'s jewels, so I would not dispose of them till I heard from her whether I should or not.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Whitehall, 10th November, 1754.

Mrs. Don. has been so full of our Brunette's "*ungrateful behaviour*" to Mr. Richardson and his family (which you may be sure I was not quite *tame about*) that she talked of little else. How well my dear sister observes on her want of "*true humility.*" God grant it her, for the *best medicine* in the apothecary's shop cannot be of so much use to her as *that would be* to *her mind and body!* Mr. Richardson was with me yesterday, and I expostulated with him on Sally's account: he is really *very angry*, but *kindly* so, and if she writes a kind letter of excuse to Mrs. Richardson, (it must be to *Mrs. R.*, not Mr. R.) and soon after to *Miss Patty*, all will be well. It is only a kind *jealous fit*, but had she *not* written to *Mul.* and *Pres.* all would have been well. How that little busy, mischievous *fiend; jealousy*, torments the best minds sometimes; but perfect, generous love surely casteth out jealousy, as well as fear! Wednesday I went in the evening to Miss Mulso. D.D. not well enough to venture out, so my visit was short; Miss Prescot and *her lover* were there, and a Mr. Duncombe, an oldish

[1] The dancing-master.

thin man, who seems to be well acquainted with men of genius, and had the air of an author. Poor Prescot had a bad headache, but I spent an hour and half very agreeably; much tenderness and admiration was expressed for our Brunette. The people at my house don't go on half fast enough for me; I believe it will be a full fortnight before the workmen are out of it. Our Duchess and Lady Betty came to town on Thursday, and we have been very full of business in settling the jewels and clothes for the Birthday. The Duchess of Portland's is white and silver ground, flowered with gold and silver, and a stomacher of white satin, covered with her fine *coloured* jewels, and *all* her diamonds. Lady Betty is to have a very fine sprig of pearl diamonds and turquoises for her hair, by way of pomponne, loops and stars of diamonds between on blue satin for her stomacher; her clothes white and silver, mosaic ground flowered with silver, intermixed with a little blue. She *rehearsed* her clothes and jewels yesterday, and practised dancing with her train, she looks mighty well, and is a very genteel figure.

Yesterday after chapel the Duchess brought home Lady Coventry to feast me, and *a feast she was!* She is a fine figure and vastly handsome, notwithstanding a silly look sometimes about her mouth; she has a thousand airs, but with a sort of innocence that diverts one! Her dress was a black silk sack, made for a large hoop, which she wore without any, and it trailed a yard on the ground; she had on a cobweb laced handkerchief, a pink satin long cloke, lined with ermine, mixed with squirrel skins; on her head a French cap that just covered the top of her head, of blond, and stood in the form of

a butterfly with its wings not quite extended, frilled sort of lappets crossed under her chin, and tied with pink and green ribbon—a head-dress that would have charmed a *shepherd!* She has a thousand dimples and prettiness in her cheeks, her eyes a little drooping at the corners, but fine for all that; her person at present is under disguise.

I have been so employed and vexed about the dilatoriness of the men at my house, that if I had not the Duchess of Portland with me I should be downright cross; to my great joy they stay in town all this week.

I can't get a set of white tassels under eight or nine shillings: you may get the nobs turned in wood, of what shape you like, and cover them with some of your own tufted knotting, which will be prettier than anything you can buy; and if you cover them with a case of cloth, it may be slipped off when dirty to wash. I am just come from Holborn Bars where I have been rummaging in a fine shop for grates, and have pitched upon four! I think I will have a smoke-jack,[2]

[1] This account of the dress of Lady Coventry, when she came from chapel with the Duchess of Portland, proves that the ladies did not, in 1753, oppress themselves with hot and heavy "head gear" at church, and although a "butterfly cap" might attract the attention of the congregation, it could not be more objectionable, in that respect, than *bonnets*, which uncomfortable and senseless inventions have, for the last twenty years, deformed the wearers, and rendered going to church, in hot summers in London, a real bodily penance. It is very extraordinary that neither vanity nor good sense should have, long since, put an end to those pleas for expenditure, to render the *pretty plain*, and the *plain ugly!* and to destroy all personal individuality; and that neither the good taste of the worldly, nor the decorum of the religious, should have once more introduced veils, half-handkerchiefs, or hoods on the head, at all events to attend divine worship.

[2] Turnspit dogs were then much employed for roasting.

the man says he will take care and keep it in order for nothing. I bespeak boilers, fish-kettles, &c., *all of iron*, as there is an outcry against the poisonous quality of brass and copper—there is no objection to iron, only its not being so ornamental to Cinderella's apartment.

The Duchess and Lady Betty said there was much company and a great deal of finery at Court. Lady Fitzwilliam was in purple and silver, and her lappets were purple and silver. I don't believe there was a more engaging figure than Lady Betty—she looked so modest, so composed, and though glittering with diamonds shewed no sort of consciousness of any superior finery: what time they came from the ball I don't know yet; I supped with the young lords.

I am sorry our god-daughter should have had her old complaint, but if impertinence and ill-breeding shocks her gentle nature so much (and no wonder it should), alas! how many fits of the head-ache must she suffer! poor Mrs. Conway Kingdom (the eldest of the three sisters) is dead—died of an inflammation on her lungs. Mrs. Theddy lies almost in a senseless state, confined, if not to her bed to her room. How melancholy for poor Mrs. Jane, who loved her sisters tenderly, and is of an age to want support! but she is very religious, and that will be her best comfort. I have had a letter from Bushe with another copy of *Numa Pomp.* and I think more like.

I dare not talk about my house; I really fear we shall not be able to get into it before March, but wherever we are there will be room for my dearest sister, and I wish to have Mary in town as soon as

convenient. Mrs. Foley comes to town to-day, Mrs. Pointz also, and Mr. Spencer expected to-morrow: I hope little Cupid *will keep his ground.* I don't know a greater unhappiness than for a man to be educated in a confined, narrow way; Mr. L., *had he known the world,* and had his sentiments enlarged, must have esteemed Mr. D. for what he has done, and not have resented it: I hope he has good nature enough when his dumps are over to see things in another light, if not I pity him! Lord Stormont,[1] nephew to Mr. Murray, danced with Lady Betty. Never was such heat and crowding, but *she* says it "*was delightful for all that:*" she has the spirits one would wish a young thing to have, *great enjoyment* of the diversions allowed her, and no manner of regret when they are not thought proper for her. I believe we shall go to the play next Thursday, that is to-morrow. Lord G. has returned: tell Sally, upon asking him if he had seen Delville, and "whether it was in order," he said "*not so good as when you are there, I suppose. 'Tis a pity the water does not run through the garden!!*"

The Duchess of Queensbury bears her calamity with great fortitude, has seen nobody yet,—but goes out every day with Lady Drumlanrig. Lord Dartmouth has just been to see me, in very good spirits; hoped all friends were well in Warwickshire, and engaged me to visit his lady. I said "I thought myself too old to visit *young ladies:*" he laughed at me and said "*Try,* and if *she*

[1] David, 7th Viscount Stormont. He was nephew to William Murray, afterwards Earl of Mansfield, and succeeded to that earldom on the death of his uncle in 1793.

don't like you, *I hope that I may* keep up my acquaintance with an old friend I value so much." *He is Sir Charles Grandison!* he did not know where to find me till yesterday. How charming is politeness! his ways are just his mother's,[1] how happy it is to see the children of our most valuable friends so good and so agreeable.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Whitehall, 18th November, 1754.

I will consult the botanists at Bulstrode about *Dodder*. I am glad you have found any shells you like, and was much diverted with your dialogue at Walton. I designed the large barrel *as well* as the box *for you*, and put all the largest shells, and those fittest for Sir Charles's work, in the smallest barrel: if you resign any of yours it is entirely your own generosity, as I explained this morning to Sir Charles Mordaunt, who made me a visit. He says his daughters were *ornamenting shells* by your instruction; a few may do well for aught I know, but I should fear for the place they are to be in—they would look too minute, and that the shells in their *natural form* would do best, but if large shells are not to be had you must do as well as you can.

I am obliged to you for your account of Mr. Duncombe; he seemed a genius or a genius's friend by his manner. Mr. Richardson was here this morning, and our god-daughter Sally quite in favour again. Lady

[1] His mother was Elizabeth, Viscountess Lewisham, daughter and heiress of Sir Arthur Kaye, Bart. Lord Lewisham died before his father, the 1st Earl of Dartmouth.

Cowper[1] was not at Court—she has had a Saint Anthony's fire in her face, she was much pleased when I told her you and her god-daughter were to be in town this winter I hoped. I saw her on Sunday, and Mr. Spencer[2] in close attendance on his mistress. Never was such a lover! but I much fear her rival will be the grave, and will get the better of the conflict: he seems to me to be in a wretched state of health; though they say he is better. I am glad your pigs are so well and happy, and that our most admirable and amiable Lady Anne Coventry is so well. Mrs. Heberden continues very ill; the Dr. is gone into the country to her.

To-morrow morning we propose setting out for sweet *Bulstrode*. No Mr. Granville yet; I am greatly disappointed, but his coming is so uncertain it is in vain to stay. Last Saturday we dined at Mr. Cavendish's, and on Sunday at Lord Granville's; he looks well, and I never saw him more agreeable and entertaining. Dash, Mrs. (Hanover Square) Montagu, and Mrs. Foley spent the afternoon with me yesterday. I gave Lady H. Bentinck an account of her sister's looks and dress on the Birthday; I think it will please you to see what a sisterly heart she has—I therefore enclose her answer. I saw Mr. Chapone yesterday—very well; all friends at Charlton he told me were well, and I hope my Brunette has heard before now; for I don't love to have her gentle, tender heart fretted. I have franked her sister Kate's letter, and sent it.

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[1] Countess Cowper (Lady Georgina Carteret) cousin to Ann Granville, Mrs. Dewes, and godmother to her daughter.

[2] Son of Countess Cowper by her first husband, the Hon. John Spencer.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Bulstrode, 24th November, 1754.

The Dean did not remember he had sent Mrs. Chapone his sermons. Keep that which was sent in your box, or if you think it will oblige her give it to Mrs. Susan Royer if still with you, or to Mr. Lydiat.

I have bespoke four armed-chairs and six other stuffed rushed for the drawing-room, and seats low and easy such as we love; but Mr. Dewes shall have a chair of *his own* when he does me the favour to come in *every room*, or at least a cushion to raise him. I have bought a charming old-fashioned cabinet for eight guineas that I dare say was not made for twenty.

We are here immersed in business; the Duchess and her daughters are doing wonderfully fine things in the turning way. I am working stools in worsted chenille for the gothic cell; the hours go too fast, interruptions will come, and you know how unwelcome they are when *eagerly engaged* in any scheme. Last Saturday (which was yesterday), we dined at Windsor with your acquaintance Mrs. Alsworth; Babess met us there; but we could not see poor Mrs. Kingdom; she was engaged in a melancholy business relating to her lost sister's affair, but we are to breakfast with her one day next week.

The "worsted chenilles" here mentioned are no longer made. The Editor has a cedar box with a quantity of them still uninjured by time or moths. They are made on flaxen thread, and are superior to any other chenilles for tints and texture, and never having been able to hear of any others similar, she can only suppose Mrs. Delany had them made on purpose of worsted after her own orders, and the wool dyed in tints, superintended by herself, to imitate nature.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Bulstrode, December, 1754.

I am extremely sorry my poor Mary has met with such a disappointment after mustering up her courage, as I fear it will make her cowardly; I do not wonder she was unwilling to sit down again. The man, I think, must be a bungler, though the Duchess of Portland tells me Lady Harriet had a tooth drawn by *Rutter*, at Mary's age, and he gave three tugs before he got it out! I think you were mightily in the right not to hurry her about it—the thoughts of the operation is sufficient: when you come to town it must be one of the *first* things done, her spirits will then be up.

I believe what Mr. Moor says is true, and that the shells project more than the stucco, but unless I saw them up together I *cannot say* that is a *fault*. Pictures project more than the hanging or wainscoat where they hang, and so do *all* ornaments. The stucco of the cold bath, (as I apprehend,) is meant to represent a wall worn by water-drops, with icicles sticking to it. The *festoons* of shells are *additional ornaments;* or how could they come in *that form* unless some invisible sea nymph or triton placed them there for their private amusement? I should not wonder, indeed, that so pretty a place allured them; I am very glad if you have found any beauties amongst your shells—I think there are some pretty wild oysters.

I had a very obliging letter from Mrs. Vesey, with an offer of their house in Bolton-Row till ours is fit to receive us; she sends particular kind compliments to Sally, and will always be remembered on the *banks of*

the Liffey! I am sure you are much concerned for Dr. Heberden on the death of his wife; his gentle and affectionate disposition will make him for some time very miserable. I suppose you saw, in the newspapers, an account of the Lord Chancellor of Ireland's[1] marriage with Lady Ross: I wrote last post to congratulate her. I should have written to you last post at the request of Mr. Granville, who is now safe and well in London, and desired me to give you an account of him—a pretty round-about way of informing you, but I could not write, having a piece of work to finish and letters to write for D.D.

I am sorry I have not been able to contribute lately to your Bulstrode herbal; the good weather we have had for walking has been frosty, which is not good for gathering leaves and flowers. We are so divided between our home works and the temptations abroad, that we sometimes know not which to choose; but as health as well as pleasure is concerned in the going abroad in fine weather, that has hitherto taken place; so that we don't allow ourselves but one hour to work in a morning after breakfast. After dinner our Duchess and I hold a tête-à-tête in the dear dressing-room till five; then all hands to work till between six and seven, then tea, and we return to the dressing-room, and I read whilst the rest work. We are now in a course of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays; what an unaccountable mixture of good sense and sad stuff! I wish some good genius would rescue the *good* from the bad, *which*

[1] Robert Jocelyn, Lord Newport, Lord High Chancellor of Ireland, married, secondly, 15th November, 1754, Frances, daughter of Thomas Claxton, Esq., and relict of Richard 1st Earl of Ross.

ndeed is almost choked up. The Duchess is in charming health and spirits; we have had the great Mr. Miller,[1] of Chelsea, here for some days: you may think how busy the botanists were, but he is a great politician and would rather talk of state affairs. He is a well-behaved man, but does not seem to want a good opinion of himself; people that really have merit and have been useful to the world may be forgiven the foible of vanity, though those *who bear their faculties meekly* are more truly valuable.

I often talk of Lady Ann Coventry to the Duchess of Portland, who wishes much for an opportunity of being acquainted with her. I am sure they must like one another. Next Tuesday Lady Juliana Pen[2] and Mr. Pen dine here: they have a house in this neighbourhood: they say Lady Juliana is a very lovely young woman. Lady Anne Dawson,[3] her sister, is mightily liked in Dublin.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Bulstrode, 11th Dec. 1754.

The Dean is just gone to London with Mr. Achard, in the coach that goes for Lord Titchfield and his brother. My spirit is not much up, as I don't love to

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[1] Philip Miller, a gardener and botanist. He succeeded his father as gardener to the Apothecaries garden at Chelsea, and published several works. In 1755 appeared "Figures of Plants," in 2 vols. folio.

[2] Lady Juliana Fermor, 4th daughter of Thomas, 1st Earl Pomfret, married the Hon. T. Penn, of Stoke Park, Bucks, now (1860) the property of Lord Taunton.

[3] Lady Anne Fermor, the youngest daughter of the Earl Pomfret, married 15th July, 1754, Thomas Dawson, Esq., afterwards Viscount Cremorne.

trust him by himself, and have not done it before for *one day* since his last illness, but he has promised to be very careful, dines with my brother and returns to-morrow. Lord Titchfield leaves the school quite, and goes soon to Oxford to Christ College. We stay here till the 12th. I have had a bad account of our new house: it will not be fit for us till March: is it not teazing? Pray ask Mr. Dewes, since Mr. Lambert, the builder, has not kept to the articles drawn up, of having it finished by Michaelmas, *if we shall be obliged to pay the ground rent, before the time of its being finished and we put into possession of it?*

Your French academy, I hope, goes on well! Rollin, in French and English, would be a good study, and that is much better translated, Madam S., if I remember right, is a miserable translation. Mrs. Elstob is pretty well. When I read that part of your letter to the Duchess about "*painting without remorse yellow and purple oysters*" she cried out "*Goths, Goths!*" Your thought about our god-daughter is a good one, but not, I believe, to be brought about in the way you mention, that person having so many daughters of his own to settle; Cupid must do his *own work*, if chance should give them a meeting! If I should see him, I shall of course mention the pleasure I had in her company, which may lead to giving her her just character, but he is so tender and affectionate I don't suppose for some months there can be any thought of his looking about him; though after Sir G. Littleton's monody, and the &c. that followed, *nothing of that kind can surprise one!* Mrs. Donnellan is still at Fulham: I had a letter from her by her secretary, Miss Patty Richard-

son, who had been in the house with her ten days; she is rather better; she said Miss Sutton was just come to town, and her cousin Nanny is with her. I am surprised at Mr. L. I should have thought Mr. Dewes' honest fair way of dealing must have raised him in Mr. L.'s esteem; but how hard it is to think justly where self is concerned! I am called to breakfast; we are now very eager and busy to accomplish our works before we leave Bulstrode. Cribbage goes on after supper as usual.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Tuesday, 17 Dec., 1754.

I am glad the Wrights are so happy; it is a pleasure to hear of any people being so, though no way belonging to one; I pity those that can't relish a joy for others: we are so often disappointed in our own expectations, that our lives would pass very gloomily, if we had no feelings but for ourselves! I thank you for your warning about the book; nothing is more provoking than to throw away one's time on an unedifying book. One reads on and on in hopes that the latter part will make some amends for the beginning, and it is provoking after toiling through dull pages to find nothing at last but regret for misspent time. Whilst I think of it I beg your receipt for hicra picra, as D.D. likes none so well.

I think this is a good time to wish our cause to come on, for surely my Lord Chancellor must now be in very good humour; I had a letter from Mrs. Bushe last post. She says Lady Newport[1] (Lady Ross that was), looks

[1] Lady Newport was the second wife of Robert Jocelyn, Lord Newport, Lord Chancellor of Ireland; she was relict of Richard, 1st Earl of Ross, and daugh-

very handsome, and she says that though the Brunette will not give her the satisfaction of convincing her she has not forgotten her, she is sure she remembers her, *captious as she is,* as Mad^elle^ Sally can never be forgotten by L. B.

Our works are going on triumphantly, and we grow more and more eager as we wind up our cottons. Did I tell you we had read Mrs. Pilkington's third volume of *odious* Memoires? The Duchess of Portland has secured Mr. Kellaway to teach Lady Henrietta this winter. I had a poem sent me last week, and her Grace another, from the author, Mr. Dalton,[1] who published Comus; it is a descriptive poem on the Whitehaven mines; D.D. thinks it very pretty as well as his female readers; it is too large for a frank, but if you do not get it in the neighbourhood sooner, I will contrive to send it you when I go to London.

Wednesday, 18 Dec., 1754.

I have not heard from Don. since I wrote last. She and Clerke are quite at variance; Gran is in high favour. What a sad thing it is for women of superior sense to debase themselves so far as to listen to tittle-tattle, and to meddle with affairs they have nothing to do with! This you'll say is a mysterious paragraph, and as it concerns neither of us, so it is not worth explaining. I hope by this time all colds are well, and that that *wholesome and delectable exercise of dancing* will make a perfect cure,

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ter of Thomas Claxton, Esq. She married the Lord Chancellor the year this letter was written, which accounts for the allusion to his "*good humour.*"

[1] John Dalton, a divine and poet, born 1709, died 1763. He wrote a volume of sermons, some poems, &c., and adapted Milton's "Comus" to the stage.

we talk here of a little hop after Xtmas day. Lord Titchfield looks very happy now he has thrown off the fetters of a school, but I am very sorry for dear Lord Edward (who is excessively fond of his brother), that he has lost such a friend at school: nothing can be more amiable than Lord Titchfield's tenderness to that boy. I believe he goes to Oxford soon after we go to town. I am sorry the knotting is so various, but it does not signify, as three white threads with one of worsted must do; the coarser will do for the bottom of the curtains.

Mr. Pitt is not out, nor likely to be. We are safe, I hope, from any interruption from my Lord Fox;[1] he has got a rash, and I believe madam won't let him come. So much the better.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Bulstrode, 25 Dec., 1754.

Last Saturday the young people, full of joy and spirits, had a little dancing—Lord Edward very brisk and happy: the Duchess being confined to her room (from rheumatic pain in the head), I only danced one dance and came back again to her. The next morning Lord Edward complained of excessive weariness, and had no appetite, at night the Duchess ordered him some Gascoign's powder and small negus, but it would not stay on his stomach: he fell asleep and the next morning was a little feverish, the apothecary sat up with him. Doctor Hays from Windsor was sent for, and all symptoms made them suspect it would prove the small-pox.

[1] Probably Stephen Fox, 1st Lord Ilchester. It was a fashion among the high Tories of that time to treat the Fox family with disdain.

We were yesterday greatly alarmed; the child was excessively ill, Dr. Heberden is here; he finds the child in as good a way as can be expected in the beginning of such a disorder, for it proves the small-pox. The doctor seems to think it will be a middling sort, neither the best nor the worst. I have sent Smith away, as she has not had the small-pox, and shall have a young woman come down to me to-morrow whom I had hired as a housemaid. The Duchess's spirits are more composed; her good sense and sweetness of temper make her exert and do all she can to keep up her spirits: it is a vast satisfaction to me that I am with her at this time, and so I am sure it is to you. She has given the young ladies *their choice* to stay in the house or go to Whitehall; and they have so much fortitude that all *begged to stay*, and say they shall be miserable to leave her. I cannot help being anxious, though I trust in God he will protect them, and he only can reward such filial tenderness. *Next* to your own children *they are* what I am most anxious about: I know your friendship for the Duchess will make you feel for her. I think in all probability the young ladies will catch it. Fortunately Dr. Hays, who lives at Windsor, is an excellent physician, and has had particular success in small-pox.

I was much affected last Saturday by a letter from Charleton. I thank God things are mended since, and Mr. Chapone will come off (for the present at least) with only a little extraordinary expense; the Duchess of Portland wrote a most kind letter to the Bishop of Gloucester to desire his favour and protection to Mr. Chapone, and that "whatever favour he showed him she should take as done to herself."

I hope balls will flourish, they have been soon ended with us, but all things are ordered for the best. Mrs. Kennon's shells[1] are to be sold for five and twenty hundred pounds. She left them to *a* Dr. Young; I wish it had been *the* Dr. Young!

From Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Bulstrode, 1st Jan., 1755.

Thank God Lord Edward is quite out of danger of his late distemper—he has had a better sort than at first was apprehended; it turned before the ninth day: he is the patientest little creature I ever saw. The young ladies still hold up most heroically; they have been taught to depend upon Providence, and they credit their good teachers. The Duchess says it would be unpardonable ingratitude in her not to be most cheerfully resigned to God's will, who has been so gracious and merciful to her in the recovery of her son. It will be very extraordinary if the young ladies escape the infection, for though they do not go into the child's room, they see everybody that comes immediately from him; they are prepared no otherwise than by taking Cheltenham water, which they have done twice, and are to take it once more; they eat no meat for supper, and take care not to catch cold. How long was it between your children's taking it of one another? tell me very exactly; the Duchess keeps up her spirits charm-

[1] Walpole says: "Two porters have just brought home my purchases from Mrs. Kennon's (the midwife's) sale."

ingly, and when we are not in the room with the dear child (in which we take our turns), our works go on; our main work is a carpet in double cross-stitch for the Duchess's Gothic cell. I don't yet know when we shall go; it must depend upon the sisters continuing well. Poor Mrs. Fountain[1] is brought to bed in the seventh month of a dead child at York.

All this family were at church and received the Sacrament last Sunday; Dr. Markham read prayers, and the Dean officiated at the Communion-table. The clergyman that attends here in poor Mr. Grovesmith's stead (Mr. Stone) has not had the small-pox, and declined coming, but Dr. Markham[2] has been here ever since Monday was se'night; he is master of Westminster School, he is reckoned a very agreeable man, the Duchess and I think him dull; but he seems composed and steady, which may become his station better than more vivacity. He gives Lord Titchfield a great character, not only for his *extraordinary learning*, but for his whole behaviour. What a pleasure it is to see him grow up with honour and credit to his parents, besides the particular satisfaction of having our beloved friend happy in so essential a point. I enclose you S.'s last letter; how little do people know of courts and courtiers that think the *King's*

[1] John Fountayne, Dean of York, married his third wife, Anne, only daughter of Charles Montagu, Esq., of Papplewick and Hanover Square, the 14th May, 1754.

[2] The Right Revd. William Markham, Master of Westminster School from 1750 to 1764, was consecrated Bishop of Chester in 1771, and almost immediately afterwards named preceptor to the Prince of Wales, in which office he continued till 1776. In 1777 he was made Archbishop of York, and died 3rd November, 1807.

ear can be had at any time; I wish it was so, but it is the reverse. I love my dear Brunette on a double score, and she is not a little endeared to me besides by her beimg our joint god-daughter. Pray ask Sir Charles Mordaunt if any of the list of books D.D. gave him was bought at Dr. Mead's sale.[1] My last letter from Bushe brought me a very good account. Miss Maxwell is married, but she does not say to whom, but it is a match that pleases all parties. Lord Dartmouth is to be married this week. Lady Albemarle[2] dreamed she saw and took leave of her lord two nights together, and the dream was put into the newspaper. We were talking the other night after supper of "*Will-in-the-wisp*," one person in the company said he "had seen one once;" some said they had never seen one, but wished to do it, and others that they were not sure that they had ever seen any such thing. "Oh!" says Lord G., "I have had twenty of them round my chaise at a time, nay, 30 or 40." A profound silence ensued, and the wicked Duchess trod on my foot, so that with the utmost difficulty I kept my countenance.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Bulstrode, 7 Jan. 1755.

I was greatly entertained with your hospitable doings. Lord Montford's[3] wretched ending is too true;

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[1] Dr. Richard Mead, M.D., died on the 16th February, 1754. His collection of pictures was sold by auction, and realised upwards of £3,400.

[2] Anne, daughter of Charles Lennox, 1st Duke of Richmond, married William Anne, 2nd Earl of Albemarle, who died 22nd December, 1754.

[3] Horace Walpole says "*Lord Mountford* consulted several people on the

and that he did it so premeditatedly, as to ask several persons the day before which was the surest and quickest way of firing the pistol; and shot himself before the lawyer that drew his will was out of the house! Though these terrible affairs are dreadful, they cannot be surprizing in an age when *irreligion* is professed: a man that has no hope or fear of an hereafter, has nothing to deter him from such a rash action when he quarrels with the world.

The Duchess is vastly obliged to you for your exact account; you may imagine her heart and mind are full at this time, and just parting with Lord Titchfield. It is no wonder she should fear when so young a man launches out into such a world; but I think he promises her every satisfaction and joy a worthy son can bestow on an excellent mother. She is far from well; she has violent pains that seize her by fits in her head. She talks of making you a visit next summer, when she visits her son at Oxford, but don't mention this to your neighbours. Tell Sally, Miss Maxwell is married to a Major Wynn; he has £2000 a year at present; will have £3000 after his father's death, and has settled a thousand pound a year jointure.

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easiest method of finishing life: he invited people to dinner for the day after his death, ordered a supper at White's, where he supped the night before. Played at whist till one in the morning. Lord Robert Bertie drank to him a "happy new year," he clapped his hands strangely to his eyes. In the morning he had a lawyer, and three witnesses executed his will; and asking the lawyer if that will would stand good though a man were to shoot himself; and being assured it would, he said, "Pray stay while I step into the next room:" he stepped into the next room and shot himself!

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Bulstrode; 15 Jan. 1755.

Last Monday at dinner Lady Margaret Bentinck was taken ill: everybody imagined all infection over. Lady Margaret continued faint and cold, but recovered herself so well as to drink tea with us; but yesterday morning she complained of giddiness in her head, and great pain in her back. The doctor was instantly sent for from Windsor, but the apothecary who was in the house felt her pulse, and saying it was absolutely necessary *to bleed her* without staying for the doctor, she was let blood. The doctor came in the evening and thought the symptoms would end in the small-pox, which this day is confirmed. She says she "is very glad" (when she can speak), that she "has got the small-pox." Her sisters are determined *not to leave her*, unless the Duchess forbids them, but she is silent on that point, so that in all probability here will be the same succession as was in your family, and I hope in God as favourably! The Duchess has got your paper of observations, and looks it over every day. Lady Margaret has fallen ill, just at the same time Court did after Banny's taking to his bed, which I think was twenty-one days.

I will let you know every day; you may believe I cannot think of leaving this place: my confinement here will prevent my being serviceable to you, I fear, as to getting a servant for Mary; Lady Tweeddale is under the same distress; she has five daughters and no son. Lady Fanny and Lady Susan Hay are in London with her, and her three youngest in Scotland. Mr. Spencer is much better, and a *most constant lover*;

the mourning for Lord Gower was but a week. The Duchess of Queensbury sees nobody—Lady Bute is pretty well and composed; the Duke goes about, but looks sadly. All I can learn of fashions is that people's heads are dressed much as they were last year; hoops *only worn* when full dressed, and these large. Lord Edward is quite well again, and capers for joy that his "dear Peggy" has got the small pox! Mrs. Elstob pretty well!

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Bulstrode, 17 Jan. 1755.

The small-pox is come out very favourably with Lady Margaret. Lady Betty was taken in the night on Tuesday, no bad symptoms appear; the doctor thinks her in as as good a way as she can be at present. We are in daily expectation of Lady H.; she continues well, but will not quit her sister's rooms all day. The Duchess loves Babess extremely, and is always glad of her company, but as I can stay with her she will have no body else; for she finds she must keep herself very quiet, and that the least hurry overcomes her.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Bulstrode, 20 Jan. 1755.

Lady Betty rested very well last night (natural rest). Lady Margaret I fear has not a very good kind; I don't believe it will turn before the 11th or 12th day; she

[1] John, 1st Earl Gower, died 25th Dec. 1754.

bears it with great compossure, but her throat is very sore, and her eyes closed up. Our Duchess bears up as well as she can, but her anxious state you can much easier imagine than most people. Dear Lady Harriet still holds out, but certainly if she is ever to have it can hardly now escape. She is (or at least appears to be) in very good spirits, and prepared to receive it whenever it comes; the poor Duchess looks every moment with affectionate and examining eyes for some alteration in her.

I shall be very sorry when you lose the conversation of our dear god-daughter, but I don't wonder that her mother should long to see such a daughter. I don't know what you mean by a *pompadour*, unless it is what we call in this part of the world a *pelisse*; which in plain English is a long cloak made of satin or velvet, black or any colour, lined or trimmed with silk, satin, or fur according to the fancy, with slits for the arms to come out and a head like a *capuchin*. They are worn by everybody, they come down half way the petticoat. (9 o'clock.) I thank God we are mending: Lady Betty surprisingly wel, Lady Margaret better than we expected. Have you met with the novel called The *Marriage Act*?[1] They say it is a satire against the Chancellor. I don't understand it as far as I have gone; it seems a general satire, with a good deal of humour in Fielding's way—spun out to make the most of it.

[1] "The Matriage Act, a Political Novel; in which the ruin of female honour, the contempt of the clergy, the destruction of private and public liberty, with other fatal consequences, are considered in a series of interesting adventures." By John Shebbeare, M.D. A political writer, born at Bideford, in Devonshire, in 1709; died 1788.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Bulstrode, 27 Jan. 1755.

Lady Betty and Lady Margaret are, thank God, out of danger. Lady Harriet I hope is in a good way, but it is early days with her, and we must have some days of anxiety before we can know what we are to expect. This very sharp weather is a disadvantage to us; the dear Duchess is as well as her present situation will allow.

Mrs. Elstob is very well for her, and keeps quiet and composed by her fireside. She crawled down one day with Lord Edward's help, to see her young ladies.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Bulstrode, 29th Jan. 1755.

I hope in God Lady Harriet will do well, but we have had an alarm by a violent bleeding at her nose, which has already bled 15 or 16 ounces: it is at present stopped by Eaton's Stiptic. The Duchess is truly to be pitied, her apprehensions are very great.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Bulstrode, 31st Jan. 1755.

I write, I thank God, to my dearest sister with some comfort to-day. I hope the worst is over with Lady Harriet; she is indeed a sweet creature; so patient under her pains, so cheerful, so thankful for the least

amendment. I always thought the Duchess blest in her children, but I did not know their full worth (nor I may say her's) till this trial. She says I have been a great support to her, and she would not have liked to have anybody but myself, and I am sure it was necessary she should have somebody, for the Duke has been too much affected to command himself enough to be a comforter.

Mr. George Ballard to Mrs. Dewes.

MADAM,

I may now justly fear that my long silence will bring upon me the imputation of ingratitude; but I hope your good-nature will excuse me, when I tell you it has been occasioned by a long and dangerous illness, which has confined me to my chamber many months, and rendered me quite incapable of writing, or doing anything of that kind, till very lately; and I am still so very tender that I dare not venture out of my room. My best acknowledgments are due for your obliging favour in furnishing Mr. Oakover with his copy of my book. I here return you another book, with my sincere thanks.

I do not understand that part of your letter relating to Mrs. Delany. I hope I have not lost the honour and pleasure of a letter from her. The last time I heard from her was by her footman, when she passed through Oxford; and I am very confident I returned my thanks for the generous present she sent to me by him. I beg, Madam, you will be so good as to make my re-

peated compliments and thanks acceptable to her. I hope she and the Dean are both in good health.

I have received *Woman's Worth*,[1] etc., *as fair* as when it went out of my hands, so that Mrs. Dewes and Lady Anne Coventry will be always welcome to the perusal of any curiosities in my collection.

I am now heartily tired, as you will perceive by the slovenliness of my writing, and can only add that I am,

Madam,

Your most obliged servant,

GEORGE BALLARD.

Campden, Jan. 29, 1785.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Bulstrode, 3 Feb. 1755.

Dear Lady Harriet goes on as well as can be expected considering she has not a good sort. She has vast resolution in bearing her present most miserable condition for surely there cannot be anything more terrible to bear for the time it lasts? Between whiles she tries to make comical jokes upon her own figure, and keeps up everybody's spirits with her good-humour. Lady Betty is as fair almost as ever, her eyes as sparkling, and in charming spirits; she has not known the danger her darling sister has been in. I hope, in a few days she will be able to come into the Duchess's dressing-room. Lady Margaret comes on slowly, and her spirits are but indif-

[1] 'The Worth of Women,' a Poem, by Richard Ferrers. Published 1622.

ferent at the best. The Duchess has been for some days much out of order; she has not been able to go to them for three days, which has helped to sink her spirits.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Bulstrode, 5 Feb., 1755.

Lovely Lady Harriet is in a fair way of recovery, which *I could not say till now.* The Duchess is better. I was under great apprehensions for her a few days ago; she had all the symptoms of a fever, but they are gone off. Lady Betty is so well that if to-morrow is a fine day, she is to come up into the Duchess's dressing-room. Lady Margaret is slower in gathering strength. As to their fair faces, I fear Lady Margaret will suffer a little and Lady Harriet a great deal, but we are at present so glad to have her *alive*, that we are not yet mortified about it. The Duchess has ordered the rotten apples to be distilled, and is much obliged to you for your kind attention.

I received a letter this morning from Mr. J. C. to desire I would recommend him to succeed an agent of the Duke of Portland's, who is just dead, but it has been long promised. I should have been most happy to have succeeded for him, but the Duchess is so well inclined to serve him, that had she any estate of her own to settle, or ever meddled with those matters for the Duke she would have gladly preferred him—some time or other it may be in her power. He rode down about noon to know his fate, and unluckily at a time when I could

have very little of his company :—the Duchess confined to her room; the Duke with the gout; and such a scene of sickness from one end of the house to the other that I could only carry him up to Mrs. Elstob's room.

Dr. Young to Mrs. Delany, at the Duke of Portland's, at Bulstrode, Bucks.

MADAM,

I humbly thank her Grace for conveying to me so very good news by so worthy and elegant a hand; and I congratulate you, Madam, and the world on the Divine mercy to that noble and virtuous house in the day of fear and affliction.

The day of affliction is the day of glory to the Christian! What you say of the Duchess claims indeed my admiration, but by no means gives me any surprise. Her former conduct so prepared me for it, that all surprise at aught commendable in her Grace is over.

I accept the Dean's good wishes with great gratitude, nor is it the only favour I am obliged to him for. I have lately read his excellent sermons: they are well-timed, the world wanted them, and they prescribe well for the present distempers. But I fear Dr. Hays has the advantage of him; as physicians (generally speaking) are more successful in their attack on diseases than divines.

I bless God I am very well in health; but my hurt eye is still a check on my pen. I beg, therefore, that you, Madam, and they who so justly enjoy your love

and esteem, will not by the shortness of my letter measure the most sincere respect and duty of their and your

Most obedient and obliged humble servant,

E. YOUNG.

Feb. 5, 1755.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Bulstrode, 16 Feb., 1755.

Lady Harriet has had a good night, and says she "could almost dance a jig." I have got the harpsichord removed into her bed-chamber, and wish I may be able to charm away the evil spirit of pain, but I fear it is not powerful enough even to lull it for a moment.

Well, and what execution did Brunette's sensible eyes do upon Mr. Silvester? I would not have her *wound* but where it is prudent for her also to *heal*. I had a letter from Miss Sutton last week, to recommend a boarding-house to the Duke of Portland for Lord Edward, as his old woman with whom he boarded is dead. The Duchess of Portland will make me go to town for two or three days, to see my brother and settle our house. Wednesday we propose going, and returning on Saturday; the Duke and Duchess both insist upon our doing this. Mr. Deane Swift's book[1] is the most abusive thing I ever read, and I own I have been silly enough to be much vexed at it, though I *ought* to be above it. D.D. has more temper, and laughs at it.

Old Mr. Barber *is alive*, drinks his claret, smokes his pipe, and *cares not a pin for any of his family*, who, if

[1] An Essay on the Life, Writings, and Character of Dr. Jonathan Swift.

they had not met with better friends than himself, might have starved! I have just been playing on the harpsichord to Lady Harriet, and have introduced Lady Betty to Lady Margaret. I left them together to recover their spirits, and I hear they are very happy.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Bulstrode, 9 Feb., 1755.

I thank God all is tranquil again, after many fears and alarms. The Duchess is much better: Lady Betty, I believe, will not be marked at all, and Lady Margaret not so much as we apprehended at first: I can't say what Lady Harriet will be yet.

I don't know how to wish Mary less sensibility, though it will make her feel a variety of woes; but the unfeeling heart is so worthless a thing, that I am glad she is cast in another mould. Mr. Hotham and Lady Dorothy,[1] who have the next house to us, have been in it above three weeks, and we have had constant fires in every room for six weeks past, so I hope ours will be in very good order for us. Mr. and Mrs. Vesey are expected over every day. I have just finished the "*Marriage Act*,"[2] and was greatly disappointed, as I had heard it cried up; the design of the book is to shew the many ill effects that may attend that *Act*, and some are made very plain, and I think much may be said against it;

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[1] Lady Dorothy Hotham was the only daughter of Sir John Hobart, 1st Earl of Buckinghamshire. She married, 21st October, 1752, Sir Charles Thompson, Bart.

[2] The Act for preventing Clandestine Marriages.

but upon the whole I should fear the book would do mischief, and I don't understand the policy of making all the nobility appear odious. Books that are written for the middling rank of people ought not to be in an ironical strain: they are often taken literally, and do more harm than good, the stories are very indelicate and very unnatural, and after having read a "Clarissa" and a "Sir C. Grandison," these scribbled performances are mere trash; and if there is *some* humour in them it does not make amends for the innumerable offensive passages; however, I should be glad to have your opinion.

We are now engaged in that very extraordinary book, *Mr. Deane Swift's* account of his cousin the *Dean of St. Patrick's* life and writings, wherein he mauls my Lord Orrery, and then falls on the author of the *Observations on Lord Orrery* without mercy or decency. But he is so mad and so abusive that his satire loses its sting, and where he is not abusive he is exceedingly dull. It is a book rather to despise and laugh at than to resent; however, I could almost forgive him, for the copy of verses of Stella's to Dr. Swift are excessively pretty, which otherwise perhaps we should never have seen. The world of London has been wild with the masquerade! great splendour appeared at Somerset House, a vast crowd, too much for the rooms they had, nor was it as well lighted so it ought to have been: I enclose you a list of some of the dresses.

I am extremely glad your neighbour is *come to himself*, but if he had not had a very reasonable and good-natured person to deal with, whose superior understanding made him gentle to Mr. L.'s weaknesses, it might have settled into a quarrel. I think resent-

ments for trifles ought to be guarded against as much as possible—it is the bane of society and often ends fatally.

The Dean has just wheeled away in his 4-wheeled chaise to London, on business to his bankers, and returns to-morrow.

The last time I was at Lady Harriet's bed-side she desired me to say she "shall shew you a pure spotted face" when she has the pleasure of seeing you in town.

How did you like Mr. Dalton's poems?

The verses composed by Stella, so much commended by Mrs. Delany, are here inserted as a suitable addition to this letter.

To Dr. Swift on his Birthday, November 30, 1721.

St. Patrick's Dean, your country's pride,
My early and my only guide,
Let me among the rest attend,
Your pupil and your humble friend,
To celebrate in female strains
The day that paid your mother's pains;
Descend to take that tribute due
In gratitude alone to you.
When men began to call me fair,
You interpos'd your timely care;
You early taught me to despise
The ogling of a coxcomb's eyes;
Shew'd where my judgment was misplac'd;
Refined my fancy and my taste.
Behold that beauty just decay'd
Invoking art to Nature's aid;
Forsook by her admiring train
She spreads her tatter'd nets in vain;
Short was her part upon the stage;
Went smoothly on for half a page;
Her bloom was gone, she wanted art,
As the scene chang'd, to change her part:
She, whom no lover could resist,
Before the second act was hiss'd.
Such is the fate of female race
With no endowments but a face!

Before the thirti'th year of life
A maid forlorn, or hated wife.
STELLA to you, her tutor, owes
That she has ne'er resembled those;
Nor was a burden to mankind
With half her course of years behind.
You taught how I might youth prolong
By knowing what was right and wrong;
How from my heart to bring supplies
Of lustre to my fading eyes;
How soon a *beauteous mind repairs*
The loss of *chang'd* or *falling hairs;*
How wit and virtue from within
Send out a smoothness o'er the skin!
Your lectures cou'd my fancy fix,
And I can please at thirty-six!
The sight of Chloe at fifteen
Coquetting, gives not me the spleen,
The idol now of every fool
'Till time shall make their passions cool;
Then tumbling down time's steepy hill,
While STELLA holds her station still.
Oh! turn your precepts into laws,
Redeem the women's ruin'd cause,
Retrieve lost empire to our sex,
That men may bow their rebel necks.
Long be the day that gave you birth
Sacred to *friendship, wit,* and *mirth;*
Late dying may you cast a shred
Of your rich mantle o'er my head;
To bear with dignity my sorrow,
One day *alone, then die to-morrow!*

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Bolton Row,[1] 22 Feb, 1755.

I am just stepping into the coach to go to Bulstrode. On Tuesday morning at near ten we set forward, and in three hours and a half we reached Bolton Row, where

[1] Mrs. Vesey's house in Bolton Row, which was lent to the Dean and Mrs. Delany till their own was ready in Spring Gardens.

I found my brother ready to receive us, and Smith ready with some good chocolate.

I found Miss Sutton with Mrs. Donnellan. I did not think she looked very well, but this cold weather shrivels old and young. Her eldest brother[1] is come over, and lives with her—that is, he has taken a house next hers, but he is to be at all the expense of housekeeping; he has his fits still, and she must live in a perpetual alarm, Dick[2] is abroad. Mrs. Donnellan is *much* better than she was last year, and thinks herself a *little* better; Miss Evelyn came in soon after me and outstaid me.

On Thursday morning at ten, D.D. went into the City, and I to the terrace in Spring Garden, where I scolded at some things that were and some things that were not done. Lady Dorothy Hotham, who is next door to us, (on whom I called,) has been in her house these six weeks, and says they have got no cold. We shall not go to town till this day fortnight, and that depends on Lady Harriet and Lady Margaret gathering strength, and an alteration of weather. When I had done in Spring Garden, I went to Mr. Pitt's[3] auction of shells, and met two *fine men* there by appointment—*Mr. Granville* and Capt. Kirke, but had not time to examine half the treasure of shells there displayed. Called at a print shop to see a specimen of some

[1] John, eldest son of Sir Robert Sutton, K.B., and the Dowager Countess of Sunderland.

[2] Richard, afterwards created a Baronet, succeeded his eldest brother in the estate of Norwood Park, Nottinghamshire, and was the ancestor of the present Sir John Sutton (1860).

[3] Benjamin Pitt, Esq., a great virtuoso in shells, fossils, &c., died 10th January, 1755.

coloured exotic plants that Mr. Miller is going to publish: they are pretty well done: I shall subscribe, they come out monthly, 6 for a crown. Then went to Craven Street, to Mrs. Granville,[1] who is very much out of order with slow fever; went from her home to dress at two. Called on Mrs. Montagu, Hanover Square—very particular kind enquiries after you and your daughter. Mrs. Fountain is very well again and very happy. Mr. Fred. Montagu has left Cambridge with the highest reputation: he was called upon to make a Latin speech, for which he received the thanks of the whole college, with a request that it should be printed, and he has gained great honour from it: he is now settled in chambers studying the law in good earnest, and will neither go to *drum* nor *ball!* By half-an-hour after three I got to Mrs. Donnellan's—nobody dined there but her nephew: my brother came by the time we had dined, then Mrs. Foley, then Mrs. Montagu, then Mr. Campbell, Mr. Bernard, and Miss Cooley,—so that I left her in company again without the opportunity of saying one private word. In my way home I called on Lady Tweeddale, Lady Wallingford, and Dash—nobody at home. On Friday morning I settled accounts and gave orders. Mr. Granville came, Mrs. Montagu came, dressed for the day as soon as I was up expecting interruptions. At one went to Lady Wallingford and Dash by appointment—both but indifferent.

From thence I went to Mrs. Pointz, found her in *distress* for somebody to go to the oratorio with Miss Pointz, so I undertook the charge; (*matters go on very*

[1] The Honourable Ann Granville.

well there.) Appointed her to call on me at Mrs. Granville's in Craven Street, where I was to dine, and where Miss Sutton also was to call for me. My brother and Mr. Thynne dined with us at Babess's and at six went to the Oratorio Penseroso,[1] &c.—very well performed. I hope you will come time enough for an oratorio or two. *Mr. Spencer*[2] was *upon duty*, and seemed to have no attention for anything but his fair lady, *and the music;* my brother was in the box with us; my letter is now a fair roundelay.

I forgot to tell you that Mrs. Montagu, Hill Street, came to Don. the first day I called there, and hearing I was above stairs, desired to be excused coming up,—not that she had any fear of seeing me, but it "*would make Mr. Mon. uneasy.*[3]" What advantage is there in having sense and wit *above one's fellows*, if it cannot guard one from such extravagant fears and foolish vanities? As to news, the prettiest story I heard of the masquerade at Somerset House was of Miss Allen,[4] Lady Carysfort's sister, who is a little lively sort of a fairy, not very conversant with the great world, and never goes to Court: she was at the masquerade, and had a desire to see Lady Coventry, by this time most people were unmasked, especially those I suppose who thought they set off their dress, Miss Allen had her

"The Allegro Penseroso and Moderato" was composed by Handel in fifteen days, and was performed once in the year 1755.—*Schœlcher's Life of Handel.*

[2] Mr. Spencer, afterwards created Lord Spencer, son of the Honourable Georgiana Carteret, and grandson of Sarah Duchess of Marlborough.

[3] On account of the small pox at Bulstrode.

[4] Frances, youngest daughter of Joshua Viscount Allen, and sister of Lady Carysfort. She married the Right Hon. Sir William Mayne, Bart., afterwards created Lord Newhaven.

mask on. She went up to Lady Coventry, (resolved to make a little sport with her,) and after looking at her very earnestly, "*I have indeed heard a great deal of this lady's beauty, but it far surpasses all I have heard.*"—"*What!*" says Lady C., "*did you never see me before?*" A young man that stood by said to the mask, "Are you not an Englishwoman?"—"*I don't know whether I may not be called an Englishwoman, but I am just come from New York upon the fame of this lady, whose beauty is talked of far and near, and think I came for a very good purpose.*" Many lively entertaining things Miss Allen said on the occasion. Lady Coventry walked off, but the young man would not part with Miss Allen, and said, "Come, pull off this mask; I must see who has entertained us so well," and made her sit down. "*Hands off!*" said she, for he offered to take her masque, "*you know that's impertinent!*" and she said many smart things to him. Lady Carysfort beckoned her to her, and said, "Do you know it is Prince Edward[1] you are talking to?" Miss Allen, in great confusion, thought it was best not to seem to know, and by degrees disengaged herself, but when she pulled off her mask he had watched her and came up to her and took her by the hand, and asked her if she knew the supper-room? she said she did not, upon which he led her through three rooms, everybody making way, the crowd being very great; and when they came to the room, he addressed himself to the chief of the company, and desired "that young lady might be particularly taken care of, and that he

[1] Edward Augustus, second son of Frederick Prince of Wales, created, 1st April, 1760, Earl of Ulster, and Duke of York and Albany. He died unmarried, 17th September, 1767.

was extremely sorry he was obliged to sup in another party," and retired without making any discovery of himself to her: was not that pretty and polite? As she had never been at Court she did not know him.

Lord Waldegrave's[1] match with Miss Drax is off. Sir John Bland[2] lost to Capt. O'Brien, who married Lord Inchiquin's deaf and dumb daughter, £32,000.[3] Mr. O'Brien honourably gave him his chance of winning it back again, and he reduced it to £9000. What a curse to nations is such a pit of destruction as *White's!* It is a sad thing that in a Xtian country it should continue undemolished.

Many thanks for the knotting and pretty work.

Poor Lord Oxford[4] dangerously ill: it has shocked the Duchess extremely. Lord Titchfield goes to Oxford on Monday, and that's another flutter upon her spirits. The young ladies are pure well. Your daughter's health was drank on the 22nd Feb. You know it was the Duchess's and Lady Oxford's birthday *too.*

Lord North has proposed to Miss Speake.[5] I don't know *the answer.*

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[1] The Earl of Waldegrave, married 9th December, 1754, to Miss Drax, daughter of Henry Drax, Esq.

[2] Horace Walpole says, February 23, 1755, "The great event is Sir John Bland, who has *flirted* away his whole fortune at hazard. At one period of the night he lost 32,000*l.*, though he recovered the greatest part of it. This immense sum was lost to Captain (afterwards General) Scott, who married Lady Mary Hay, daughter of the 13th Earl of Errol.

[3] Captain O'Brien, of the foot guards, married, March 9th, 1754, the Honourable Mary O'Brien, daughter of the Earl of Inchiquin.

[4] Edward Harley, 3rd Earl of Oxford, died 11th April, 1755.

[5] Frederic Lord North, (afterwards Earl of Guildford,) married, 20th May, 1756, Anne daughter and heir of George Speke, Esq.

The next letter is 25th February, from Mrs. Delany to Miss Dewes, omitted for communications of more interest. She reminds her niece that she is now nine years old, gives her excellent advice on her conduct, and says "that the graces of the mind will shine when those of the person decay, and are therefore worth more care." She invites her to London, and hopes Mr. Serise, the dancing-master, "will see that she can hold up her head and curtsey *as uprightly* as the ladies of London;" she also speaks of her godmother Lady Cowper.

Mrs. Delany afterwards writes to Mrs. Dewes, at Calwich, to desire her to get a copy of Lord Titchfield's verses spoken at Oxford, as a wager depends upon getting them. She also jokes about Miss Viney's partiality to Mr. Davenport, but "*fears his heart may be as hard as the rocks on which he has built his house.*"

CHAPTER XIV.

FEBRUARY 22ND, 1755—DECEMBER, 1755.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Bulstrode, 3rd March, 1755.

"Lord Titchfield is just set out with the Duke of Portland, and the Bishop of St. Asaph for Oxford, where I hope he will establish as great a character as he has had at Westminster School. A more innocent virtuous youth I believe there is not of his age, without the least conceit or affectation, but the Duchess, who knows the world, dreads its snares and temptations for him, and the more so as she must see how handsome he is; but after passing through Westminster School unhurt, she has reason to hope he will go on as well as he has begun. This will be a melancholy day—yesterday was a struggling one; for though in the main they are all happy at Lord Titchfield's going to Oxford, they were loath to part with him, and the girls could not speak to him yesterday without "*glistening eyes*," as Mr. Richardson says.

I wrote you a letter last week with a full account of my travels to and in London. The oratorio was miserably thin; the Italian opera is in high vogue, and

always full, though one song of the least worthy of Mr. Handel's music is worth all their frothy compositions.

Poor Lord Oxford[1] is going very fast! all his friends have been alarmed about him a great while, but his own family not till lately. They wanted to have him try the Bath, but he is too ill to be moved now, and I fear by the late accounts he cannot last long; the Duchess is greatly afflicted about him. I had a letter last post from Gran, with a very indifferent account of Mrs. Donnellan. There is a new book advertised, called *The Centaur not Fabulous*,[2] on the manners of the times. As I have had a hint given me who the author is, though he has not published his name, I am very impatient to get it, and then shall be as impatient to communicate to my dear sister. It is by the author of "Night Thoughts," and I believe will be something better worth reading than "*The Marriage Act*." I can tell you no news. There are rumours of wars. The Duke of Dorset is to go again to Dublin: I wish he may be better treated than he was last time. Lord Granville has taken home Lady Sophia Carteret,[3] from Lady Pomfract: they say she is a fine girl and in

[1] Edward, 3rd Earl of Oxford and Mortimer (cousin to the Duchess of Portland), succeeded to the title on the death of Edward, 2nd earl. He expired at Bath, April 11, 1755.

[2] "The Centaur not Fabulous, in Six Letters on Life in Vogue;" was written by Dr. Edward Young, author of the "Night Thoughts," and published in 1758.

[3] Lady Sophia Carteret, daughter of Lord Granville by his second wife, Lady Sophia Fermor. Lady Sophia Carteret married in 1765, William, 2nd Earl of Shelburne, who married 2ndly, in 1779, Louisa, daughter of John Fitzpatrick, Earl of Upper Ossory, and was created Marquis of Lansdown, Nov. 1784. He was succeeded by John, the son of his first marriage, who, dying 1809, was succeeded by his half brother, the present Marquis of Lansdown.

extreme good order; I believe she is the same age as my dear Mary.

I have written to Lady Cowper, to lay in (against Mr. Spencer comes of age) for some agency; there must be several in such a vast estate. I heartily wish *that* poor young man may live to enjoy it, and to fulfill his engagement with his present passion;[1] she is too worthy a young woman to be trifled with, and he has not been won by any arts on her side, but attached by the strong bent of his inclination, and a happier choice he could not have made. She was born a gentlewoman, greatly allied by her mother's side, well educated, a most sensible, generous, delicate mind, and I think a very agreeable person; he has rank and an immense fortue, and I hope good qualities—I have never heard of any bad ones. Thus summed up, which I really believe is the true state of the case, it is very evident where the advantage lies most.

The following MS. of advice to Lord Tichfield on going to Oxford is in the handwriting of Mrs. Delany, and composed by her at the request of the Duchess of Portland.

Written in 1755.

My Lord,

The friendship with which the Duchess of Portland has honoured me from her childhood, has laid me under the strongest obligations of every return in my power to every one and in everything where her happiness is any way interested; and as I well know how

[1] Miss Poyntz.

agreeably it is interested in you, I find my obligations to her upon this head in their greatest extent and strength, which is the best apology I can, and the only I shall attempt to make for this trouble.

My Lord, the first duty of true friendship is truth, and this duty is strong in proportion as that duty is important. Be not surprised then if, in obedience to this obligation, I put you in mind of some debts, which, as young people are too apt to forget their debts, possibly you have not yet thought of, or at least not so seriouly as they deserve.

You have, my Lord, been running in debt almost from your cradle, but more remarkably for seven or eight years last past, and at the same time that you have been contracting these debts, you have been promising every day, by everything serious and sacred, to discharge them to the full with ample interest. You will naturally ask what these debts are? I answer, the debts of well-grounded, solid hopes and righteous expectations, —the debts of *all* others most properly deemed *debts of honour*; debts the most honourable to contract and most glorious to discharge, and consequently the most reproachful to leave unpaid. No, my Lord, you will leave none of them unpaid, we will judge of the future by the past, and rest there.

Your Lordship long since promised Westminster a good scholar for Oxford: you have given her the very best she glories to have sent thither since I know not when. You promised her a young nobleman of great hopes, built upon their only solid basis—temperance, diligence, humility, modesty, piety: she confesses the debt to be fully discharged. What then is there un-

discharged? Oh, my Lord, a great deal. You have now promised the University all you before promised to Westminster, and much more, and Westminster herself has passed her word for you, and is bound for the performance.

You have promised her a nobleman of the first quality, as distinguished for intellectual endowment and moral accomplishments as for all the advantages of his rank, family, and fortune. You promised her youth a shining light and an amiable example, to lead them in all the noblest ways of learning, religion, and virtue. You promised her learned rulers singular satisfaction and joy, and you promised that most venerable and religious matron herself lasting glory: and since she has now adopted you as her son, you have added the ties of filial piety to all your other obligations!

Nor is this all: you have promised your sovereign (and your venerable parent is bound to make it good) a peer of the first rank to do honour to his Court, and to support his throne—to support it upon the surest principals of fidelity (*hereditary fidelity*) and loyalty; and you have promised your country a senator of eminent integrity and ability to protect her constitution, her religion, and her laws.

Nor is this all: you have promised your parents (the best of earthly parents) solid joy and progressive happiness in the discharge of all these debts, and your filial piety is bound to make it good.

How glorious will it be to discharge all these debts in the noblest and amplest manner! and you will so discharge them, my Lord, beyond doubt or danger, if, above all things else in this world, you are attentive

to discharge one debt more—a debt which you incurred the moment you came into it, which you solemnly promised to pay at your baptism, and have publicly repeated your promise at your confirmation; I need not tell you, that this is the debt of original duty to the Great Ruler of the earth, the true source of all advantages, honours, and endowments—your Father which is in Heaven; the debt of all others the first and strongest in the obligation, and the most honourable and delightful in the discharge; with this peculiar and most distinguished advantage, that the careful and conscientious discharge of that one debt will effectually enable you to discharge all the rest, not only with ease but with added happiness.

The preamble has been long, my Lord, but the conclusion is short.

In every action advised, on every occasion offered, let this short question precede the engagement or undertaking, *Will this enable and incline me to pay my debts*—my first and greatest especially? or will it in any degree disable or disincline me? And according as this is answered by your own head and heart, zealously pursue or religiously avoid it. You see, my Lord, I practise the lesson I preach, for I have taken up so much of your time and my own, to pay some part of the great debt of gratitude due to your excellent mother,

From her most obliged,

And your most obedient, &c.

From Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Bulstrode, 5 March, 1755.

Though I shall not answer your last delightful letter till my usual day; there is one part I must answer immediately, which is to inform you that there are no lodgings to be had but at *one house* on the pavement at Spring Gardens, which is well situated; we shall be very near neighbours. I believe we shall go on Monday se'night, and the longest time I can spare you will be till the 2nd of April; if you can come sooner do. I should not have put off the happy day so far, but that Easter interferes. But could you not be in town the Friday before Passion week? you may then have an oratorio—the Messiah. It will be performed at the Foundling Hospital the 1st of May.

From Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Bulstrode, 9 March, 1755.

I *hope* we shall never be disappointed in our goddaughter as an agreeable companion and trusty friend. What a pleasure it is to gratify so tender and grateful a heart! I wrote to Charlton for their consent (the post I mentioned my design to you,) by the Dean's desire, who takes great pleasure in our Brunette, and I wrote you word I had applied to Lady Cowper to recommend Mr. J. C. to Mr. Spencer. I believe we shall leave this on Monday or Tuesday se'night, the 17th or 18th. Smith writes me word my house is very dry, and we may come into it with safety. Lady Harriet has been two days in the dressing-room, now known by the name

of "*The Hive;*" and "the Hivites" all send their best wishes and compliments to you.

I am truly concerned for poor Mr. Chambers'[1] misfortune, it is a very great one, and of a shocking nature: I am sure Mr. Dewes feels for his old acquaintance. My brother is very well, and has a commission from the Duchess of Portland to bid for a miniature picture of Our Saviour (of which you have seen a copy with me) as far as two hundred guineas, it is in Doctor Meade's sale.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Bulstrode, March 12, 1755.

"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee," etc.

Joy and delight, and no manner of inconvenience *except what you may meet with!* I had a letter to-day from Mr. Shuttleworth, who assures us our house is dry and safe, and I hope nothing will prevent your being in town on Saturday se'night the 22nd. The street we live in is called New Street in Spring Garden, and our house is the last in the row. I wish you to come from your coach in a chair, as you will have a good way to walk.

We have been excessively busy to-day finishing the *lustre* for the gothic cell, which has been chiefly Lady Betty's work, but projected by the Duchess. I set down on paper her project, and she and her daughters have made it a gem, which I have not time to describe, but it is as beautiful and elegant as *amber*, *ivory*, *jet*, *mother of pearl*, and such hands could make it.

[1] On February 25, 1755, the house of Thomas Chambers, Esq., at Studley, in Warwickshire, was burnt to the ground. The family alone were saved.

This is the Duke's birthday, and all the fine things have been set in order; and to-morrow we shall begin to pack them up, as we keep to our intention of setting out next Monday. We have been diverting ourselves so long with observing the *observators*, for the Duchess has been so good-natured as to let all her domestics, from *Mrs. Faran* to the *carter*, see *all* the fine things. She has more true pleasure in giving this indulgence, than if she had given a grand masquerade to all the fine folks of London!

I had a letter last post from Miss Anne Hamilton, to acquaint me that her mother had got a pension of an hundred and fifty pounds a-year, which is to descend to her two daughters.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

New Street, Spring Gardens,[1]
18th March, 1755.

My dearest sister, D.D. says if you don't come soon he will go down to Welsbourne and bring you away. As Mr. Dewes is engaged at home with business, I don't press him to come till it is quite convenient; he is assured of being most heartily welcome to us both, when he does come. I have it not in my power to say if I can visit Welsbourne this summer, for I must go, if we have time before we go to Ireland (which we propose doing the latter end of June), to Gloucester, and D.D. cannot leave London at soonest till the latter end of May. I like my house *mightily*, but some of my chimneys smoke, and we are trying to cure them.

[1] It appears that after Dr. Delany became aware of the lingering and uncertain nature of the lawsuit instituted against him, and after he had also had a seizure of paralytic tendency, he never rested till he had purchased a house in London for Mrs. Delany, and seen her in possession of it.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

New Street, 22nd March, 1755.

After such a disappointment, the *turkey and chine* are hardly welcome. This sounds ungrateful, and truly is so; but do we not treat Providence in the same manner? When we have not our wishes we are too apt to neglect the blessings we possess! This does not justify me, but I hope I shall reform, though it requires some fortitude and great patience to support a disappointment where the heart is so much concerned.

Lady Juliana Pen, as soon as brought to bed, goes to Ireland to see her sister Lady Anne Dawson.

It appears that Mrs. Dewes paid Mrs. Delany a visit in London between the date of this letter and 15th May, when the Correspondence recommences.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Forlorn Spring Garden, 15th May, 1755.

I knew you meant to *steal kindly away*, but I had a great mind at 6 o'clock (my usual hour of wakening), to have defeated your purpose. My tender wishes and prayers attended all your footsteps within and without my house.

I arose at half an hour after seven and prepared my colours—they all looked dull. It was well my business was only to dead colour; it suited my sombre thoughts. Your dear note was delivered to me before breakfast, which D.D. and I sat down to with full hearts. I ran up to my picture at ten, D.D. followed me and read a manuscript, which gave me as much pleasure as I was at that time capable of; when he finished went to en-

quire after Mrs. Drelingcourt, and Lady Louisa Fermor[1] made me a morning visit. Lady Sophia Carteret went out of town this morning for the summer with Lady Pomfret.; Père Courayer came to take leave. He goes to-morrow to Petersham with Mr. Stanhope for the summer. Mrs. Granville[2] (Craven Street) dines with me, and in the evening I shall go to Whitehall.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Whitehall, 17th May, 1755.

My letter on "dismal Thursday," told you all that had passed that day. Yesterday morning, between seven and eight, I walked up the Mall (with D.D.) and the Green Park as far as Lord Granville's, and back again. When our business in the parlour was over, I went to my painting, dressed the heads of two of the women, and clothed one in dark green; no company but the Bishop of Derry; made Westminster visits, and drank tea with Mrs. Barnard. This morning, walking, &c., and painting. Mrs. Barnard, Mrs. Granville, and Lord Titchfield, Mr. Granville attended my pencils, and hindered my writing; dined at Lord Granville's, and where I *now am* you may see by my date. I go to-morrow to Soho, visiting, have been to-day with Lady Dorothy Hotham, and made your excuse. This is like the short snatches of conversation we used

[1] Lady Louisa Fermor, fifth daughter of Thomas Earl Pomfret, married William Clayton, Esq., second son of Sir William Clayton. She was sister of Lady Sophia Fermor (Lady Granville) Lady Juliana Penn, Lady Ann Dawson (afterwards Lady Cremorne) and Lady Charlotte Finch, who for so many years was governess to the Princesses, daughters of George III. and Queen Charlotte.

[2] Honourable Ann Granville.

to catch between dressing and dinner. Lady Anne Somerset[1] as well as can be. Mrs. Drelingcourt still alive, *that's all.* Lady Pomfret and Lady Sophia Carteret overturned and hurt, as the news says, though no harm but to the axletree of their coach which broke. Lady Louisa Tollemache[2] in a good way, and Lady Tweeddale sets out for Scotland next Tuesday.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Spring Garden, 24 May, 1755.

I have finished the first painting of my picture, and shall do no more to it till I go to Ireland, and shall settle myself to business as soon as my Hertford visit is over. When in a flow of spirits, and from a desire one has of seeing the friends we love, we sometimes make engagements that afterwards are inconvenient to fulfil; this is my case in regard to that visit and Herefordshire, but as my time will be so contracted, I now wish I could bestow it all on my dear sister.

The Duchess of Portland spends this day at Kenwood (Mr. Murray's), and her children with her. Yesterday morning Mr. Granville went with a party to Portsmouth: he called on me before 8 o'clock, and found me finishing my picture, and as soon as he returns from his expedition he will thank you and Mr. Dewes for the best pork that ever was tasted; one side remains

[1] Lady Anne Somerset was the eldest daughter of Charles, 4th Duke of Beaufort. She married, in 1759, Charles, 7th Earl of Northampton.

[2] Lady Louisa Tollemache, born 1745, eldest daughter of Lionel, 3rd Earl of Dysart, and Lady Grace, daughter of John Carteret, Earl Granville. On the death of her second brother, in 1821, Lady Louisa became Countess of Dysart. She married in 1765 John Manners, Esq., and died in 1840.

yet untouched, and is to feast the Portlands to-morrow, one and all, whom D.D. has invited because it is the 25*th of May*. We are both, I thank God, well; and continue our morning walks before breakfast. We dined at Whitehall on Thursday, and the Duchess and I spent the evening at Lady Bute's. Yesterday the Duchess drank tea with me for the first time since her confinement, and made Westminster visits afterwards; we propose going to Hertford on Tuesday, and not to return till Thursday or Friday.

John Tanti arrived here last Tuesday, stout enough to be a grenadier. The Duchess of Portland says he is "like one of *the Cæsars!*" How he *may polish* in time I know not. On Wednesday night, after supper, walks in her Grace of Queensbury in her usual manner; she desired me to breakfast with her on Thursday at nine, as she was to go out of town at *ten;* I went accordingly, but she would not let me leave her till *past eleven*. She was very easy and conversable, and you may believe I avoided as much as possible everything that could recall her great misfortune, which seems to have laid fast hold of her, for she sometimes sighed bitterly. I saw nobody but herself; she shewed me a pretty shell cabinet, which I think may easily be imitated. Mul. and Prescot made me a morning visit, and brought me another ingenious dialogue of Mr. M's., which you are to be entertained with at Welsbourne.

I have written to Mrs. Foley to give her an account of a very pretty house (to be bought) in our neighbourhood—*Catherine Street*, next door to Mrs. Hare's. It is not so large as they should have, but will have as much room as the house they now have, and much better situated. I hope the fraud in your neighbourhood

will soon be detected. It is pity sensible people should be perplexed about such an affair, and the ignorant imposed upon and terrified; and though *the apparition* seems to preach righteousness, I should fear that was not altogether the motive! I will take care of Mr. Kirkham.

Lady Anne Conolly[1] has been in great distress about her daughter, Lady Gore,[2] who came from Ireland with Mr. and Mrs. Bushe. The night she came to Lady Anne's house she was so very ill that Sir Richard Maningham was sent for, who declared that her disorder would be soon over, and *left her!* Almost as soon as he had left her, her pains increased; he was sent for again, found her in violent convulsions, and she had a dead child! She was for some days despaired of, but is now in her senses and better, but knew nothing of what had happened. Is not this like some old novel we have read, and thought impossible? Did I tell you that Lady Betty Spencer[3] was to be married to the Duke of Richmond?[4] They say everything is concluded for Sir James Lowther.[5] Mrs. Drelingcourt[6] still alive, and that's all.

I have got all the Mul. verses copied, and will not forget the clergyman's letters.

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[1] Lady Anne Conolly was the sister of the Earl of Strafford, and wife of the Right Honorable William Conolly.

[2] Catherine, daughter of the Right Honourable William Conolly, married, 23rd February, 1754, Sir Ralph Gore, who was afterwards created Earl of Ross.

[3] Elizabeth, second daughter of Charles Spencer, 2nd Duke of Marlborough, married, in 1756, Henry, 10th Earl of Pembroke.

[4] Charles, 3rd Duke of Richmond, married, 1st April, 1757, Mary, eldest daughter of Charles, 3rd Earl of Ailesbury.

[5] Sir James Lowther married, 7th September, 1761, Margaret, daughter of John Earl of Bute.

[6] Mrs. Drelincourt, wife of the Dean of Armagh.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Spring Garden, 31 May, 1755.

I wish I could avoid making any visit but to Snitfield,[1] as a week will be the most we can stay. We shall stay at Gloucester two days, and two days at Stoke[2] in our way to Chester. We had a very pleasant jaunt into Hertfordshire, set out at eight, and got to the *cottage* (in *outward appearance*) but within it contains what few palaces can boast of! The two rooms below and the two above are a good size, the rest of the house nooks and garrets, but pleasant, clean and retired, at the *end* of Hertford town. I had the satisfaction of finding Lady Sarah Cowper very well. The garden is a kitchen-garden, about the size of your old one, sloping down to a river; the part next the house full of sweet flowers, that next the water has a grove of nut trees, with several seats, quite rural and pretty; no walls to be seen but a paling on the right hand, against which there are fruit-trees. From the left hand you go into a pretty field, where a path broad enough for two to walk is parted off and divided from the field with a little pale and sweet flowers in the border; at the end a summer-house *in a tree*, from whence you see the winding of the river. Mrs. Pointz, her two daughters, and a widow Mrs. Pointz are in the house with her and happiness dwells among them. In the afternoon came Lord and Lady Cowper, and we went away with them. Colegreene is a large good house, fine grass and trees; but nothing remarkably fine in the place but a picture of Vandyke's

[1] Snitfield, in Warwickshire, the seat of the Coventry family.
[2] Stoke Edith in Herefordshire.

of the Nassau! *O such a picture!* But particulars must be left for conversation. Tuesday in the afternoon we drank tea with Mrs. Cowper at Pansanger. What a happy nest of brothers and sisters they are all within three miles of each other! Lady Sarah Cowper and Mrs. Pointz spent that day with us, and without ceremony I singled out Lady Sarah Cowper and walked an hour and half in a delightful wood, when my dearest sister was *faithfully remembered*, but my pleasure was damped, when I recollected that in that very place through those windings and that shade she once had a sister.[1]

We left Colegreene Wednesday at 8 o'clock, and arrived at Dr. Young's at Welwyn soon after 9, where we were regaled with excellent bread and butter and tea, and *more excellent* conversation; Dr Young in fine spirits and good health: he is charmed with our god-daughter Sally; many enquiries from all after your health; and such encomiums on your *daughter* and your education of her, as might make your ears tingle. My brother, highly delighted with his expedition, dines here to day. On Tuesday D.D. and I go to see the Duke's lodge at Windsor,[2] and return to dine with Mrs. Granville: we shall lie at Windsor and come home the next day by Teddington, on purpose to make Dr. Hales[3] a visit, and enquire about Capt. Mead's papers. Lady Cowper has promised to be Mr. C's friend with her son. Love affairs go on *most tenderly*: the box contained a

[1] Lady Ann Colleton. [2] The Duke of Cumberland.

[3] Stephen Hales, rector of Teddington, near Hampton Court. He invented a machine similar to the orrery, to demonstrate the motion of the planets, and in 1741 published his invention of ventilators.

pair of very fine rose diamond night clothes earrings, set round with brilliants. Mr. Foley *is so poor* he cannot lay out £2000 in a London house!

Mr. J. Chapone has just been with me and is in great distress about seeing his sister before I fly away with her; but it is impossible for him to leave London till after term.

The three following letters in the month of June merely contained an account of an attack of illness, which had so alarmed the Dean about Mrs. Delany, that he determined to delay his return to Ireland.

On the 7th of June, Mrs. Delany mentions an advertisement in the newspapers of Mr. Chadd's loss of two valuable rings; that the thief was said to be a young lady of quality, Miss P—m, and the report gained ground, because she was a noted gamester; but that if it was true it might be looked upon as a judgment on the family of a man, who was one of the chief supporter of W—tes, and being a P—e M—r, ought to have defended the laws of the nation.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Spring Garden, 10th June, 1755.

I am sure you will be better satisfied to hear from my own hand that I am mightily mended. I made my first visit this morning to the Duchess of Portland. She is now gone to Ratcliff Highway in search of sea treasures, and I was greatly tempted to go with her, but feared the fatigue would be too much.

D.D. is gone into the City to prepare for our moving as soon as possible towards Welsbourne, and let us look on *the week* we are (please God) to spend together

as so much clear gain. If I could avoid hurrying into Herefordshire I would, but I cannot without grieving poor Foley.

It was all malicious report about Miss P—m, though as she is a gamester nobody is sorry for the scandal. The real person not known, but Chad is determined to prosecute the thief and *make her known*, that the innocent may be cleared: she is a married lady and has two children, and her husband knows nothing of the affair.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Spring Garden, 21st June, 1755.

As the surest proof I can give of my being well again, I must inform my dearest sister that we propose, please God, to set out from hence next Thursday, and hope to be with you early on Saturday evening. Don't expect us to dinner, because my travelling pace must be as it agrees with me, and if the weather continues as hot as it is now we must move slowly.

A repose of a few days with my dear friends at Welsbourne (for more it cannot be), will quite restore

Your ever affectionate M.D.

Another serious relapse of illness again delayed Mrs. Delany's departure, after which she began the following letter.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

My dearest sister, I find myself easy, and the doctor assures us all I am in as good a way as possible.

In Mr. Granville's own handwriting.

My sister wanted to tell you she had a very good night, but I snatched the pen out of her hand to tell you so myself, and if you have any confidence in my truth I think her so much better that I have not any more uneasiness about her, and hope you will not have any either.

If I have any skill, she should take Bath in her way to Ireland, not that I think she will have any immediate occasion, but it is always good after a cholic. You may direct one letter more to me at London, and then to Calwich, I think to set out Thursday next. The Duchess is gone to Welbeck.

I hear that Lady Oxford is in a bad state of health.

I am, dear sister,

Yours,

B. G.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Spring Garden, 24th June, 1755.

Our amiable Duchess went out of town for Welbeck this morning—we were cruelly disappointed; she was not well, and I was unable to go to her, so we lost the day we had proposed spending together. I am afraid she will find Lady Oxford very ill. Yesterday we received an account of poor Mrs. Barber's death, which affected both the Dean and me very much, though we were not surprised at the news; and she is happily released from a painful life, I trust in the mercy of God to enjoy a

blessed state! As far as we can judge she was a woman of great virtue: she died sensible, easy, and without a groan. Did I not tell you a month ago Mrs. Drelingcourt is dead?

I still hope to set out on Thursday.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Spring Garden, 5th July, 1755.

I dined below stairs yesterday, and this morning had the comfort of joining with my family in prayers. How many blessings have I to be thankful for! such friends, such indulgences! I cannot express to you the comfort and the support my brother's tenderness has been to me.

As to the Dean's staying in England, it is what he wanted no solicitation about, his distress was so great on my account that he determined not to suffer me to run any hazard; and, thank God, he has reconciled his own staying to himself in such a manner, as to make it quite easy to me. I dare not name a day for our setting out yet. My brother has been so good to stay in town on my account, and has not named a time for going; as we must have our house finished this year for our reception in the winter, it will take up two or three days when I am allowed to attend to business in giving directions about it.

I hope it will not be thought necessary for me to go to Cheltenham till the middle of August. I pleaded hard for drinking the waters at home, but Dr. Heberden will not hear of it. I hope the Brunette has not sent any of her things to Chester.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

3 July, 1755.

I have not yet ventured down-stairs, as the weather has been damp and cold, and my brother's kind attention is such that he will not suffer me to run any hazard.

It seems a determined thing my going to Cheltenham, and then to the Bath; the time not yet fixed, and I hope to enjoy my dear sister's company at Welsbourne before that. Tell my god-daughter, Sally, though I have disappointed her in the Irish scheme, she must belong to me when I go to the Bath.

(*In Mr. Granville's handwriting.*)

I think so good an opportunity of going with Mrs. Delany to Cheltenham and Bath should not be lost, as it is very likely to establish your health. You might excuse yourself to any engagement that might prevent you, and I think no friend can take anything ill of that kind, for health is the first thing to be thought of, and the sooner any disorder is quelled, the better chance there is of passing the latter end of one's life easy.

Yours,

B. GRANVILLE.

(*Mrs. Delany continues.*)

Miss M. and *Miss P.*[1] beg to know if they may come to you after the middle of August, which is about he time we should go to Cheltenham.

[1] Miss Mulso and Miss Prescott.

Mrs. Delany to Mr. Granville, at Calwich.

20 July, 1755.

I have enclosed the receipt you desired, and heartily wish it may be of service to Mrs. Docksey. I remember a young woman in Cornwall, who had lost her speech with a paralytic stroke, was recovered with rubbing her tongue for some days together with palsy drops.

I expect the Duchess of Portland to-night. I have been with Soldi,[1] and think the picture very pretty, though it does not strike me with the resemblance you wanted. The eyes were too staring: he has softened them, and altered some other things, which has given it a little more the look of what I suppose my mother might be at that time; he has thrown a white tiffany over one of the shoulders, that has a good effect, and is charmingly painted. The purple ribbon in the hair is simple, and becoming, and helps to relieve the head from the ground; the light touches of the hair were too yellow—he has mended them. I sat an hour by him, and was not only entertained, but edified; he is good-humoured and very communicative; I wanted to coax him out of some of his pencils, but he did not, or would not, understand me.

Yesterday morning we set out at 8 o'clock, took Mr. and Mrs. Dobson with us, and went to the Green Man on Blackheath, bespoke our dinner (a bad house, by-the-by), and went on to Mr. Cleeves, and was delighted. I have not time to tell you how much we all admired it, and I was feasted most luxuriously in

[1] Andrea Soldi, a portrait painter, born at Florence, 1702. He obtained letters of recommendation to a gentleman in London, where he practised portrait painting till his death in 1768.

the house with very fine pictures, which made such an impression on me, that I have recollected almost every one of them, and the hands, and will send you a copy of the list, for I wrote them down when I came home. I relish tea as well as usual, but as for wine, I believe *I never shall*, which is no matter. We hope to set out for Welsbourne next Wednesday; Lady Dysart,[1] rather worse. Lady Cowper has been confined with St. Anthony's fire in her face. Don. is better, and stays at Sunning Hill.

Mrs. Delany to Mr. Granville.

Cheltenham, 9 August, 1755.

We arrived here last night, I thank God, safe, after a very tedious journey, occasioned by the restiveness of two of our six horses, four of which were hired at Warwick: we breakfasted in our way at Mickleton, and Mrs. Chapone and Sally came on with us in a post-chaise to guide us. The road to Mickleton was most terrible, and bad enough to foil the best horses in England; but all that is over; we have got a charming lodging and a room at your service, if you will make us a visit, at Mrs. Hughes's near the well. I begin with one glass to-morrow morning. The Duke and Duchess, &c. came as expected, and went away on Thursday to Elford, and we were all happy together.

Mrs. Delany's next letter was written from Bath, three months after the date of this letter, where Mrs. Dewes and her little daughter had been with her.

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[1] The Countess of Dysart, eldest daughter of the Earl of Granville, died 3rd July, 1755, three days after the date of this letter.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

(This letter was written from Long Leat.)
5th Nov. 1755.

I will say nothing of the sad hour of your leaving Bath. I hope my dearest sister and our dear child have had a safe journey. Lord Weymouth [1] met us at the door, and said immediately, "Where is Mrs. Dewes?" *He depended on seeing you with me.* I told him you had taken a longer journey, but would if you could have been very happy to see him here. He is perfectly polite, and easy in his own house, very conversable and cheerful, you would think he had been master of the house for years instead of *for weeks.* Mr. Fouquiere did not come till after dinner; I will if possible add a word or two to this scrawl.

Thus much I wrote last night, when I was called to supper a little after nine. I am more and more pleased with our young cousin. Whoever is to be the happy mistress of Longleat will have a very fair lot; but I have no reason to think she is now at Bath. He made the same observation on the Beauty and her sister Di. that you did: he thinks them "*very ungenteel;*" "*not even the air of gentlewomen.*" As soon as breakfast is over we shall walk into the garden; how many various recollections arise! I was quite overcome yesterday on seeing poor Lady Weymouth's picture, in her Spanish dress; I could not help calling to mind what mirth, what happiness seemed to surround her the last time I was in

[1] Thomas, 3rd Viscount Weymouth, afterwards created Marquis of Bath, son of Lady Weymouth (born Carteret), the favourite cousin of Mrs. Delany.

this house. She was good and innocent, and no doubt is now in a happy state! and I hope her son will *recover* the splendour of his house in every particular. You shall have the first frank that Lord Weymouth has given if he has no objection to my using it before he takes his seat. How lucky it was for me I came here yesterday! The *civil, cruel-kind* things that would have been said to me at Bath by the many who will lament your going would have been too much for me.

Lord Weymouth is very pressing with us to stay till to-morrow. I am now called to breakfast.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Bath, 8 Nov. 1755.

I found my brother in the dining-room at my return on Thursday at 3.

I believe we shall leave Bath the 25th. My brother desires me to drink the waters a fortnight longer: he likes his room up two pair of stairs, so I have given up your apartment to Mrs. Masters, and have brought the harpsichord up stairs: it stands very well at the end of the room, and I have placed the screen behind the chair for the harpsichord, which does very well. I have not yet made my public appearance; I was a little tired with my journey yesterday, and sent Sally to the ball with Mrs. Thomas.

My brother engaged to the cribbage party in the rooms.

To-morrow (being Sunday) there will be a great evacuation at Bath of fine folks; her Grace and her family, Mrs. Cavendish, and a long &c. Ship-loads

that I should not miss, but one dear friend, and one darling child, has desolated this place more to me than shoals of other company can do.

My brother is mightily pleased with Stranover's pictures, and has encouraged me to buy Lady Scudamore's; so when I have heard from Welsbourn I shall tell Madam G. that your friend will have the picture. Mrs. Cole (Mrs. Petite that was)[1] is very happy with her young lord, and much disappointed at your not coming to Longleat, as he had ordered an apartment for you which was well aired and ready.

Lord Chesterfield was much pleased with D.D.'s letter, and has been very civil and obliging, and promises his aid. Lady Boyd made me a visit on Thursday evening—very sorry you were gone.

My brother met a piece of news about dear Lady A. Coventry which I hope is not true, but have more reason from the bad state of health and her years to fear that it is. I know what you will feel for the loss of such a neighbour on your own account, and how much your feelings for others will aggravate your concern:

is impossible not to mourn the loss of so amiable a friend, whose conversation and example was so instructive and delightful, and it is only time that will suffer the thought of her happiness to chase away the *gloomy* remembrance for the *joyful* one of her being the companion of her kindred angels: her own worth, and your sensibility of it, makes me truly lament her loss, but I have some glimmering hope my brother might be misinformed. He had but a dismal time of it at Glou-

[1] Often spoken of as an attached housekeeper or waiting-woman in the time of the former Lord Weymouth.

cester. Miss Viney still in the same way, and her mother and sister distressed to last degree about her. My brother speaks with great good-nature about them.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Bath, 12th Nov. 1755.

I brought a little cold from Longleat, and lost my good *Fishew*, which I have repaired by a new one, though I had my other cried to no purpose—no honest old woman would stand my friend!

My brother is in charming spirits; and has many of his acquaintance here, amongst them Lord Feversham,[1] who lodges over against us; he is come to *look about him*, and my brother will give him *a good opportunity* of choosing next Saturday at his tea-table, where he is invited, and all our friends. I sat an hour at Miss Percival's to meet Miss Smith and Sally. I lose my most agreeable acquaintance to-morrow, for Lady Andover goes away: the small-pox has broken out in her neighbourhood, so she is not sorry to go, and carries her girls with her. She has made many very kind enquiries after you and my dear Mary. Did you see the paragraph in the newspaper of Lord Weymouth's going to be married to Lady A. Somerset? *Nothing in it*; she was fourteen last birthday! The Bayleys dine here to-day, and in the afternoon Sally and I go to Mr. Linley's concert.

I had a letter from Mr. Dobson with thanks for my

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[1] Anthony Duncombe, crecated Lord Feversham, Baron of Downton, 23 June, 1747.

road instructions, which proved very useful; they got safe to *Falmouth* after a tedious journey.

To-morrow Sally and I *swim together.*

Poor Linley[1] had a tolerable concert, but not a creature I knew except the Bishop of Derry and his son. Sally and I were well diverted at the odd figures, and staid till they begun country dances (for there was a ball), that we might observe them to advantage. The finest coquette lady there was Miss, or Mrs., of *Sympson's rooms.* We had soon enough. To make some amends, I enclose you Lord Chesterfield's "World," on *good breeding,*[2] which I am sure you will like; he left Bath this morning. My brother, just come from the rooms, desires his thanks for your letter. You must excuse his not answering it, but "*'tis not good with the waters.*"

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Bath, 17th Nov., 1755.

I despair of writing a comfortable letter while I stay at the Bath, which I hope will be no longer than this day se'nnight, but its charms have diminished every day since you left it, yet I shall retain a grateful remembrance of the benefit I have received from it, and the happy hours spent with the *sister of my heart!* My brother is in great request at the cribbage-table, which he generally attends from one to half an hour after

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[1] Thomas Linley, a distinguished vocal composer, for many years the conductor of the oratorios and concerts at Bath, died 1795.

[2] "The World," a periodical, many numbers were written by the Earl of Chesterfield: that on Civility and Good Breeding appeared October 30th, 1755.

two, and from seven to nine. I had last post an excellent letter from good Nanny, who is in high favour with my brother; as to Mrs. Viney's coming to Bath it is impossible, yet I wish Miss Viney could go to some friend in a place of diversion, but that I fear cannot be either. I am rejoiced at your account of Lady Anne Coventry being alive.

Last Saturday Mr. Granville gave tea; he picked the *flowers of the place* for quality and beauty. *He* gave us tea last Friday at the ball, and on Sunday Mr. Bayley had a grand tea-drinking, where we were. But what do you think? the poor sailor[1] is in *earnest smitten*, and has prevailed on his mother to mention his wishes, which she did to me on Friday last, that we all breakfasted there. I outstaid the rest of the company, and she told me her son's highest ambition was to obtain a fortune sufficient to offer it to our Sally, and that if he could have the least hopes of favour from her and her friends he should set about improving his fortune with the greatest alacrity. Mrs. G. spoke with great generosity, and even tenderness of our friend; no less zealous, I told them she had no fortune nor expectation of any; but was so much beloved and had such good friends, she could never want an agreeable home; that she was under no engagement, and I was sure would not lay herself under any till it was prudent for her to accept of the person that proposed; that as Mr. S. was engaged to go a voyage, at his return if he found himself in circumstances to engage her, and she was a free woman, he might try his interest

[1] Mr. Smith.

with her then: she had a generous and grateful heart, and was to be won by qualities of the same nature: Mrs. G. approved, and I wish to know your opinion, and should have been happy to have had your advice, but had not time to consult you. I told the mother and sister that I should not treat it as a serious affair to Mr. S.; it would be time enough hereafter; I thought if I did, it might make some shyness. I don't think the prospect a bad one for her; the young man improves upon acquaintance, is *sensible* and *honest* in his manner, and in regard to this affair shews very generous sentiments. Mrs. G. told D.D. yesterday morning she would rather have her son marry S. *without* a farthing, than any other woman *without her qualifications with* a great fortune, and she was sure his inclination is so strong that it will spur him on more than any other consideration could. I have told my brother of it; he thinks nothing more can be said or done at present, nor indeed should I say more without consulting her and her father and mother. I think to acquaint them with it before I leave Bath, in justice to the handsome treatment Sally has received.

Last Friday we dined at Lord Feversham's, which has brought on a new acquaintance, a niece of his, Miss Sawyer, a smart woman but vulgar.

Lady Anson began the last ball in a green damask sack, trimmed very full with blond lace and lappets: I was much entertained with her airs. My brother has introduced a sea captain (Edwards) to me, who has promised me a box of shells from Guinea, Jamaica, &c. I hope to find beauties, and may have duplicates to add to your cabinet. I have seen Mr. Haviland's

fosils twice, am just come from thence: he has many cunning ones, and has been so obliging as to give me some very good ones, I almost grudged myself the pleasure of seeing them, because you were not with me.

No news yet of Lady Andover. Lord Suffolk was yesterday so ill that Lady Suffolk[1] could not see me, but to-day was here to visit the Dean.

My brother has almost completed Mrs. Docksey's cure by giving her a very *pretty spinning-wheel*, which she twirls all the day long; her doctor says it will be of great use in recovering the strength of her hand. Lady Shelburne[2] is here, and has subscribed to Mrs. Fielding. Mrs. West is pretty well. I have made a visit to Mrs. Green, and Miss Smith, who speaks with great gratitude of all your favours. I have got Lady Scudamore's picture this morning, and had a volley of railing from Godi about Mrs. W.: I said I had been seldom in her company, but when I was she spoke very handsomely of Mrs. Duncombe, and I did not mind what she said of anybody else.

From Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Bath, 23rd Nov. 1755.

I have written to Lord Granville, as there was no time lose; my brother thought it the best way.[3] I re-

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[1] Henry, 11th Earl of Suffolk, and 4th Earl of Berkshire. He married, 5th March, 1709, Catherine, daughter of James Grahame, Esq., and died 21st March, 1757.

[2] Mary, daughter of the Honourable William Fitzmaurice, married in 1734 her cousin, the Honourable John Fitzmaurice, created Earl of Shelburn, 26th June, 1753.

[3] The application to Lord Granville was to get Mr. Dewes excused from the office of sheriff.

Joseph Brown, sc.

FRANCES,

Viscountess Soudamore.

From an enamel picture which belonged to Mrs Delany in the possession of the Rt Hon.ble Lady Lismore.

London. Richard Bentley 1861

joiced most heartily to see dear A. C's[1] hand again, and hope you will receive many of her precious manuscripts. Lady Cox has been in great trouble on the death of her own maid, and has been a good deal taken up with Lady Shelburne. Sally and Miss Smith and the lover were at the ball last Friday; I had good diversion with her remarks, which savoured a little of the ancient maiden. I suppose you will want to know a little more of our god-daughter's conquest, which is truly a very *complete one*—never did I see a man more earnestly in love! Mrs. G. and Miss S.'s behaviour on the occasion has been very delicate and generous. They have declared to me and to D.D., that if ever fortune makes him worthy of her, they would rather have him marry her than any other woman with a good fortune; they conceived so high a character of her from what you and I have said, and from their own observations. The young man has beseeched *most humbly* that his passion may be made known to her, but would not make a declaration *without our leave.* His fortune is an hundred and forty pounds a-year, out of which he allows his mother fifty pounds a-year; and he has two thousand pounds besides, out of which he hopes to purchase a Falmouth packet-boat as soon as he returns from this voyage; and then if S. is unengaged, he will lay it all at her feet, and hopes this voyage will be a beneficial one. I told him I had no authority to give him any encouragement, and therefore begged he would *not declare himself* till I had written to her mother, which I promised Mrs. G. to do, and accordingly wrote these

[1] Lady Ann Coventry.

particulars last night, and I have now mentioned it to S., though I don't tell them I have, and she is well satisfied it should be submitted to her mother's direction. I am sorry this did not happen whilst you were here: I have wanted to *advise with you* as well, and to *laugh a little.* I am convinced that pure love is a most delicate refiner; you cannot imagine how much more agreeable Mr. S. is now than he was the first week of the acquaintance! He goes to town to-morrow; I shall introduce him to Mr. J. C., that if any encouragement is to be given to this affair he may find means of enquiring into his character, as we know nothing of him but from his *own* family, except Mr. and Mrs. H., who give him a very great character for *virtue* and *sobriety.*

I know the friendliness of your heart towards our god-daughter is such that you will be glad to know all particulars. I find her heart is quite free, and that *former hopes*, though they would still have *the preference* were they to be offered, have not made such an impression (provided he is not hurt by it) as to prevent her complying with her friends' advice, if they approve of this for her. I could tell you a great deal more, but time will not allow—this has given me an opportunity of knowing more of Mrs. Greene and Miss S. than I should otherwise have done, and convinces me they were worthy of the kind notice you have always taken of them. They are very low at the thoughts of the young sailor's leaving them, and for so long a time: he hopes to be home again in 16 months, and if he can settle the affair of the packet-boat before he goes he will. Capt. Edwards (a particular friend of my brother) says, they

never bring in *so little* as *five hundred a-year*, and in war time above a thousand. Sir Rob. and Lady Throckmorton are come; I saw her the day before yesterday. She *quite shocked me!* tho' I believe she is *not worse* than when you saw her last, but she *did not* even seem glad to see me, and I found she was *the same* to everybody that came in: I saw the daughter but a minute—she is very tall, and the picture of Sir Robert. Don't be uneasy at my going from hence; Henshaw thinks I have drank the waters long enough. I find them very apt to heat me, and cannot venture on more than two glasses a day.

In the preceding year the following Correspondence took place, which was copied in Mrs. Delany's hand, and entitled by her "The History of Robert Walker," the clergyman whose virtues and whose poverty have been commemorated in the present century by a tale called "The Old Church Clock."

History of Robert Walker.

Coniston, 26th July, 1754.

SIR,

I WAS the other day upon a party of pleasure about five or six miles from this place, where I met with a very striking object, and of a nature not very common.

Going into a clergyman's house (of whom I had frequently heard, but with whom I had never any personal acquaintance), I found him sitting at the head of a long square table (such as are commonly used in the country, by the lower class of people), dressed in a coarse blue frock, trimmed with black horn buttons, a checked shirt, a leather strap about his neck for a stock, a coarse apron, and a pair of great heavy wooden-soled shoes plated with iron to preserve them (what we call clogs in these

parts), with a child upon his knee, getting his breakfast, his wife and the remainder of his family (which consists of nine children) were some of them employed in waiting on each other, the rest in teasing and spinning of wool, at which trade the parson himself is accounted a proficient, and moreover, when it is made ready for sale, will lug it by 16 or 32 lb. weight at a time upon his back, and on foot, 7 or 8 miles to market, even in the depth of winter. I was not so much surprised at this as you may possibly be, having heard a good deal of it related before, but I must confess myself astonished at the alacrity and good-humour that appeared, both in the parson and his wife, and more so at the *sense and ingenuity* of the parson himself. My curiosity prompted me to make inquiry into his benefice, with all his temporalities, of which he gave me, I really believe, a very true and just account, and are as follows:—His fixed salary, which has of late years been augmented by Queen Anne's Bounty dropping to it, is now betwixt *ten and eleven*, or *near eleven pounds per annum!* About this time he visits his neighbours, who are very fond of him, and they present him with a fleece or two of wool each, which quantities, he tells me, may amount in the whole to the value of three pounds, the remainder of his income and all his temporalities consists in some small matter of cash he had left him as a legacy, I believe; and what is very surprising, of some which he had spared out of his income, besides maintaining his family, which is now placed out at interest, and which interest, when added to his benefice, and the gratifications above mentioned, will *not* make the whole *twenty pounds per annum!*

It amazes me to think how he procures a maintain-

ance for such a family out of so small a matter; and yet he does it to the admiration of all that know him. His industry causes him to be loved by his flock, his honesty to be trusted, his function to be respected by them, and his genius to be admired by every one. Having lately observed in the papers an extract of a will of Anthony Brucer, Esq., wherein he leaves most part of his effects to clergymen not possessed of £40 per annum in spirituals and temporals, I think if anything could be procured from it for the person I have been here describing, I dare almost say that it could not be bestowed upon a more deserving clergyman, and if you yourself did but hear and see as much in regard to him as I have done, I am sure you would take the utmost pleasure in serving such a man.

As you will have the first information whether anything will be performed by the trustees for that charity in pursuance of the will, and when; if you think there is any prospect of getting something for him, and will please to advise me thereupon, I will take care to procure such credentials for him as may be requisite; and shall think of your favour as done to,

Sir, your most obliged humble servant,

WM. FORD.

Endorsed,

Mr. Robt. Walker, Seathwaite Chapel, a Chappel of Ease under Broughton Parish Church, in Lancashire.

WORTHY SIR,

Upon my return hither I wrote to Mr. Walker, of Seathwaite, the poor clergyman you mentioned to me, desiring he would send me a particular account of the value of his curacy and the number of his family; and from him

I have just received the inclosed answer. I also wrote to one Mr. Cooperson, a clergyman, who lives in the neighbourhood of Mr. Walker, to let me know Mr. Walker's character, and how he behaved, &c., which he has done in the letter I here inclose. Mr. Cooperson is a person of great worth and integrity, and acts as one of our surrogates, and is therefore well known to me; so if I can depend on the truth of his letter, you will from these papers I doubt not, be of opinion that Mr. Walker is not unworthy the regard you have been pleased to show him, and that he deserves encouragement. If I can give you any further information in this affair, or can be any way serviceable in paying what you are so kind as to collect for him, I shall with pleasure observe any directions you shall give, for I know not a more deserving object than he is (though we have numbers of poor clergy in these parts,) nor a more charitable office that a person can be employed in.

DEAR SIR,

How glad am I to find poor Mr. Walker's affecting circumstances so deservedly taken notice of, which are so well known in these parts that upon application to any reputable person hereabouts you will be told that he is as *honest, worthy, well-meaning, industrious* a poor clergyman as any in these northern parts, where livings in general (you need not be told it) are very small and inconsiderable, and the clergy in many places not sufficiently provided for, in a sort of derision and contempt. Last Saturday, on delivering yours to Mr. Walker at his own house at Seathwaite (would you believe it), I found him at one of *the most servile of employments* which out of regard

to persons of *our* professions I shall forbear particularly to mention.

His good, moral conduct, and meek behaviour amongst his neighbours has gained him *uncommon respect*, and were it not for some trifling presents they make him of hay, wool, and the like he could never pretend to maintain a sickly wife and seven or eight small chargeable children: for out of the poor income of his yearly salary, his family throughout, not excepting himself, is *clothed* of *stuff of his own manufacturing*; and if I add, that necessity has put him upon working them out of the fleece, even to the *making* them up into wearing apparel, it is but what I have been credibly told, and upon the strongest evidences of ocular demonstration have very good reasons to believe: yet, notwithstanding the narrowness of Mr. Walker's circumstances, I don't apprehend his family *wants* common necessaries of life. But what will not the fear of want put a man upon doing, and *how commendable* is *honest industry* to prevent such a terror? By his frugality and good management he keeps the wolf from the door, as we may say, and if he advances a little in the world it is owing more to his *own care* than any thing else he has to rely upon. I don't find Mr. Walker's inclination is *running after further preferment*; he is settled amongst a people that are happy amongst themselves, and lives in the greatest unanimity and friendship with them, and I believe the minister and people are exceeding well satisfied with each other; and indeed how should they be disatisfied when they have a person of such known worth and probity for their pastor?—a man, who for his candour and meekness, his sober, chaste, and virtuous conversation, his soundness in principle and practice, is an *ornament to*

his profession, and *an honour* to the country he is in. Bear with me if I say the *plainness of his dress*, the *sanctity* of his manners, the *simplicity of his doctrine*, and the vehemency of his expressions have a sort of resemblance to the *pure practice of Xtianity*. In short, I have been now at Broughton near five years, and never once have I heard any one speak an ill word of Mr. Walker, but what is hardly to be met withal in a clergyman of the like circumstances—all treat him with the *greatest respect*, good nature, and humanity, and this must certainly be owing to the purity of his morals, and innocency of his life. Nay Mr. Walker's character is so well established in this neighbourhood, that I'll venture to say the best and worthiest gentlemen hereabouts take a pleasure in doing him a favour whenever he requests it. I beg pardon for this long epistle, and am in hopes of obtaining it, as I am addressing myself to one who I know has the cause of the deserving really at heart. I am interrupted (by some persons that want to prove a will) from adding any more; but am, dear sir, your most obedient humble servant,

TIM COOPERSON.

Broughton, Jan. 31, 1755.

SIR,

Yours of the 16th inst. was communicated to me by Mr. Cooperson, and I should have returned an immediate answer, but the hand of Providence then lying heavy upon me hath since taken from me a promising girl, which the disconsolate mother too pensively laments the loss of, though we have eight living, all healthy, hopeful children, whose names and ages are as follows:—Zaccheus, aged almost 18 years;

Elizabeth, 16 years and 10 months; Mary, 15 years; Moses, 13 years 3 months; Sarah, 10 and 3 months; Mabel, 8 years 3 months; William Tyson, 3 years 8 months; and Anne Esther, 1 year and 9 months; besides Anne, who died 2 years and 6 months ago, and was then aged between 9 and 10, and Eleanor, who died the 25th of this inst. January, aged 6 years and 10 months.

Zaccheus, the eldest child, is now learning the trade of a tanner, and has two years and about five months of his apprenticeship to serve. The annual income of my chapel at present, as near as I can compute it, may amount to £17, ten of which is paid in cash, viz., £5 from the governors of the bounty of Queen Anne, two pounds from Wm. Penny Bridge, Esq., out of the annual rents, (he being Lord of ye Manor,) and £3 from the several inhabitants of Seathwaite, settled upon their tenements as a rent-charge, a house and garden I value at £4 yearly, and not worth more, and I believe the surplice fees and voluntary contributions are one year with another worth £3; but as the inhabitants are few in number, and the fees very low, this last mentioned sum consists chiefly in free-will offerings. I am situated greatly to my satisfaction with regard to the conduct and behaviour of my auditory, who, not only live in an happy ignorance of the vices and follies of the age, but in mutual peace and good-will one with another; and are all seemingly, and I hope really too, sincere Xtians, and sound members of the Established Church, not one Dissenter of any denomination being amongst them. I have got to the value of £40 for my wife's fortune, but had no real estate, nor cash of my own, being the youngest of 12 children, and born of obscure parents; and though

my income has been small, and my family large, yet, by a providential blessing upon our *diligent endeavours*, the kindness of friends, and a cheap country to live in, we have always had the necessaries of life. By what I have writ, which is a true and exact account to the best of my knowledge, I hope you will not think the favours to me, out of the late worthy Dr. Stratford's effects, quite misbestowed, for which I must ever gratefully own myself, sir,

Your much obliged and humble servant,
ROBERT WALKER.[1]

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

New Street, Spring Garden,
29th Nov. 1755.

D.D. was yesterday with Lord Granville, who told him he would take care Mr. Dewes should have no more trouble about the sheriff affair, and if he had known it sooner he would have prevented his being put upon the list at all. Yesterday we dined with Donnellan, my brother met us. She was at first very complaining, but her spirits rose by degrees, and outdid us all, for the dismal fate of Lisbon[2] had sunk our spirits to such

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[1] The editor is indebted to Miss Eleanor Tyson, daughter of the late Rev. E. Tyson, for the information that there is a "tombstone in Scathwaite Chapel-yard, with the following inscription:"—"*In Memory of the Rev. Robert Walker, who died 25th June, 1802, in the 93rd year of his age.*" Also of "*Ann, his wife, who died 28th January, 1800, in the 93rd year of her age.*" And of "*Elizabeth Robinson, their eldest daughter, who died 3rd February, 1820, aged 81 years.*"

[2] The "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1755 contains some very interesting particulars of this memorable earthquake, and of its effects in many parts of Great Britain.

a degree, that for my part I have not been able to raise them since. Soon after we came to town on Thursday, Sally received a letter from Mrs. Mellish, with earnest entreaties that she would come to her as yesterday, and give her some comfort under her calamity, Mr. Mellish's loss will be very considerable from the earthquake; he is a most worthy man; and his partner, now in England, has lost *friends, fortune, family, every connection in life!* You may think what a day our Brunette spent! Mr. Gore's loss is at least £30,000. Mr. Bristow, the merchant an £100,000; the Bishop of St. Asaph £7000, part of his wife's fortune. Every day will make, I fear, some new unhappy discovery. What a scene is this to awaken those who think of nothing but greatness and wealth! and to those of a better turn it will, I hope, strengthen their pursuit after immortal happiness. I am so thoroughly touched with these distresses, that I can hardly think of anything else.

As to the Sally affair, I did not take upon me to give any kind of encouragement to Mr. S., and I frankly told them that S.'s friends thought there might be a very advantageous offer made her when the young gentleman's circumstances would allow of it, but that should submit all to her father and mother, which I have done; and wrote such a letter, that Mrs. Cha. may show to Mr. S[d], and ask his advice upon it. Yesterday, the Parliament empowered the King to send an hundred thousand pounds to the relief of the Portuguese.

Mr. Ogle is really an accepted and approved humble servant of Miss Thomas's.[1]

[1] Newton Ogle, D.D., Dean of Winchester, married Susanna, daughter of Dr. Thomas, Bishop of Winchester.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Spring Garden, 4th Dec. 1755.

After the melancholy account I sent of the shock at Lisbon I have been most impatient to send better news; but that comes slowly. However, we have the consolation of knowing that very few English have perished —not above six or seven, but the town of Lisbon entirely is destroyed, and all the merchants' effects and papers also gone. Mr. Gore and Mr. Mellish are very considerable losers, but bear their loss most manfully, and Mrs. Mellish's behaviour is quite heroic. Sally spent the day amongst them yesterday, and found them busily employed in packing boxes with all sorts of wearing apparel and necessaries for work, to send to the poor miserable Portuguese. Mr. Mellish's partner at Lisbon (*alas! there is no such place now!*) was in his closet within the counting-house, when this dreadful shock began, and at first thought it had been people over his head making a noise and disturbance, but was too soon sensible of what it was; and immediately ran out of his house and saw the houses on each side of the street fall down like nine pins. He escaped in the midst, having no broader path than just served for his footsteps; but when he had got almost through he recollected he had no money in his pocket, and ran back again, his house being still standing. He opened a chest, and took two handfuls of money, and by the time he got out of the house it fell. He got to the seaside and found a boat full of people going off; beseeched them to take him in, which they refused doing without a considerable premium; so that if he had not secured some money he must have remained where he was and starved. His

account of the dreadful shrieks and agonies of the people was most deplorable; thousands were crushed to death in the churches, and those who had often taken refuge there as murderers were buried under their ruins. His letter was dated the 5th, and at the time he wrote he felt several small shocks: as no letters are come since, it is greatly feared they had another earthqnake the 8th. I don't know what authority they have to name a particular day, but it is very strange there should have been no intelligence since. Mr. Hay and his family were safe at that time, but no news of Lord Drumlanrig, who went to Lisbon some time before Mr. Lucy set out, and must have been there at the time of the earthquake. The Duke and Duchess of Queensbury flatter themselves that he is safe, as he was not in the town of Lisbon but a mile off. The earth did *not open*, but the houses were thrown down by the trembling of the earth; and the conflagration which lasted till the whole city was destroyed, was occasioned by violent lightning, and not fires in the houses, as they were all stucco floors. Pray God grant such a warning may make us better!

I have had a letter from Mrs. Chapone. She and Mr. Chapone are both very well pleased with the behaviour of Mr. S., and think his present fortune and future expectations worth attending to; but leave it entirely to Sally to act as she thinks best on consulting her brother, who is very desirous of giving encouragement to this affair, provided the young man's character answers expectation. The gentle Sally has been greatly perplexed, as she is *very reasonable*, and has often wished for you to advise with. At present it rests thus:

Mr. S. is to speak to her on the subject, but does not demand her positive answer till just before he sets sail, which will not be this three months; it is impossible that a hasty answer should be given to such a weighty affair.

Babess was in hopes her darling nephew[1] would have *settled* this winter, but he declares against it. When I go to Bulstrode, Sally goes to Miss Prescot for a week or fortnight, and then to Mrs. Mellish, etc. My brother is very well and *flirts away* among the fine ladies.

We dined to-day with the Foleys, and yesterday with Mrs. Granville; to-morrow, Whitehall. This morning I was with Mrs. Pointz, and I saw our cousin elect. I hope their happiness will be permitted to continue without allay: it is at present *very great*. The quantity and quality of the wedding-clothes you shall have another day. We dined with Lord Granville last Monday; he said he had taken care of Mr. Dewes's affair.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Spring Garden, 11 Dec., 1755.

Our dear Sally has been very ill. She is excessively weak, and may well be so, not having eaten a bit of bread since Sunday, and is only allowed barley-water and panada: she is patient as a lamb—I have got a nurse-keeper for her. Mr. Smith breakfasted here with tears in his eyes and hardly able to utter a word. I believe I shall dine with our amiable Duchess, as she is very far

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[1] Lord Weymouth.

from well, and in great affliction; Lady Oxford[1] was seized on Monday morning last at eleven o'clock with an apoplexy and palsy, and the express came to the Duke on Tuesday morning at eleven; Lady Oxford never spoke after her being seized, but died on Tuesday at 5 in the morning, and the account came to Whitehall at 11 at night. The Duchess talks of going to Bulstrode in a few days. I shall not be able to go with her, unless our poor god-daughter is well, and that I can't expect so soon. I have written to Mrs. Viney to give her an account of Lady Oxford's death; I know *she* will be touched with it, but thought it would be *some satisfaction*, though a melancholy one, *to know the particulars* relating to it.

I had two musical entertainments offered me yesterday—a concert at Lady Cowper's, and Mr. Handel at Mrs. Donnellan's. She has got a new harpsichord of Mr. Kirkman's, but public calamities and private distress takes up too much of my thoughts to admit of amusement at present. The Dean is pretty well, but not in such spirits as at the Bath: but how is it possible his humane heart should not feel for his fellow creatures?

To-morrow Cowpers and Pointz's go to Althorpe, where I hope much happiness will attend them. Did I tell you that Lady Cowper has *at last* prevailed on Lord Dysart to let Lady Louisa Tollemache go to Mrs. Haye's school near Grosvenor Square, and at breaking up times she has offered to take care of her?

[1] The Duchess of Portland's mother, the Right Honourable Henrietta Cavendish Holles, Countess Dowager of Oxford, relict of Edward, the 2nd Earl of that family, died December 7, 1755.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Spring Gardens, 16th Dec., 1755.

I hope you do not take damp walks, but make use of your sedan.[1] It has been very fortunate for me as well as for poor Sally that she had so skilful and friendly a relation as Dr. Hinckley: he never fails coming twice a day, some days three times. Had I known sooner of Mrs. Keal I would have employed her, though I question, (as she has not been bred to it,) whether she could sit up for a fortnight or three weeks, as professed nurse-keepers can. I hope Sally has had no great perplexity upon her mind about S. and S.: she has assured me over and over that if Mr. S^{d} was not so much attached to her as to be hurt by her giving consent to another application, she could with cheerfullness submit to whatever her friends recommended, and J. Cha. is positively of opinion she *could not* be happy with the *first*, let what will come of the last affair. She had one interview with the sailor, and she told him she did not know him nor her own mind sufficiently to give him any encouragement; that she had no manner of objection to converse with him, if he *did not* look upon it as an engagement, and would give him her opinion before he left England: he acquiesced, though he wished her more kind.

The Duchess's cough continues bad, and the melancholy hurry of business she must go through for some time to come will necessarily keep her spirits in a perpetua flutter. I should be glad to have her go out of

[1] It appears from this advice that sedan chairs were used in the country as well as in London.

town, though I cannot go with her, unless Sally should mend greatly, but the Duchess can't think of moving till the funeral is over, which will not be till next week I believe. Lady Oxford is to be buried at Westminster. She has done everything that is kind and handsome by the Duchess of Portland; an estate of above £12,000 a year comes to her, all settled on Lord Titchfield after the decease of the Duke and Duchess, charged with £25,000 a-piece for younger children, and an estate besides of a thousand pounds a-year on Lord Edward. I think this is right, but I have only learned it from different conversations, as the subject is yet too tender to ask questions, but I divide my time between home, Whitehall, and the Maid of Honour. I hope the enclosed letters from Lord Drumlanrig will afford you some satisfaction, though a melancholy one; was there ever a more miraculous escape than Lord Drumlanrig's?

I have not seen the *sensible* Mul. and Prescot a vast while. The poor sailor has just been here with a mournful countenance to make his enquiries, and comes or sends every day; I wish this *fever* may not increase *his flame.* Lucius Barber has copied Mrs. Pointz's picture of Lady Sarah Cowper for me, incomparably. My "*dining room,*" vulgarly so called is hung with mohair cafoy paper, (a *good blue,*) curtains not up, chairs not covered, mahogany cabinet very pretty fills up the recess between the window and chimney, and new glasses are put up between the windows. I have this day bespoke a frame for Mr. Wooton's picture. Instead of the red and white Irish linen (which Sir Charles Mordaunt will take) I shall put up a stuff and silk damask

bed. At present we have brought down your blue bed and placed it in our alcove.

Mr. Hay, the consul of Lisbon, is cousin-germain to the Duchess of Portland, Lord Dupplin's youngest brother. Our little Orpheus, Mr. Wesley, is very busy, *full of hopes*, and has added half an inch to his heels to make him look taller in the eyes of his mistress, who is a very pretty woman and much taken notice of.

Dr. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

London, Dec. 25, 1755.

DEAR MADAM,

I send you enclosed what I am sure you will value above a Bath bauble,—the picture of a friend whom you justly love and know. It is indeed but a poor copy, but is the best I can draw from an original that is invaluable; and it sometimes happens that a bad copy has a strong resemblance, which makes it of more value to a friend than a better painting which wanted that recommendation. If you find this to be so, and accept with the same generosity with which you give, my end will be fully answered.

The best blessings of this and every season attend you, Mr. Dewes, and your olive-branches; may they flourish after the example of the parent trees, diffusing shade and shelter, and shedding salutary fruit all around them!

I have, dear madam, the honour and the happiness of being, with the truest affection and esteem, your cordial brother,

And faithful friend and servant,

PAT. DELANY

(*In Mrs. Dewes's handwriting.*)

The Dean of Down's letter to me with the character of his most excellent wife and my dearest sister, Mrs. Delany, under the title of "*Maria.*"

"The portrait" alluded to of Mrs. Delany under the name of "Maria," was evidently intended for the periodical publication called the Humanist, of which the Dean of Down published fifteen numbers; commencing in 1757 with characters under the names of Arabella and Lucelia, &c., and in the style of those introduced in "Law's Serious Call. It was intended to inspire the fashionable ladies of the day with emulation of the good examples there portrayed, and disgust for the prevailing errors of the time, but on Mrs. Delany's discovering that the model given for imitation was intended for herself, she objected to its being published.

Character of Maria by Dr. Delany, sent as a Christmas present to Mrs. Dewes.

MADAM,

The next extraordinary woman that hath yet come within the compass of my acquaintance, is Maria. She came into the world with all, indeed more than all, the united advantages of Arabella and Lucelia. She was nobly descended, and most advantageously educated. Both her parents pious, intelligent, and polite, to a very distinguished degree; early initiated in every art, with elegance and erudition, that could form her into a fine lady, a good woman, and a good Christian. She read and wrote two languages correctly and judiciously; she soon became a mistress of her

pen, in every art to which a pen could be applied.[1] She wrote a fine hand in the most masterly manner. She drew, she designed with amazing correctness and ability! the noblest and most varied landscapes came as easily and exactly under the mastery of her imagination and eyes, as the meanest objects into those of another, and she could delineate them, in the utmost perfection of drawing, with more dispatch than a common hand could scrawl or scribble. Her ear for music was exact, and her fingers admirable. The harpsichord was a new instrument when she played upon it, and the notes sounded (under her hand) in a combination of harmony, as if they had been naturally connected.

Her stature was in a middle proportion, between that of Lucelia and Arabella, and every part and proportion perfect in their kind, fitted alike for activity and strength. Her walk was graceful, beyond anything that ever I saw in woman; and her dance would have been equally so, would her diffidence have permitted it. It was so always in her private practice, but the whole world could not have prevailed upon her to attempt it in public, where she would be the distinguished object of observation, as in minuets or single dances. She was bashful to an extreme, and if I may use the expression even blameably so.

The case was the same in her playing as in her dancing, for though she had confessedly the finest hand and execution that ever was heard, she never let anybody but her intimate acquaintance hear it. She could

[1] The Editor possesses many beautiful designs, executed with a pen in indian ink, or sepia, by Mrs. Delany, of flowers from nature in outline.

not bear the attention of others to her, and whenever she found she was attended to in a very extraordinary manner, she blushed and fluttered herself into a confusion which quickly forced her to give over.

With a person finely proportioned she had a most lovely face of great sweetness, set off with a head of fair hair, shining and naturally curled; with a complexion which nothing could outdo or equal, in which, to speak in the language of poets, "the lilies and roses contended for the mastery." Her eyes were bright—indeed I never could tell what colour they were of, but to the best of my judgment they were what Solomon called "*dove's eyes*;" and she is almost the only woman I ever saw whose lips were scarlet, and her bloom beyond expression. The sweetness arising from united graces was guarded by a dignity which kept all admirers in awe, insomuch that she was the woman in the world to whom that fine description of Solomon could best be applied: *fair as the moon! clear as the sun! but terrible as an army with banners!*

Maria was now rising into the gaiety of life, deeply engaged in all the varieties and diversions of the town, and highly delighted with them; when a misfortune which befel her family disconcerted all her little schemes, all her prospects of happiness, and damped her spirits to a most mortifying degree. She was sent into the country, when she would almost as soon have gone to her grave. This she considered (at that time) as the greatest misfortune that could befall her, and yet in the end, like the other chastisements of God rightly submitted to, it became a blessing to her: it gave her a relish for all rural delights, of which she had before

no notion, and which became a great ingredient in the happiness of her future life. There also she became acquainted with Flavia, a clergyman's daughter in the neighbourhood, of a very uncommon genius, of excellent understanding, but with a free, wild manly, spirit, some tincture of which (mixed with Maria's great elegance and politeness) made a happy impression on her mind. Here a strong friendship commenced in all the generosity of youth, and all the refinement of purity and innocence, which hath continued throughout both their lives, and been a great blessing to both, but more particularly to Flavia.

Not long after this a change of some circumstance in Maria's family brought her back again to the scene of her first delights and the school of her original politeness. She was placed under the care of an aunt equally wise, virtuous, and well-bred; and of an uncle who was "the finest gentlemen of his own, or any age or nation," who had a particular attention to her improvement, and was in effect her tutor.

It is easy to imagine how accomplished she became in these circumstances, and with these advantages—finished in all the most desirable endowments both of body and mind.

However, this change in her condition, with the dazzle of all the gaieties and delights around her, made no change in her mind; her friendship for Flavia still continued, (beautified by every other Christian virtue,) or rather increased by abscence; this naturally caused an intercourse of letters between them, and began the exercise of that talent in which Maria excelled beyond any one I ever had the honour to be known to. Her

letters were written in a natural freedom of style, but with ease and elegance; while at the same time she displayed such enlarged charity, liberality, nobleness, and integrity of heart, as did honour to human nature. Thus grown up to be the delight of all who beheld or conversed with her, our curiosity is naturally raised to know where all this ended; alas! it ended like thes adorning of a heathen victim, to be brought with more pomp and magnificence to the altar; she was sacrificed to family interest, to which she was prevailed upon to submit through the "*tyranny of kindness*" (as she herself used to express it) and the unlimited generosity of her love towards that family.

She was married to a very old man, who had a considerable interest in his country, and after a little time carried down into a dark, disagreeable, desolated castle, in which her head could not reach to the bottom of the windows. This went near her heart, and would have broken it, had she not been happily supported by a fund of good natural spirits in the prime of youth, and supported by those good principles of piety and virtue which had been early instilled into her.

In this situation she passed several years, admired and courted by the whole country, to the gayer part of which it is natural to think she became a strong object of interest; but such was her prudence and virtue, and strong guard of natural modesty, that she repelled all designs upon her virtue in their most distant approaches. The majesty of virtuous beauty is like that of empire, of which Solomon saith, *The King that sitteth in the throne of judgement scattereth away all evil with his eyes;* she employed the greatest part of

this time in a variety of works by the side of her husband's sick bed, by which she acquired such a habit of industry as abideth with her to this day. She hath works for all hours and occasions, and finds full employment for her hands even between the *coolings of her cups of tea.* She happily outlived all these trials, temptations, and troubles; she survived a husband who was very disagreeable, and yet she gave so much satisfaction to a man who gave her so much disquiet, that he fully purposed to make her heir to his whole fortune, had not a sudden death cut him short.

Maria was still in bloom of beauty, (not yet twenty-three,) but was in no hurry to marry again. The interval between this and her second marriage she employed in various works of genius, particularly in the study and practice of painting, in which she singularly excelled, insomuch that she never copied a picture from any master in which she did not equal, and often outdo, the original.

During this space she received the addresses of men of various characters, titles, honours, and fortunes, and gave herself in the end to a man of a very private condition, and a very moderate fortune, but whose understanding she honoured, in whose virtue and good treatment she fully confided, and with whom she is thought to live happily, and I hope she does. That *he* hath the *highest honour and esteem* for her is out of all doubt, having ever given the fullest proofs of it that were in his power to bestow, one of which was a compliment paid to her in the description of a rose, her favourite flower.

Thou modest rose, of blushing bloom,
Thou fragrant rose, of rich perfume,
Disclosing leaves of heavenly hue,
Distilling drops of honey'd dew,
On whom kind nature lavish pours
The varied beasts of other flowers.
Varied in all their richest dyes,
The bloom, the scent, the shape, the size
That canst uncloying sweets dispense
To glad the heart and feast the sense:
O fairest emblem of the fair,
My pride, my life, my bliss, my care!
Where all the lovelinesses meet—
Beauty, and grace, both bright and sweet!
Emblem of Mary, gift divine!
Blest be the hour which made her mine!
So let me live, so let me die,
That she may bless as well as I!

I have now, madam, laid before you three of the most extraordinary women that ever I had the honour and happiness of being acquainted with; after which of these models you would choose to mould your daughter you only can determine.

Plato says of virtue, that if it could be seen in a bodily shape, the whole world would be ravished with it; for my part, I must own, that if it could assume such a shape, I imagine it would be one of the three now laid before you, but *which I am too prejudiced* to pronounce.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Spring Gardens, 26th Dec. 1755.

My greatest anxiety, I thank God, is over, which was on the Dean's account. A fortnight ago I was extremely alarmed for him, but he is now well. This

is the first day of Sally's coming down; she is sorting shells for me, and with grateful tears says, "I don't know how to express my thanks to good dear Mrs. Dewes for her kind concern about me." Lady Dorothy Hotham inoculated her daughter the very day that Sally was taken ill, so that it was impossible to remove her; though I fear Sally being too soon moved from hence, but I cannot stand the consequences of her not going, and it is more satisfactory to me to see her placed with her friend Miss Prescott before I go.

The Duchess of Portland is better, but till Lady Oxford's funeral is over her spirits cannot mend; I want her to get to Bulstrode, where we shall both recruit ourselves. The waters have kept them from bringing Lady Oxford to town; I fancy her body will come to-night, and we shall go to Bulstrode on Monday or Tuesday.

The newspapers of the 25th give sad accounts of more earthquakes. Is it possible such terrible distresses can be read without some awful thoughts? Can those wretches at White's read them like common paragraphs of news? Surely no: at least it is to be hoped they cannot; and yet I fear those who least stand in need of such warnings are most touched by them.

I think it is very hard that a young woman should be kept in an uncertain state, and not at liberty to accept the addresses of another man, because a person she has a high value for, is so mysterious in his behaviour that she cannot tell what his designs are.

I have got my shells from Capt. Edwards. His direction to his mother was that I should have a sixth part

of the parcel, and my choice of the whole. A day was appointed by Mrs. Edwards (who is the counterpart of old Badge and as full of curtsies); I went, and of their kinds never saw such lovely shells. I modestly took much less than my number; I shall send you a few for a specimen—more you shall have if you'll come and fetch them. I am to try on to-day a new negligee D.D. has given me, and will enclose a scrap of it if I can get it from Mrs. Roland. I am very glad to hear the boys like their sister so well; as their heart and sentiments enlarge they will show her more and more respect. It is a happiness to boys to have a sister at home to exercise *early politeness*; all the clever men I have been acquainted with have been particularly *well bred to their sisters*.

You may tell whom you please the manner Lady Oxford has left her fortune, as it is for the credit of the Duchess of Portland it should be known, for it shows *how much* she was esteemed and trusted by her mother. As to the estate being said to have been left to Lord Edward, many people have taken that fancy into their head; but thirty thousand pounds and a thousand pounds a-year is no despicable fortune for a younger son, even of a duke. Lady Oxford was brought to town and laid in the vault at Westminster last night, and is to be closed up to-night. I am just going to Whitehall. Sally is gone to Miss Prescot's to-day, and I hope in God she will do well! I send you Lord Bath's verses.

CHAPTER XV.

JANUARY, 1756—DECEMBER, 1756.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Bulstrode, 2nd January, 1756.

We are as busy in the hive as so many bees, only projecting works for another season; for it will be impossible to finish any, as we shall return to London tomorrow se'night. The Dean is much pleased with your approbation of the character he sent you, (he is I must say a flattering painter, and I *know nobody* that it exactly resembles.) But he says you must not mistake him in one particular; wherein he mentions Flavia as Maria's *first* friend, which she certainly was, but does *not* mean that she continued her *principal* friend. He knows Maria's heart too well not to be sensible, who that must be (next to himself), and that no human creature besides can have the preference to the "*sister of her heart.*"

We are both much obliged to you for the versified psalm, and we feel so much parental affection towards your children, that it gave us an uncommon pleasure. I hope the young muse[1] that has made so early and so

[1] In allusion to the early talent for poetry shewn by Court Dewes, her sister's eldest son.

good a choice of a subject will be encouraged to proceed. I cannot wish him to be *a poet* professed, but to make use of poetry as an embellishment, like gilding a fine elegant apartment, it is a very desirable finishing; D.D. is looking it over, and will make what alterations he thinks necessary, and with great pleasure will attend to his performances whenever he sends him any to consider.

The Duchess's spirits begin to recover themselves; though a little fluttered by an account of Master Howard[1] falling ill of the small pox at Elford.[2] Lady Andover[3] did not quit him night or day till some time *after they were out*, and then with some violence was dragged from him to go to Fisherwick across the river almost opposite to their own house; the daughters remain in the house, and Lady Andover continues well.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Bulstrode, 9th Jan. 1756.

We go to town to-morrow. Master Howard is perfectly recovered of the small pox, and Lady Andover happy; she still holds up, as do her daughters. The Countess of Suffolk[4] is come to them, and is at Elford. Lady Andover remains at Fisherwick; Lord Suffolk recovered.

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[1] The Hon. Henry Howard, afterwards 12th Earl of Suffolk and 5th Earl of Berkshire, born May 16th, 1739.

[2] A seat of Lord Andover's near Lichfield, in Staffordshire.

[3] The Lady Mary Finch, daughter of Heneage Earl of Aylesford, married William Howard, Viscount Andover, eldest son of Henry, 11th Earl of Suffolk and 4th Earl of Berkshire.

[4] Catherine, daughter of James Graham, Esq., of Levens, in the county of Westmoreland, married, March 5th, 1708-9, Henry, 11th Earl of Suffolk and 4th Earl of Berkshire.

I have had some pleasant days, and we have been very diligent in our works. I have made a fellow to the candlestick the Duchess had like yours, and have projected a carpet to go round her bed. The weather has been so damp, we have not been able to go out of doors. Poor *Mon^r de Poivre* has the gout. Only think of *wasp* in the gout!

Maria's character *shall not be printed* if I can help it. *No eyes but your own have seen it:* it is one of the last papers. Arabella and Lucelia you shall see, or what you please when you come to London.

Lord Egmont[1] is going to be married to Miss Kitty Compton, a niece of Lord Northampton's, a very pretty girl—£4000 to her fortune. I wish she may have good principles for Lady Catherine's[2] sake. My godson[3] is sadly disappointed, but I believe he has no reason, and time and reflection will cure him—the young lady is too gay for so domestic and regular a family: I return to my *first thought* for him, and am sure *she* would make him a very happy man, but beauty dazzles strangely! Lady Betty Spencer[4] is soon to be married to Lord Pembroke. Lady Di.[5], they say, to the Duke of Richmond. Nobody talked of at present for Lord Weymouth. We got to town very well by 4 o'clock,

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[1] John Percival, 2nd Earl of Egmont, married, secondly, 26 Jan. 1756, Catherine, third daughter of the Hon. Charles Compton.

[2] Lady Catherine was the daughter of John, 2nd Earl of Egmont, by his first wife, Catherine, daughter of James, 5th Earl of Salisbury. Lady Catherine Percival married, in 1766, Thomas, 1st Lord Newborough.

[3] The Hon. Garratt Wesley, eldest son of Lord Mornington.

[4] Elizabeth, second daughter of Charles Spencer, 2nd Duke of Marlborough, married, in 1756, Henry, 10th Earl of Pembroke.

[5] Lady Diana, eldest daughter of Charles Spencer, Duke of Marlborough, married first, in 1757, to Frederick, 2nd Viscount Bolingbroke; and secondly, in 1768, to the Hon. Topham Beauclerk.

and dined with the Duke and Duchess of Portland. At Babess's nothing talked of but Mrs. Spencer's magnificence, of which I will give you a full and true account as soon as I have got it by heart; to-morrow I propose making my round of wedding visits. Lady Emily Wasnaer,[1] the Duke of Portland's sister in Holland, is so ill she can't recover. Mrs. Masham lives again with her husband.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Began 14th, ended 17th January, 1756.

If I had sooner known all the particulars relating to our new cousin Mrs. Spencer, you should not have been so long ignorant of them. She had four negligées, four nightgowns, four mantuas and petticoats. She was married in a white and silver trimmed. I cannot remember the rest, only a pink satin with embroidered facings, and robings in silver done by Mrs. Glegg. Her first suit she went to Court in was white and silver, as fine as brocade and trimming could make it; the second, blue and silver; the third, white and gold and colours, six pounds a yard; the fourth, plain pink-coloured satin. The diamonds worth twelve thousand pounds: her earrings three drops all diamonds, *no paltry scrolls of silver*. Her necklace most perfect brilliants, the middle stone worth a thousand pounds, set at the edge with small brilliants, the large diamonds meet in this

[1] The Lady Emilia Catherine Bentinck was born at St. Jago de la Vega, in the Island of Jamaica, in 1726, her father, the 1st Duke of Portland, being then its Governor. She married in 1747 M. Jacob Aaron Van Wassenar, a Dutch nobleman, and died January 10th, 1756.

manner [illegible]. Her cap, all brilliants, (made in the fashion of a small butterfly-skeleton,) had a very good effect with a pompon; and behind, where you may suppose the bottom of the caul, a knot of diamonds, with two little puffs of diamonds where the lappets are fastened, and two shaking sprigs of brilliants for her hair; six roses, all brilliants for her stays, set in this form . Her watch and étuy suited to the rest, and a seal of a Mercury cut in a very fine turquoise stone, set as a standing for a spaniel dog, the body of pearl of the size of the Duchess of Portland's dolphin, the head and neck made out with gold finely wrought, two little brilliants for its eyes, and a brilliant collar: it cost 70 guineas.

All these things I have just seen at Mrs. Spencer's, who looked at them with the utmost unconcern, though not insensible to their merit as fine of their kind, and pretty things, but as the *least part* of her happiness. A begging-letter was given her at the same time which brought tears into her eyes and made her appear with much more lustre than the diamonds. Her jointure, I hear, is four thousand a-year, I don't know what her pin-money is, I suppose in proportion to everything Mr. Spencer has done, which has shewn his nature to be good and generous. Lady Cowper says he may spend near thirty thousand pound a-year without hurting himself. There were magnificent doings at Althorpe, and nobody could have acquitted themselves with more dignity and given more universal content

than Mr. Spencer did. When his birthday came he told Mrs. Pointz it was his firm resolution to make Miss Pointz his wife as soon as he was master of himself; that now he was, he entreated her leave that he might be married the next day. You may believe the request was granted, and it was so managed that nobody in the house, though near 500 people, knew anything of the matter but Lord and Lady Cowper, Mrs. Pointz and her eldest son; and it was not declared till the Saturday after. On the 20th of December, after tea, the parties necessary for the wedding stole by degrees from the company into Lady Cowper's dressing-room, where the ceremony was performed, and they returned different ways to the company again, who had begun dancing, and they joined with them. After supper everybody retired as usual to their different apartments, and the marriage was not known till the Saturday following. They have been most graciously received at Court, and by my Lord Granville (who declares himself Mr. Spencer's rival), so at present there is as much happiness in that family as mortal heart can contain. All enquire after you, and will take it very ill if you do not come *in person* to wish them joy. The town has married Miss Pointz to Lord Fordwiche, who, unluckily for a lover, is gone to school this very day! Lady Sarah Cowper comes next month. Mrs. Spencer has hurt her foot by her buckle being too tight on her instep, and standing so much at Court,—she has been confined some days.

In reference to the marriage of Mr. Spencer and Miss Pointz, Lady Hervey wrote to Mr. Morris in January 1756, that they

came to town from Althorpe in three coaches with six horses, and 200 horsemen; that the villages through which they passed were in the greatest alarm, some of the people shutting themselves up in their houses, and others coming out armed with pitchforks, spits and spades, crying out "*the invasion was come!*" believing that the Pretender and the King of France were both come together; and great relief was experienced when the formidable cavalcade had passed without setting fire to the habitations, or murdering the inhabitants. Lady Hervey expresses herself with evident pique, calling it all vanity and folly, which she thought proper to attribute to Mr. Spencer's mother being "*a daughter of Lord Granville's.*"

In the year 1825, a gentleman named Packer, then in his 87th year, told Mr. Smith, the author of "Antiquarian Rambles in the Streets of London," that he remembered better than anything else the marriage of the Hon. John Spencer with Miss Poyntz, the splendour of which took a great hold upon his youthful imagination. He said they made their first visit to Court (that was, to Leicester House), to the Prince Frederick and Princess of Wales first, before they went to the King at St. James's, (as was then commonly the practice on a Sunday after the morning service). The procession consisted of two carriages and a chair. In the first carriage were the bridegroom and Lord Cowper, with three footmen behind, in the second the mother and sister of the bride, also with three footmen behind, the bride followed in a new sedan-chair, lined with white satin, a black page walking before, and three footmen behind, all in the most superb liveries. The diamonds worn by the newly-married pair were presented to Mr. Spencer by Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, and were worth £100,000. The shoe-buckles of the bridegroom were alone worth £30,000.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Spring Garden, 24th Jan., 1756.

Many thanks to my dearest sister for her letter of the 21st. I will endeavour to answer all your

questions. Mrs. Spencer's negligée sleeves are *treble*; the ruffles are much the same as at Bath, long at the elbow and pretty narrow at top; I think they *pin* their gowns *rather closer before*; hoops are as flat as if made of pasteboard, and as stiff, the shape sloping from the hip and spreading at the bottom, enormous but *not* so ugly as the *square* hoops. There *are hopes* they will be reduced to a very small size, and two very fine fashionable ladies appeared at Court with *very small ones*. Heads are variously adorned, pompons with some accompaniment of feathers, ribbons or flowers; lappets in all sorts of *curli murlis*; little plain cypress gauze, *trolly* or fine muslin; long hoods are worn close under the chin tied behind, the earrings go round the neck, and tye with bows and ends behind. Nightgowns, worn without hoops; I have seen no *trollopées* since I came from the Bath. If you mean to communicate this intelligence to your neighbours, I desire you will *translate* it, as the language is known but to few!

I have seen Mr. Richardson but once, and his family once: they have not behaved kindly to Sally, particularly Mr. Richardson. He resents her not coming directly to him when she removed from hence to Miss Mulso, but there were many reasons against it too long for anything but conversation; and, alas! you have set that hour far off, and my spirits are too sensible of the disappointment. I was last Wednesday at Lady Cowper's concert, which was really very agreeable. Lady Louisa Tollemache was there, and is extremely improved in her behaviour, was mighty quiet and composed, and made me melancholy when I considered

what a loss she had had.[1] Lady Cowper is much pleased with the school. I am to go some Thursday to see the children dance. D.D. has sent Mary "The *Cry*," I a *grave fan.*

I have not heard of "The *Young Lady* ;"[2] if good you shall have it. Sally returned to me in good health on Wednesday. We dine to-day at Lord Granville's, and go with the Duchess of Portland to the opera.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

New Street, Spring Gardens,
31st Jan., 1756.

Mr. Wesley came one morning to see me since I came from the Bath, I was not at home ; I meet him often at Mrs. Don's. I told him I supposed his constant airings with his father took up his time, but if he would cross the park from Pall Mall, (where they live) he might come to me any time after nine : he seemed pleased, and I gave him my key of the park-door. I have too much to tell you on this subject for a letter.

I hope the box has arrived safely and that you will set about the *chenille work*, as I know it will amuse you *more* than *any work*, but your counterpane may be done by any of your young workwomen.

Lord Chesterfield has had a stroke of apoplexy. It is generally thought the anxious life he has led among gamesters has occasioned this stroke. Whatever effect it may have had on his constitution, it is a severe reproach

[1] The death of her mother, Lady Dysart.
[2] "The *Young Lady*."—Nos. 1, 2, 3, by Euphrosine.

and blemish to his character as a man possessed of superior talents to most of his sex, so good an understanding, such brilliancy of wit, so much discernment in seeing the foibles of others, and when he thought his example of consequence, (as when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland,) so *great a command* of himself for nearly a whole year! Is it not strange he should at last fall a sacrifice to that desperate vice, gaming? it can be accounted for but in one way—the want of religion: without which there is no ballast to keep the vessel steady—it is tossed by every blast, and liable to be overset whenever the storm arises, and must at last perish! Gaming is indeed an earthquake to the mind, keeps it under continual tremblings, breaks out into horrid eruptions of oaths, and effectually destroys the superstructures though ever so beautiful and well-formed. I run on as if I were writing a "*Humanist*," but I must stop my moralizing to tell you something about friends and acquaintance. My brother is very happy: he has made a purchase of *an organ that proves most excellent*,[1] I have not yet seen it. Our Sally has got a cold, which prevents her dining to-day at Whitehall, where she was invited with D.D. and me.

We dined last Tuesday at Lord Dartmouth's, nobody but Miss Legges and Mr. and Mrs. Montagu and Frederic. Lady Dartmouth is rather pretty than otherwise, cheerful, civil, and easy in manner; a happier pair I never saw. *She* is *as good* as *he is*, and so fond of their little boy, that they dandle him about as

[1] This organ was built by Father Smith, and is still in the possession of Mr. Granville's heirs. Handel selected it for Mr. Granville, and often played upon it at Calwich.

she did not long ago her baby (doll). It looked like a joke to see Lord Dartmouth dandling his son, whom we remember so lately at school. Much inquiry was made if there was no hopes of your coming, at which I looked blank and made no reply. to-morrow they are going to dine at Lord Guildford's.

Lord Egmont was married last Saturday to Miss Kitty Compton,[1] who whilst her father lived, and she had hopes of being some time or other an earl's daughter, refused him, and they say treated him unhandsomely. He has, however, condescended to offer himself *again*, (such is the power of beauty over the haughty sex,) and is now *accepted*; she is very pretty and has only £4000.

I have been to see the Winter's Tale as altered.[2] It must always be absurd, but Shakespear has so many beauties, though mixed with some defects, that it is worth one's attention, and it is extremely well acted. Since I began my letter Mr. Wesley has been here, in very good humour. Mrs. Granville just gone.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Spring Gardens, Feb., 1756.

I am greatly obliged to you and Mr. Dewes for his being so willing to trust me with so great a charge as your little daughter. It would indeed be a higher obligation if he would come himself and bring you with him. I will do my best to *spirit up* Mrs. Emily, and I will engage

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[1] The Earl of Northampton's niece.

[2] *The Winter's Tale*, a play altered from Shakspeare, by Charles Marsh, a bookseller in Round Court, Strand. He died June 8, 1782.

what masters you please for Mary, and will endeavour to treat her in every respect as you would wish. She will delight her friend and companion D.D., and be most truly welcome to us both. A post chaise and Nanny Ward to take care of her, and Mrs. Emily and Frank to escort them, I hope will bring her safely; and as soon as you can send her I am ready for her. Nanny Ward shall return in the chaise, as I don't apprehend her staying in town for a week will be of any use to Mary, and you may want her.

I shall lose Sally soon again. She is under an engagement, made for her by her uncle Kirkham, to spend three weeks or a month with a young gentlewoman that Dr. Hinckley[1] is going to be married to. They are to spend that time together at Miss Prescot's, and then go down to Charleton. The despairing sailor is gone on board, but not for good! He lands again and will take *one look more* before the streamers wave in the air! I have sent you an *à la mode hood* that Sally has just made for you.

Saturday morning.

At 7 our Duchess came and drank tea with us. She thinks Sally very pretty. She staid till nine, and my god-son[2] is just gone; I had an opportunity of sounding him about my *first thought* for him. I don't know that he would be an accepted person, but I am sure, if he were, he cannot choose a wife in England that would make him happier, and none of her rank so happy.

My drawing, or rather dressing room looks very

[1] Dr. Hinckley, one of the physicians to St. Guy's Hospital, married in November 1756, Miss Marcon, daughter of Mr. Marcon, a merchant in Ludgate Hill.

[2] Mr. Wesley.

pretty, now it is furnished. I have framed Wotten's[1] picture and the Chili strawberries; they enliven the room. I am copying a *fair* girl's head after Soldi, and design to do *our Brunette for its companion*, to go over my glasses between the windows.

It is now *the fashion* to pull Mrs. Spencer to pieces for not returning her visits faster than she possibly can, and for some blunders her servants have made; it is well they can find no other fault; but some fault there must be!

The churches are all remarkably crowded. I pray God people's heart may be touched so sincerely by this warning, as to fill the churches more constantly than they generally are. What a frightful account from Germany of the *opening of the earth!* I know nothing of it but from the newspapers.

Mrs. Cavendish is in a gracious fit. I let her *ebb* and *flow*, just as her humour pleases, and take no pains to turn the tide; but I like to go to her house to see her fine things. I think *Miss Prescot* declines very fast. I believe a month or two in the country, and constant riding, might restore her: she is really a good young woman. I once thought that perhaps you would like to have her return in the post chaise if Mary comes that way, but this engagement to Dr. H. will interfere; but when the engagement is over, and Sally gone to Charleton, I fancy *she* would be glad to come to you if it is convenient to you.

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1 John Wootton, a celebrated English painter of horses and landscapes, who excelled chiefly in designing field sports; he also painted portraits, and a picture of William Duke of Cumberland, with a view in the distance of the battle of Culloden. He died in 1765.

From the manner in which Mrs. Delany and her sister superintended, protected, and advised their god-children with regard to their matrimonial affairs, it appears that it was then considered the special duty of god-mothers to assist in every possible manner their proper settlement in life, and that the office of god-mother was by no means a sinecure with respect either to their temporal or spiritual welfare.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

New Street, Spring Gardens,
14th Feb. 1756.

Babess has had a very narrow escape. Crossing the Strand by Northumberland House, a hackney coachman (though called to by her footman to stop) drove full against her chair, and overturned it with great violence; had the pole come against the glass instead of the leather, it must have bruised her to death; she was hurt a little, and blooded for it.

I heartily wish I could do all the business for you at Welsbourne that you want me to do, by staying two months at least, but if the lawsuit ends in our favour we must go to Dublin as soon as the weather will permit us, and D.D. will have business in London till the beginning of May. The Duke of Norfolk's fine house in St. James's Square is finished, and opened to the *grand monde* of London; I am asked for next Tuesday, and will then give you an account of its magnificence. I was yesterday at Lady Hilsborough's [1] assembly; she has a very good house, furnished all with yellow damask, with an open border of burnished silver

[1] Margaretta, daughter of Robert Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare, married in 1747 Wills, 2nd Viscount Hillsborough, afterwards created Marquess of Downshire.

that edges all the hangings, and many other pretty decorations of japan and china, but *no pictures.*

Mrs. Spencer is pulled to pieces about visiting, which is unreasonable; she has had 600 persons to visit her, has been in London but five weeks, and twice confined with a cold; but it is the *only* fault laid to her charge, so she is well off.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes, at Welsbourne, near Keinton, Warwickshire.

New Street, S. G., 17th Feb.

I promised the Duchess of Portland to dine with her to-day, and to go to the grand assembly at Norfolk House.

I am sorry to send you an account of poor Mrs. Dillon[1] that I am sure will give you concern, but you may hear of her death from other hands; and there is a circumstance relating to her dying that is worth communicating. She has had a complaint of ill-digestion some time, and took, it is thought, too many emetics, that at last weakened her stomach to the last degree. Her own maid was with child, and was alone with her in her room. She desired her to read a few prayers to her, and when she had done desired she would go out of the room, as seeing a person in the agonies of death might do her harm: the maid would not leave her, upon which Mrs. Dillon threw her handkerchief over her face—and died! What a consolation to those that loved her to have her expire in such a temper of mind, with such fortitude, and such good-

[1] Elizabeth, daughter of Dr. Ralph Lambert, Bishop of Meath, married Arthur Dillon, of Lismullen, Esq., county of Meath.

nature! I had a letter from Mrs. F. Hamilton last night with this account.

Lord Fitzmaurice[1] (Lord Shelburne's son) they say is to be married two years hence to Miss Revel, to make out sputtering Hampden's observation, that *Mr. Acre* must always be married to Miss *Plum* or Miss *Bank Stock*. She has *only* £250,000 for certain, the town says £20,000 a-year.

You may depend upon it, Mrs. Emily shall never be trusted out of these walls alone with Mary, as she comes to town to her masters, and to see company, and I shall give her those advantages in the manner I think my dearest sister would do herself were she here. We seldom dine abroad but at Whitehall, and Lord Granville's, and Mrs. Donnellan's.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

New Street, Spring Gardens,
February, 1756.

Your dear child is safe, and well, and happy. Mrs. Charlotte is come, and looks so modest, I cannot help being sorry she is not as worthy as she seems to be, but luckily at this time she can stay with us, and Mrs. Emily is gone to her father. I never saw anything like Mary's joy at Mrs. C's coming. I don't know which you would think best to keep about her till you get one to your mind, Mrs. Emily or Mrs. Charlotte—let me know as soon as you can.

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[1] William Lord Fitzmaurice, eldest son of the 1st Earl of Shelburne, married, in 1765, Sophia, daughter of John Earl Granville by his 2nd wife Lady Sophia Fermor.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

New Street, Spring Gardens,
8th March, 1756.

A picture of Madame de Sevigné's is lent me, a real copy of a real original. I begun last Friday, and have almost dead-coloured it. It is a head as big as life—a fair, sensible sweet countenance, and fat.

Lady Cowper *wonders* you will not put your daughter for two years to Mrs. Holt, and that she would be with her every Sunday and holyday that she was in town the same as Lady Louisa Tollemache. She commends the school extremely: they take but twenty scholars, and the mistress is a gentlewoman, and takes great care of them. I asked no other particulars. When I am in town, I hope you will not remove her from *her school in Spring Gardens!* Mary dined yesterday with Lady Cowper and spent the day there. She is very good and very tractable, and though she seems very happy here, she talks of her dear papa, mama, and brothers, wishing them here every day; and she is not alone in her wishes.

We have just had an account that the patriots of Ireland have been thunderstruck by the Speaker's being made Earl of Shannon,[1] with a pension of £2000 a year and Mr. Ponsonby[2] succeeds him in the chair.

Mr. Smith was to have sailed in a few days, when to the great distress of the merchants the press-gang has

[1] Henry Boyle, Esq., Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, created, 17th April, 1756, Baron Castle Martyr, Viscount Boyle, and Earl of Shannon.

[2] The Right Honourable John Ponsonby, second son of Brabazon, 1st Earl of Bessborough.

seized all their sailors, which looks ill for us. Pray God defend us, but I fear we really are in danger of an invasion!

Lady Cowper's earrings have not yet prevailed. I think, as you do, it is not a point worth contending for; Mary has raised a terror in herself about it, for she intreated me to send for Mr. Dutens, and when he came would not suffer him to come near her. I have never mentioned the earrings since.

Mr. Montagu of Hanover Square has been dangerously ill of an inflammation on his lungs, but is better.

Master Basset is much better for Bristol.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Tuesday, 16th March, 1756.

I have been making Westminster visits; ended with Mrs. Lowther, who is very well, and enquired much after you, and Mrs. Garland. There I met Mrs. Spencer, one of the finest figures I ever saw, in white and silver with *all* her jewels and scarlet decorations: her modest, unaffected air gives a lustre to all her finery that would be only tinsel without it. To-morrow I go to the oratorio, and dine at Whitehall. The little girl is neither trouble nor confinement to me, but a great delight to D.D. and me. *We shall go on with our masters.*

I will observe your directions as to Emily.

Mrs. Delany seldom lost an opportunity of commending Mrs. Spencer, for whom her friendship continued through life.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

New Street, Spring Gardens,
20th March, 1756.

Mr. Smith goes on board for his voyage to-morrow night. I sincerely wish him good success for his own sake, as well as for his valuable mother's and sister's and I think him a young man of uncommonly generous sentiments. He seems sure of being captain of a ship by the time he returns, which he can dispose of when he returns if he then chooses to settle in the packet-boat, and that I believe he will not do unless he can obtain a *prize* his heart seems much set upon; however he has had no manner of encouragement to expect it.

In my way home I called on a Mrs. Peters, a Col. Peters's[1] widow, who came to see me and invite me to see her house, which the Duchess of Portland had a mind I should see; it is hung with Indian paper in a very pretty taste. There I met all the Pointzs, and they are to come to me this day se'night.

Sally had a letter last post, from Miss Sanford, complaining much of her's and her brother's ill-health, and assuring her of their constant friendship.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Spring Gardens, 27th March, 1756.

Mary is now practising the clavicord, which I have got in the dining-room that I may hear her practise at

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[1] Mrs. Peters, relict of Colonel Peters, married in May, 1757, Charles Allanson, Esq., of Bramham-Biggin.

my leisure moments. She reads an hour every evening to the Dean, and then they play two games at cribbage, and I don't know which of the two is best pleased. Her uncle Granville has given her a guinea to go to the oratorio; it is diverting to hear all her projects for laying it out. I think it will end in two plays *instead* of *one oratorio.*

We are both invited to go to Lady Cowper's next Wednesday to a concert; I shall carry her there, and give up the oratorio. Don't imagine that she is a great care upon my spirits, for indeed the pleasure of having her with me amply pays me for any accidental anxiety on her account. Monday, staid at home; and the Duchess of Portland and the Duchess of Queensbury drank tea and staid till nine o'clock; to the great satisfaction of Mary, who is in love with the Duchess of Portland, and *much diverted* with the Duchess of Queensbury.

Tuesday, I went to see Mrs. Fountain.

Wednesday, I spent with Mrs. Donnellan instead of going to Israel in Egypt; and how provoking! she had Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Gosling, and two or three fiddle faddles, so that I might as well have been at the oratorio.

Lord Mornington and Mr. Wesley go to the Bath next week, and they go from Bath to Ireland. I hope I have had in my power to recommend Mrs. Hyde's[1] son, Capt. Hyde to some preferment, which will make her, poor woman, happy. They say he was a good officer,

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[1] The Honourable Jane Calvert, sister of Lord Baltimore, an early friend of Mrs. Delany's, and who is generally mentioned with pity as well as regard.

and has good pretensions to be put into commission; and Mr. Villiers of the Admiralty has promised to serve him.

I was to have had Mr. and Mrs. Spencer, Duke and Duchess of Portland, the Pointzs and my brother this evening for a party at cribbage, but it is put off till Tuesday.

Last Tuesday was se'night Lady Lincoln had an assembly that was *to outshine* the Duchess of Norfolk; as I was not there I can't give you *many* particulars. Lord Lincoln lives at the Exchequer, which joins, you know, to Westminster Hall. All the coaches went the street way and the chairs through Westminster Hall, so that there was not the least confusion; the entrance was through a long passage matted and hung with bays, lighted with lamps and warmed by stoves. From thence into a fine gallery with an arched gothic roof, with niches answering every window for statues. At each end a white alabaster vase, lighted on the inside with lamps, which had a mighty pretty effect, besides other lights very well placed. Lady Lincoln's[1] private apartment, consisting of an anti-chamber, dressing-room and bed-room, was furnished with beautiful Indian painted taffeta; the stairs (stone,) lighted with a very fine glass lustre; the great apartment crimson damask and *very fine tapestry*. Below stairs a common eating parlour, and within that a fine old gothic room. I suppose that building, though dedicated to as large a company, was meant for very different purposes, as I imagine it must have been *part of a monastery*. The

[1] Catherine, eldest daughter and heir of the Right Honourable Henry Pelham, married in 1744 Henry, 9th Earl of Lincoln.

employments of its inhabitants could not have been more different than their dresses—the woollen robe, the covered neck, the solemn veil, what a contrast to the enormous hoops, gold and silver brocade, exposed necks and shoulders, and the numberless adornments for the head! This for the exterior part: as to *the heart*, a cloister, *I fear*, has produced many bad ones; and a modern assembly, *I hope*, is *not destitute* of many good ones.

I was last night at "Judas Maccabeus,"[1] it was charming and full. "Israel in Egypt" did not take, it is too solemn for common ears.

Have you heard anything of Mrs. Pointz' gold snuff box, that she lost at Lord Darlington's assembly, which was *pocketed* by a certain *thundering lady* who keeps company with *Irish lightning*? A piece of it has been brought to Mrs. Pointz by an old woman, who *said* she found it in a kennel! I doubt *not* so honest an old woman as yours at the Bath.

Madame de Sevigné goes on but shabbily; this cold weather numbs my faculties.

The Duchess of Portland has just drank tea with Mary and me; the girl looked in *great beauty*, and the Duchess thinks her *very pretty;* but this you may be sure she did not say before her face.

[1] "Judas Maccabeus" was written in 1746, and produced at Covent Garden 1st of April, 1747, and was performed twice during the year 1756. "Israel in Egypt" was also performed twice during this year.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Spring Gardens, 1st April, 1756.

Mary was most happy yesterday, dined with Mrs. Donnellan, and went between six and seven to Lady Cowper's concert. Say not, my dearest sister, that a "pretty house keeps me from you," even a Delville cannot do that; but were we confined to the dirtiest lodging in London we must stay till the Dean's affairs are determined: they are to come on the beginning of next Term, which will be about the middle of May. When we know our fate D.D. must manage with his lawyers here accordingly, so that you see it is impossible for us to stir from hence, and we must hasten over the water as soon as all these matters are settled. I don't love to mention this *part, but it is* unavoidable, and time insensibly flies; the comfort is that *those wings* that hurry us from our friends will bring us to them again.

My brother went out of town this morning. Sunday morning after church I went to see Don.; she was full of reproaches for my not spending more time with her, though I spend *more hours* in her house than in any besides my own!

The oratorio was charming last night and very full, notwithstanding a ball at Norfolk House given for the Duke of Cumberland's entertainment, an assembly at Lady Townshend's, and a concert at Lady Cowper's. We are to have but three oratorios more; I hope to go to them all; I have only missed one, and that I gave up to spend the afternoon with Mrs. Donnellan.

This morning I had a visit from my friend Mr.

Harry Hamilton.[1] I finished Sally's picture and sent Mary with her to Rathbone Place to spend the day, and made them all happy; I dined at Whitehall, and went to the oratorio with the Duchess of Portland and Lady Margaret.

Mrs. Foley was at Lady Cowper's, and says our little girl behaved extremely well. I am going this morning to see a collection of fine shells; in the afternoon to Mrs. Donnellan, and send Mary to Mrs. Elstob. Her masters come regularly.

The oratorio last night was "Jephtha;"[2] I never heard it before; I think it a very fine one, but very different from any of his others. On one side of me sat Lord Chief Justice Ryder, with whom I had much conversation between the acts, and was very courtly as a friend in our cause; on the other side the Attorney General, with whom also I was *very courtly* out of fear as an enemy, though *I hope* they have both such upright hearts as not to be biassed by any sort of prejudice.

I am still unalarmed about the invasion, but don't find people are so apprehensive as at first. The wisest heads (except politicians, who think they must give an alarm) think all the rout has been only a diversion to employ us at home whilst they fall on our possessions abroad. I have not gone through with young Wortley Montague's[3] book, which the learned commend, and I suppose deserves it. Earthquakes are forgotten,

[1] Henry, fourth son of the Hon. Henry Hamilton.

[2] Handel produced "*Jephtha*," the last of his works, on the 26th of February, 1752. It was performed only once during the year 1756, and that was on the 2nd of April.

[3] Edward Wortley Montague, son of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, published "Observations on the Rise and Fall of Ancient Republics.'

assemblies and balls go on as briskly as if no such warning had been given; indeed, if we stop there it might be innocent, but luxury of all kinds and *gaming* run higher than ever.

The Duke of Norfolk's ball and supper which he gave the Duke was magnificent; our Whitehall friends danced till four in the morning. The suppers and the dessert were the prettiest that had ever been seen; the dessert, besides the candles on the table, was lighted by lamps in fine green cut glasses.

I forgot to tell you Mrs. Spencer is under the utmost confusion at not having yet answered your letter, for which she thinks herself excessively obliged to you, but her hurries have been *unmerciful.* I believe she is very kind to her sister, who is always with her and looks excessively happy.

Mrs. Delany to Mr. Granville.

Spring Gardens, 6 April, 1756.

I hope I shall soon have the satisfaction of knowing that my dear brother had a safe journey. There has been a great alarm at Whitehall on Lord Edward's account, who was seized last Saturday in a violent manner with all the bad symptoms of a miliary fever—it proves a scarlet fever. He was yesterday evening, when I left the Duchess of Portland, something better, and the doctor had hopes of him, which they had not the night before. You may imagine the distress of the family, and believe I am constantly with the Duchess, who sees nobody but her most intimate friends. As to public affairs I can tell you nothing new. The Road

Bill has passed the House of Commons, and comes before the Lords to-day, where it is supposed it will meet with the same success, so his grace the Duke of Bedford must submit to have his garden a little dusted for the good of the public.[1]

Vanneschi has carried the opera against the Mingotti,[2] and Mrs. Lane says she will have operas! "*every night at her own house.*" The ball at the Duke of Norfolk's was most magnificent and well ordered; the Duke mightily civil, forbad all ceremony towards him. There were two tables for the dancers, nothing hot but soups. The Duke's supper was hot, two courses and dessert, lighted up with *little lamps* in green cut glasses. The Duke danced with Lady Coventry, so there was at least *one happy woman* for three or four hours!

Lord Edward is much better this evening; he is come quite to his senses, and the doctors have good hopes of him.

I think the auction of the last pictures we saw at Prestages has been since you went out of town. Rubens' landscape Sir William Lowther bought, and gave two hundred and ninety odd pounds for it, and the Rubens and Snyders cost two hundred and eighty; I forget who bought it, but think it was Mr. Beckford. Lord Egremont gave a hundred and odd pounds for Teniers' Gallery.

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[1] "A new road was proposed through Paddington; the Duke of Bedford opposed it as making a dust behind Bedford House, and from some intended buildings being likely to interrupt his prospect."—*Walpole's Letters.*

[2] Catarina Mingotti, a celebrated singer, born at Naples, 1726. After singing at Dresden, Naples, and in Spain, she came to London in 1754, and remained there till 1758. Horace Walpole, in a letter dated May 27th 1756, says, "There has been a contest between the manager Vanneschi and the singers Mingotti and Ricciarelli. Mingotti is a fine singer, and an admirable actress."

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Spring Gardens, 20th April, 1756.

All in our own house, I thank God, are very well at present, but Whitehall is a perfect hospital. Lord Edward recovered, Lady Betty recovering, Lady Harriet and Lady Margaret yesterday blooded and blistered for the same sort of fever. The Duchess of Portland had strong symptons last night of having the same disorder, and she was blooded last night. Mrs. Lambert they now hope will recover: she has been in the utmost danger, which has been an additional grievance to the Duchess. Poor Mrs. Tarrand is much disturbed in her head, and the Duchess's tenderness makes her unwilling to have her removed out of her house. Mrs. Elstob, you may imagine, has her share of complaints, but, poor woman, she feels so much for herself, that she does not seem to think others as bad as they really are, and indeed everybody makes *the best* of it *to her*.

I don't let Mary go to the house now, because very young things are more liable to infection, so she has not been there since last Tuesday. Sunday evening, as I thought our friends at Whitehall were in a better way, D.D., Mary, and I, after church, went visiting: found Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Tracy, and her sister B.F.[1] at home, and ended with Mrs. Donnellan, and left our names at four other places.

Mrs. Tracy was daughter of Peter Bathurst, Esq., M.P., of Clarendon Park, Wilts; she married the Honourable T. C. Tracy, son of the 5th Viscount Tracy, who succeeded him in June 1756. Her sister Elizabeth married Mr. Frederic, who succeeded his brother Sir John Frederic, 1757.

Yesterday morning, D.D. and I went to see Mrs. Richardson. Mr. Richardson is at Parsons Green. I came home about two to dress, to dine at Whitehall, and D.D. whisks away Mary to Miss Mulso's and Mrs. Bayley's, and brought her back again by three; and at six (as she had no more tasks to do) Smith and Mrs. Wright went in the coach with her to Mrs. Montagu who had invited her to meet Miss Weston, and had a little drum. Her maidens fetched her again at half-an-hour after eight, and when I came home myself a little after nine, I found her and D.D. eating bread and cheese together. Indeed she is very good and much commended for her pretty behaviour. She is to spend next Friday with Miss Mulso; Miss Prescot has begged her for to-morrow. As I now spend a good deal of time at Whitehall, I am glad to engage Mary when her masters have done with her where I know she will hear *good sense* and can learn no ill. I am afraid you will think Mrs. Wright a little awkward, but that may proceed from bashfulness; she seems humble and ready to do any thing, and she talks French. Lady Drumlanrig *is dead*—never recovered the great shock she received. The Mr. Martin who kept a tavern and was killed by Capt. Ogle, was butler to the Duke of Portland, and made memorable by poor Dr. Shaw's impromptu "*on toasted cheese.*"

Sir William Lowther[1] has left Mrs. Hannah Lowther

[1] Sir William Lowther's death is mentioned by Horace Walpole, who remarks: "Sir William Lowther has given 17 hundred pounds a year, (that is, I suppose, 17 hundred) to old Mrs Lowther. What an odd circumstance! A woman passing 100 years to receive a legacy from a man of 27."

£5000; he was an excellent young man, and did many generous things: God Almighty has graciously removed him from evils to come!

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

24th April, 1756.

I know my dearest sister has so much affection for the Duchess of Portland, that she cannot be easy without a constant account. Lady Betty is very well again; Lady Harriet recovered of her fever, but extremely sunk with it; but Lord Titchfield is *now* in the beginning of the fever, and it is impossible not to be alarmed about him, *and* that dear innocent Lady Margaret *is an angel*, I think one may venture to pronounce that. *She died yesterday about noon*! The Duke and Duchess's distress is really not to be described, especially hers, and yet she bears it with great resignation and examplary composure. D.D. and I are very well, and so is the darling child. As I could not leave the Duchess of Portland last Thursday, I sent Sally with Mary to Mrs. Holt's public dancing, to meet Lady Cowper by her appointment; Mary performed very notably, and to-morrow spends the day with Lady Cowper.

I have just returned from Whitehall. Mary has not gone there since Lord Edward's illness. Thank God, the Duchess is better to-night, and the Duke quite composed, but the young people don't yet know their loss, and must not till they have gained more strength; it is hard to keep it from them, as they are very anxious and inquisitive about one another. Lord Titchfield is better to-night, and I trust in God he will be preserved

for the honour and happiness of that family; you shall hear again next post. Don't be in pain about me—I *must feel* for my friend, but the hope of being some comfort to her keeps up my spirits.

She sees nobody but me and Babess, and we relieve one another.

Dr. Young to Mrs. Delany, at the Duke of Portland's, at Whitehall, London.

MADAM,

What very ill news you send me! I knew not that her Grace's misfortune spread so wide: I knew not that so many of those nearest her heart had been ill. God restore them to their perfect health, and so give double comfort to her Grace in the possession of her endangered felicities!

If, Madam, I see London before you leave it, I shall think my journey very happily timed, but as at present I have no curate and pretty much duty, I fear I shall not be able to wait on you and the Dean (to whom my best wishes and respects) unless your stay is longer in town.

I beg my humble duty to my Lord Duke and her Grace. Though, Madam, I share with you in a tender sense of all that pains her, yet I cannot but congratulate her at the same time on having the very best cordials under any distress—*a good head, a good heart* and *a good friend*; and that friend of such a character that it is with pride as well as pleasure that I subscribe myself

Madam,

Her most obedient and humble servant,

E. YOUNG.

May 2nd, 1756.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Spring Gardens 10th May, 1756.

Yesterday was a dismal day: they all put on their mourning. Lord Titchfield did not know of poor Lady Margaret's death for a certainty till Saturday night, but he suspected her being so ill that he had not courage to enquire after her. A few days before he sent a note privately to Lady Harriet to beg some account of his "dear Peg" that, "*he feared she was very ill; that he prayed for her every hour, and hoped she would do so too.*" This note hurt poor Lady Harriet very much, but yesterday she looked better, and I hope time and the consideration of the happiness now possessed by her they so much lament will calm their grief.

The Duke of Portland was obliged to go to Court yesterday. I shall be glad when the Duchess can be prevailed upon to go out and take the air—she has not been out of her house for above a month; she designs this week to admit all her intimate friends. Lady Wallingford and Lady Bute were with her yesterday. Dash is very unhappy, because her father will not permit her to go to Whitehall, for fear of infection.

The grand operation of boring the ears was done yesterday whilst I was abroad. Lady Cowper was to come to me in the afternoon to take leave, and *the fear* of the Turkey-stone earrings going out of town also determined the affair, and I think them very well done. One hurt her a little, the other not at all. She is to dine with Lady Cowper tête-à-tête next Thursday.

Poor Lady Louisa Tollemache is very ill of a fever at school.

The Duchess was prevailed on yesterday to go as far as Buckingham-House in her chair. I dined with her afterwards; it had fluttered her a good deal, but I hope now she and her family will gain ground every day. Lady Louisa is much better to-day. I have been this afternoon with Lady Sarah Cowper; she is very busy packing up her goods for the cottage, for she will not have an apartment in London any more. Mrs. Pointz and her children set out next Thursday for Spaw. I wish they had postponed it till next year, but Mr. Spencer has a mind to go, though he is pretty well. We talk much of proclaiming war, and fear Port-Mahon[1] is taken. I cannot fear but we might still drive them before us, if Englishmen have not lost all their bravery; but *when vice* prevails so much, what have we not to fear? God help us!

The Duchess of Queensbury, Lady Cowper, Lady Frances Courtenay,[2] and Mr. and Mrs. Montagu were with me yesterday in the afternoon.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Spring Gardens, 17th May, 1756.

The poor Duchess seems to feel the blow she has received very sensibly, though she does everything a good and wise woman can do; and the desire of keeping up the young people's spirits makes her strive extremely. She went yesterday morning to St. James's Chapel, but

[1] The Articles of Capitulation of Port Mahon were signed on the 29th of June, 1756.

[2] Frances, daughter of Heneage, 2nd Earl of Aylesford, married Sir William Courtenay, who was created 6th May, 1762, Viscount Courtenay.

was so much affected with the service that she was forced to come away before it was done. She went out this morning to take the air, and dines tête-à-tête with Babess; when *we* shall meet God only knows; our cause in all probability is at this time on trial.

I told you that we had been at Mr. Gore's at Bush Hill. We got there about one o'clock, to my very great disappointment Mrs. Mellish was not there; she has had a fever. Mr. Gore is a very civil agreeable man, that has kept good company; poor Mrs. G— is odd, but was civil in her way. It is a fine place, much wood and water, and a charming park full of beautiful deer. Mary was delighted with all the living creatures. We are just returned from Mr. Boyd's at Lewisham.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Spring Gardens, 24th May, 1756.

I dated this letter yesterday morning, and was interruptedby the Duche s of Queensbury coming: she visits me as regularly as Mr. Groat, and *her tisans* and *balsamic draughts* are much more palatable. She was succeeded by the dear Duchess of Portland, who has come to me every day; I hope she will be able to go to Bulstrode at Whitsuntide, and that new and pleasant change of scene will disperse all gloomy thoughts.

Mrs. Elstob is gradually drawing towards that happy repose which we may presume so good a woman may obtain. I have made her many visits during my constant attendance at Whitehall, and urged her, as the Duchess desired me, to have some physician: she said

she had a better opinion of Mr. Groat than any of them, and would have none. She did not at first know me the last visit I made her, which was on Thursday morning, and Mr. Groat tells me to-day her memory is rather worse. She never desires any clergyman to come to her, and her Cousin Mallet (the Bolingbroke Mr. Mallet's wife) visits her very often, who is a Roman Catholic, and alarms the Duchess very much; she brings her presents of chocolate, and seems to pay great court to her. I wish if the poor woman has any little sum that she will bestow on *the friend*[1] who was the *first* occasion of her being brought out of obscurity; but I fear *she* is not in favour, and I don't know in a letter how to tell you the particulars about it.

Mrs. Betty Granville has resigned her place of Maid of Honour for that of Bed-chamber-woman to the Princess of Wales; she is *young and handsome* enough still to grace a Court, but has not health to support the fatigue of so public an appearance, for which reason she is very discreet in desiring the change, which was granted very graciously; and the Princess told her she liked to have her so much nearer her person. The salary is the same, and the advantage of the clothes: and not being obliged to dress, will be an equivalent to house-rent and board-wages, which was nearly two hundred pounds a-year, besides her salary.

Mr. John Mulso,[2] the clergyman, was married to his love of fifteen years standing last Tuesday, (I think was the day.) Mr. Young, the father, gives up his fortune,

[1] *Sarah Kirkham.* Mrs. Capon.

[2] May, 1756. Rev. Mr. Mulsoe, nephew to the Bishop of Peterborough, to Miss Young.

(charging it for the younger children) and boards with them, which with his living enables them to settle. I heartily wish our poor Pressy was settled as much to her content, but I see no prospect of it.

Lady Sarah Cowper comes to me this afternoon, and to-morrow Lady Betty Murray,[1] and the Duchess of Portland if she is well enough.

Since you say you would take up shells I reject, I shall bring you a box of rubbish. The alteration to the top of your cabinet must be to have a flat top with a cornice I suppose and glasses on the sides, but if you will let it remain as it is till I come we will consult together. D.D. has carried Mary off to take the air with him: I send her every day to walk in the park, when she does not go in the coach. She is, thank God, very well, but so in love with Lady Cowper, she can talk of nothing else, and to vent her passion a little, I let her write to her to-day. I don't love to check these little sallies of affection when they are properly placed, as it may be the means of preventing their making a bad choice, and the child has a grateful little heart; I hope she has contracted no bad habits, and I am sure I shall ever feel with gratitude my obligation to you and Mr. Dewes for trusting me with such a treasure, though it has done me one mischief, for it has wound the tender twig more closely round my heart.

Mrs. Dewes in writing to Mr. Granville 31st May, mentions her "hope that Mr. Davenport will be happy in his daughter's

[1] Elizabeth, daughter of Daniel, Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham, married in 1738, the Honourable William Murray, afterwards Earl of Mansfield.

match, and that she hears Mr. Bromley[1] of Baggington looks vastly pleased, and that everybody likes Mrs. Bromley, who is civil and obliging to her company, modest and reserved."

The next letter in succession is from Mrs. Delany to Mr. Granville, dated Spring Gardens, 2nd June, in the same year; but to enable the Editor to include the principal events of Mrs. Delany's life in this work the chief facts in this letter are alone mentioned.

The first anecdote relates to the Duchess of Queensbury, who very kindly herself made all the emulsions and tisans which were considered necessary for Mrs. Delany, who had been suffering from an inflammation of the chest. Sir Dudley Ryder's death is mentioned, which occurred 25th May, 1756, the day after the patent had been signed by the King for his elevation to the peerage. There are also comments on the report of Mr. Murray being made Lord Chief Justice, by which she observes they "would lose a stout enemy, but gain a good judge." Mr. Murray was made Lord Chief Justice the 8th of November, 1756, and the same day created Baron Mansfield.

Mrs. Elstob's death is recorded as having taken place the preceding Sunday (3rd of June), and Mrs. Delany expresses her belief that her end had been hastened by hearing of the death of Lady Margaret Bentinck.

The death of young Basset is also mentioned in the following words: "I am going into mourning for my great-great nephew Basset, who died last week. I pity his unhappy mother extremely. She has gone through much care and anxiety on his account. I suppose the estate now comes to our old acquaintance, Frank Basset."

The letter concludes with these words: "Public news is very bad indeed; Admiral Byng, with 16 ships-of-the-line and two

[1] William Bromley, of Baggington, married Miss Davenport, May, 1756.
[2] Father of the 1st Lord de Dunstanville, who died 5th February, 1835.

frigates, sailed from Gibraltar to Minorca, where they found the French ready to receive them, and after three hours fight, made a running fight back to Gibraltar. The Chancellor of Ireland has had two of his decrees reversed this year in England."

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Spring Gardens, 2nd June, 1756.

I am going into mourning for poor young Basset. I am sure you will grieve for his unhappy mother; her only child, who was trained up with great care and anxiety, and born in appearance to many advantages: it is a severe stroke. Pray God support and comfort her! It is six weeks' mourning in *the new way*, which I believe is now become universal.

I am afraid Mrs. Elstob has not remembered her chief friend Mrs. C., as she had taken an unreasonable prejudice to her, and spoke of it not only to the Duchess and the young ones, but to Mr. Achard. I am sorry she never mentioned it to me, I could have set her right; but so far from seeming to take anything ill she always joined with me in commending her. I suppose she cannot have left much money: seventy guineas were found, but whether she has any stock of any kind cannot be known till her papers are enquired into, which was to be done as soon as *Mrs. Mallet* and her sister Mrs. Elstob (her two nearest relations) could come to look over them with Mr. Lucas the Duke's agent.

The books you mention of Lady Anne Coventry's are much commended. I design to get them.

About three weeks ago D.D. had a letter from Mr.

Mason, husband to Viscountess Grandison, to borrow Delville for the summer, as bathing in the sea is necessary for their son, and they could get no house that would answer their purpose. As humanity was in the case it could not be refused, but could only be granted for a short space, which is the latter end of June, and they are now I suppose in possession. *I hope* the boy won't break and rifle my shell-cabinet! I have taken the liberty to order it to be constantly covered.

Admiral Byng, they said, joined Edgcumbe and had 16 ships of the line and two frigates, sailed away for Minorca, found the French squadron ready for their reception, fought three hours, and (so shameful and painful to all true English hearts!) were repulsed and made a fighting retreat back to Gibraltar! This piece of news is partly too true; there was certainly an engagement, but night coming on they lay by till morning, at which time our fleet disappeared. No other account is yet come—this is from France.

Mrs. Dewes to Bernard Granville, Esq., at Calwich.

Welsbourn, 14 June, 1756.

I hope you will soon get rid of the trouble of your Farm, and then the business of your garden will only be a delight, and you are well repaid for any trouble by the pleasure it must give to you and your friends, and the fame you acquire by it; for it is said to outdo any of the *wonders of the Peak!* and without a joke Mrs. Hayes, who is just returned from Mrs. Fitzherbert's, says, Calwich is reputed by everybody to be by much the prettiest place in the two counties of Stafford and Derbyshire, and

though not the largest yet in the best taste, and that she was mortified in the highest degree not to see it. She is returned in high spirits, and dressed much better than I ever saw her. I fancy her friend Mrs. Egerton has *vamped her up* with a *trolly hood*, and a *fashionable negligée, &c.!*

Mr. Lucy is come home much better in health and spirits, and has greatly recovered the use of his hands, but not quite; he hopes to see you in Warwickshire. It is very entertaining to hear the account of their travels, though mixed with many melancholy relations, which must be expected after such a sad catastrophe. We dine to-morrow at Mr. Wise's; and have passed a very agreeable day with my dear Lady Anne Coventry, who is quite a miracle.

My sons desire their humble duty to you.

Your ever affectionate and obliged, A. D.

An interval occurs in the correspondence of Mrs. Delany from June to September, 1756, during which period she had been with her sister. Her next letter is dated from Welbeck.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Welbeck, 7 Sept. 1756.

I have given short sketches of our journey, which, I thank God, upon the whole was a very good one. Lord Middleton's[1] (Wollerton Hall), where we stopped to get intelligence for our way to Papplewick, is one of the finest buildings I ever saw, about as old as Queen

1 Francis, 2nd Baron Middleton, married, in 1723, Mary, second daughter of Thomas Edwards, Esq., and died 1758. Wollaton Hall, Nottinghamshire, is still one of the family places belonging to Lord Middleton.

Elizabeth. It stands upon an eminence; the gardens seem to be laid out in the old-fashioned way of mince-pies, arbours, and sugarloaf yews: the park is very fine, and stocked with beautiful deer. We had not time for much observation: we got there about 4, and had ten miles from thence to Papplewick, which we should easily have compassed in two hours had we not lost our way. We might have gone to Nottingham, seen the castle, and been with them as soon as we were. Papplewick is much improved since I saw it, but they have *no garden*, only a fine field (which was divided into ten); they have now taken away the hedges and only left the best of the trees here and there that did not too much intercept their view, which is a very fine one. The ground rises in two hills to the right and to the left, the house stands facing the valley between, and the verdure is as fine as can be. Mr. Montagu keeps walks pared and rolled quite round the field, at the bottom of which runs the river Lean, a very pretty brook that runs briskly and forms two or three cascades as it winds. There are spots planted by the side of it of flowers and flowering shrubs, and seats placed; and in the most retired part, and in view of two of the cascades, is a temple or covered seat, which I gave them a plan for 14 years ago! The prettiness of the place is its being perfectly rural and made with such little expense, as may be done in any place though the ground may not lie quite so advantageously; the walk round their improvement is just one measured mile. I spent as agreeable a day there as I could do anywhere, just come from dear friends in an anxious state, and was indulged in talking more of them than any other subject. I got to Welbeck, as

I have already told you, by one o'clock. The Duchess is not yet free from that persecuting pain in her head, which comes by fits but does not last long. Her spirits between whiles are pretty good; the young ladies flatter me in saying they are better than when I came. She had not had courage to go into Lady Oxford's apartment, and there was a necessity she should, as there are papers and other matters to be looked over that can be done properly by nobody else. That disagreeable part is now over, and she has been in all her rooms but her bed-chamber. This place is really magnificent, though the outward appearance of the house is by no means answerable to its goodness within. There is a fine lawn before the house, encompassed with woods of the finest oak I ever saw; the park is fine and capable of great improvements, which will soon be set about. There is a valley of many acres that runs through that part of the park which is visible from the house that is to be floated, and will make a most noble piece of water: a small river runs through it now, and they can command as much water as they please. I took a charming walk yesterday of near four miles, conducted by Lord Edward, who made me observe every beauty, and led me whenever I came to any rugged or sloping path with much care and attention, and conversed and entertained us like a man: he is a charming boy and much grown. There was only the Dean wit us. The Duke, Duchess, and young ladies dined at Lord Scarborough's;[1] it was their public day, so we had this

[1] Richard, 4th Earl of Scarborough, married 12th December, 1752, Barbara, sister and heir of Sir George Savile, of Rufford, co. Nottingham, Bart.

great house, Lord Edward, and Mr. Achard to ourselves. In the evening we walked to another wood on the other side of the park, called "Cow Close Wood," and round the kitchen-garden, which is immense.

By the time we came in the moon was risen a great height, and D.D. and I sat down in the great dining-room to contemplate its glory, and to talk of the dear friends who in all likelihood were at that moment admiring its splendor as well as we. I don't know how to give you such a description of the house as will make it plain to you; the rooms are numerous, large, and thoroughly well furnished; the two principal rooms are the great dining-room, 62 feet long and 27 broad (I think) with a large square projection in the middle that holds the sideboard—I sent my brother the dimensions before—and the Gothic hall, which for workmanship in the true Gothic taste exceeds everything I have seen of the kind. The chapel is to be new built in the same taste; the alterations Lady Oxford made in this place cost above forty thousand pounds, and her apartment is the prettiest thing I ever saw, consisting of a skylight antechamber or vestibule, adorned in the Gothic way. The rooms that encompass it are a library, a dressing-room, a room fitted up with china and japan of the rarest kinds, and a Gothic room full of charming pictures, and embellished with everything that can make it look gay and pleasant: it is lighted by a window something of the Venetian kind, but prettier, and the whole breadth of one side of the room. It is indeed an enchanting pretty room, but never was made use of, for Lady Oxford chiefly sat in her own room or library, which is generally called "the little west drawing-room" above stairs. This apartment

shuts up altogether apart from the rest of the house. Upon the whole one may truly say this is a fine place, even to magnificence, but it wants the agreeableness and sweetness of Bulstrode. Here everything displays the antiquity of the noble race from whence the owners are descended, and the walls are covered with family portraits; but there is a *glare of grandeur*, and though I admire the Duchess when receiving princely honours and acquitting herself with dignity, I love her best in her own private dressing-room! The first day I could I went to Miss Sutton, which was yesterday; the Dean and I dined there—it is about 7 miles off, good road. She is pretty well again, but looks thin. The place[1] is very pretty; the house small but cheerful, the fields lie well to the house, and a large pool that affords them very fine fish. They have a little serpentine walk, stolen from a field, planted with trees and flowering shrubs, that leads to a fine wood about a quarter of a mile from their house. The Duchess has desired her to come on a private day.

I had a letter last post from Ireland with an account of Magennis's death, our attorney. He will be no loss; had it pleased God he had died some years ago we might have been gainers by it. The Lord Chancellor put off hearing our lawyers' pleading in answer to Mr. Antho. Malone, (though appointed by himself) under pretence of sickness, but the Court sat and he attended, notwithstanding his putting off our cause. Does not Mr. Dewes think his behaviour unaccountable?

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1 Richard Sutton, Esq., second son of Sir Robert Sutton and the Countess of Sunderland, inherited Norwood Park in Nottinghamshire on the death of his eldest brother.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Welbeck, 14 Sept. 1756.

I have undertaken to set the Duchess of Portland's miniatures in order, as she does not like to trust them to anybody else, and for want of proper airing they are in danger of being spoiled. Such *Petitot's!*[1] such *Olivers!*[2] *and such Coopers!*[3] You may believe the employment is not unpleasant: this, with going to see places and assisting the Duchess to sort her papers in an evening after our walks, employs almost every hour of the day. Yesterday Miss Sutton and her brother spent the day here by appointment. Much magnificence I have seen in this country; lawns, vast woods, palaces of houses, but nothing *so pretty* as Calwich. We went last Monday to Thoresby, the Duke of Kingston's; the house was burnt down six or seven years ago; it is reputed to be the *finest place* in this country, but in my opinion falls very short. I think it *not to compare* to Welbeck—I mean the park. It is twice as large, but the ground does not lie so well, nor are the woods so fine; there is a fine piece of water, but nothing beautiful on its banks. When the Duchess

[1] John Petitot, the celebrated painter in enamel, was born at Geneva in 1607 died 1691. He may be called the inventor of painting in enamel, which under his hand acquired such a degree of perfection as to surpass miniature. He made use of gold and silver plates, and *rarely* enamelled on copper.

[2] Isaac Oliver was born in England in 1556, and died in 1617. He was principally employed in portrait-painting, and several of his miniatures are in English collections. His son Peter Oliver, born in 1601, arrived at a degree of perfection in miniature painting confessedly superior to any of his contemporaries.

[3] Samuel Cooper, commonly called "the miniature Vandyck," born in London, 1609, died May 5, 1672.

of Portland has floated a valley in this park, which she intends doing, it will be infinitely finer than Thoresby. The stables are made into lodging-rooms. The menagerie has *nothing* in it now but one Chinese cock pheasant, and the man that belongs to it told us "*Madam* was very fond of birds, and when she was there had great variety." We went on Sunday evening to the Duchess of Norfolk's[1] menagerie at Worksop Manor, but I only saw a crown bird and a most delightful cockatoo with yellow breast and topping.

D.D. is in haste to go to the Bath. If possible, we must be back to London by the middle of November, as he can do no business with his lawyers till then, the last hearing and decree being *put off to next Term.*

From Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Welbeck, 19th Sept. 1756.

Yesterday the Dean received a copy (from his attorney, Mr. Collis,) of the pleadings of the lawyers in the last hearing, which hurries us away from hence. As there is no time to be lost, we shall lie the first night at Loughborough; what determines us for this road, is the Dean's desire of seeing Nottingham Castle. We set out on Wednesday, and hope to dine in town on Friday. I cannot call at Papplewick on my return, as it would delay us. Mr. Montagu has had a return of his painful disorder, which has put off their going to Melton. Last Wednesday we took a walk to a place

[1] Mary, second daughter and co-heir of Edward Blount, Esq., married 6th Nov. 1727, Edward, 9th Duke of Norfolk.

called Creswell Craggs, with the Duchess, her fair flock, D.D., Mr. Smallwall, Lord Titchfield's tutor, and one of the Duke's stewards to shew us the way, and two pioneers to level all before us. At least a dozen stiles were laid flat, paths cut through thickets of brambles and briars, and bridges made in swampy places; the length of the way computed at about two miles and half. A resolution was taken on setting out not to delay the walk *by simpling*,[1] so we only snatched at any curious grass or flower in our way, and stuffed it in our black apron pockets to observe upon at our return round the tea table.

The place we went to was well worth our pains. It is a little Matlock; two ranges of rocks, towering as it were in rivalship of one another, feathered with wood, embossed with ivy, diversified with caves and cliffs. Between the ranges runs a clear brook bubbling along. Cottages here and there, patches of verdure with sheep feeding, and some climbing and standing on the pinnacles of the rocks like goats. There are a few cottages, and near the end of the range, which I believe is about a quarter of a mile or better, there is a mill, and a cascade falls from the mill-pool into the brook, and there the prospect opens to a fine and extensive view of Derbyshire. D.D. and the Duchess of Portland rested themselves in one of the cottages, where dwelt an old man and woman—one 67, the other 82—that had been inhabitants for above 50 years. You may believe they were not a little happy to entertain the Duchess, and though the metamorphose might not be so visible as that of Baucis and Philemon, they feel the kind in-

[1] *i. e.* "Culling of simples."—*Shakspeare.*

fluence of *her* bounteous hand. I was too much entertained with the scene to lose sight of it one moment, and whilst the young people scampered about and beautified it, I took an imperfect sketch of one part. It was quite dark before we got home, but though much tired none of us got any cold. On Thursday (the public day,) we had no company but men; the constant service is 12, 16, and 20 the dessert; the side table 7 and nine. On Friday ye Duke of Devonshire and Lord George Cavendish[1] dined here, and then the same number of dishes as on the public day. Yesterday the Duke of Portland, the two young ladies, and D.D. went in the coach, the Duchess and I in the post-chaise, to Bolsover Castle. Excessively bad road, but ways were opened through fields and places patched up for us that made it passable. It is a most delightful spot, one of the most pleasing views without water I ever saw, and there is a singularity and prettiness in the castle that I don't know how to do justice to. It is small, but a most complete and compact house: it is a square building, with turrets on each side of the gate, to the court, to which you ascend by a flight of steps, there are two square towers with battlements, which serve as porters' lodges. The court is not large, but surrounded with walls and battlements: to the porch of tue castle there is another flight of steps. The porch is arched, the workmanship plain and neat: you enter a passage; on the left a pretty little parlour, on the right a large hall supported by two pillars, from which spring arches and meet with other arches from the sides of the hall that form a very pretty ceiling. Out of this hall you go

[1] William, 4th Duke of Devonshire, born in 1720, died 2nd Oct., 1764. His brother, Lord George Augustus Cavendish, died unmarried in 1794.

into a large parlour, which seems about 20 feet square, supported by a single Gothic pillar; the wainscoating brown, edged with gold, with arches round the room of fine stone, the ceilings of all this floor arched in the same manner: the carving neat, all Gothic, and so are the chimney-pieces. To describe it minutely would take up too much time, but from the cellar to the leads it is a most complete, convenient, and pretty dwelling. On the second floor, a fine dining-room and three good bed-chambers; the third floor is lighted by an octagon sky-light, with four arches and four niches that lead you to four bedchambers, and as many dressing-rooms.

It has been a neglected place for many years, was built by a son of Bess of Hardwicke, at the latter end of Queen Elizabeth or beginning of King James the First. William Cavendish, the first Duke of Newcastle, added to this little castle a range of buildings on purpose to entertain King Charles the First, consisting of a guard-room, bed-chamber, dressing-room, drawing-room, and a most sumptuous gallery, and a riding-house adjoining, but nothing now remains but the walls of that building. That Duke of Newcastle also entertained King Charles the First in Welbeck Park, under magnificent tents, erected for him and his nobles.

I have great entertainment here in looking over the vast number of family pictures, which are made historical by their names being written, and an account of the families they married into. I fear my account is very confused, but I have not time to make it clearer, and was willing you should in some measure, though very faintly, be made acquainted with what has given me a great deal of pleasure.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Spring Gardens, 27th Sept., 1756.

No sprightly modern *buck* could well have made a more expeditious journey from Welbeck to London than your sober brother and sister Delany did, but as I suppose you will stay long enough at Calwich to see my letter to my brother Granville, I shall not repeat any particulars of our journey.

Our Welbeck friends, I suppose, are on the road to-day: I hope to see them in town on Thursday evening. I was much obliged to you for writing to me from the "*Mary House*," and for the account of all transactions at Mr. Granville's home, but I shall be glad to know how he extricates himself from the disagreeable *embarras he is in.*

On Saturday D.D. went into the City with his papers, and I took Smith with me to Fulham. On the way to Piccadilly I met Mrs. Dashwood, who was coming to see me; she is in town for some days with her aunt Buckingham.[1] Lord Buckingham died on Wednesday last (father to Lady Dorothy Hotham). She made me half an hour's visit in the coach; I got to Fulham by twelve, the bird flown! Mrs. Donnellan the whole day in town with Mrs. Palmer and Mrs. Montagu, so I made a visit to Gran and the good Richardsons, found all at home except Nanny, who has been at Bath with her uncle Leake and is now in Wiltshire with a friend.

Yesterday Mrs. Dashwood, Lady Wallingford, Lady

[1] John Hobart, 1st Earl of Buckinghamshire, married secondly, 10th February, 1728, Elizabeth, sister of Robert Bristow, Esq. He died 22nd Sept., 1756.

Bute and her daughter Lady Mary[1] came and drank tea with me, and on Wednesday I go to Lady Bute.

On Thursday I hope to meet Whitehall friends at home; the rest of the week will be spent in preparations for the Bath. Let me know how the chenille work goes on; what an idle life am I going to lead, and how much pleasure do I give up! If I can get at Madame Maintenon before I go to the Bath, I will send it you.

The King of Poland is encamped within two miles of Dresden, which the King of Prussia has made himself master of, and has sent a modest request to the King of Poland, that if he will not give him his revenues and some of his principal towns, he will attack him in his quarters! How the poor Polander will be able to cope with such a blustering drawcansir is not easy to imagine.

As to the wretched Admiral, he remains as he was, and no time yet named for his trial; he seems in good spirits, and has been entertained out of his window with seeing himself burnt in effigy, and treated with the utmost indignity. He asked an ordinary man why they used him so ill, and what he had *done?* "Why, you have done *nothing*," said the man.

Tuesday morning D.D. and I walked through the Park to see Mr. Spencer's house, which is begun and the ground floor finished. One front is in St. James's place, on the left hand as you go up the street, and another front to the Green Park; it will be superb when finished.

[1] Lady Mary, eldest daughter of Lord Bute, afterwards married to James, 1st Earl of Lonsdale.

I hope you will give Mary a *surfeit of cards.* Mrs. Donnellan has been here; at first very complaining, but by degrees her spirits rose and she is in very good humour. She *says* "she is *very like Madame de Maintenon.*" I don't know yet till I have read her Memoires and new published letters what *her true* character was, but I think her more a *great* woman than *an amiable* one.

An interval of two months here occurs in the Correspondence, during which time Mrs. Dewes was probably with her sister in London.

From Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Bath, 4th Nov., 1756.

The Dean is rather better this evening; if well enough he is to preach a charity sermon on Sunday at St. James's, but I think he will hardly be able. I had a letter last post from my brother, who is much pleased with his *new bath.* Mr. Kirkham called here in his way to Mickleton, and said he should soon make you a visit. Oh that I could direct my steps to dear Welsbourne! whither we had positively determined to go, as soon as our six weeks here had expired, though it had been only for one week, but I fear I must stay now much longer, as I can only drink the waters very cautiously, though my dearest sister will, I hope, make me amends early in the spring by coming to me in London: I much fear you have apprehended for me more than there has been reason for. I have told you the very truth, and should (were I permitted) add as much of the news of this place as the paper would

hold, but I have promised not to write much. I will only add that the Duke of Beaufort[1] was carried from hence to-day to Badminton, where he is to lie in state before he is buried; the Duchess has £4000 a-year jointure, the youngest child not provided for, as it was born since the will was made. Mr. Berkley and Mr. John Talbot were named trustees (Mr. Talbot since dead) and Lord Litchfield[2] and Sir Walter Bagot[3] are guardians; the children are left under the Duchess's directions, only a request made by the Duke in his will that she would consult their guardians on any material point in their education. You would be glad to know these particulars, though perhaps you may have already heard them.

My girls, Sally and Nanny, are going to the Rooms for my entertainment.

It is evident that Mrs. Delany had had a serious illness after her last letter in London in September, and was ordered to drink the Bath waters; also that the Dean's health required continual care after the serious attacks he had before their return to Ireland in 1754.

From Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Bath, 17th Nov., 1756.

We are just going to set out for Bristol in two post chaises. D.D. and I, Nancy and Sally; Smith and John Lewes gone before, John Tanti our body guard.

[1] Charles Noel, 4th Duke of Beaufort, died 28th October, 1756; and was succeeded by his son Henry, then twelve years of age.

[2] George Henry Lee, 3rd Earl of Litchfield; Chancellor of the University of Oxford. He married Diana, only daughter of Sir Thomas Frankland, Bart., and died *s. p.* in 1775.

[3] Sir Walter Wagstaffe Bagot, LL.D., born 1702; died 20th Jan. 1768.

We have got very good lodgings in College Green at five shillings a room, and may stay a day or a week at the same price. We propose returning on Friday. The doctor thought a respite from drinking the waters (as the weather is remarkably warm) for two or three days would be best for me.

18th November. Just here we stepped into our chaises and got to Bristol at one, liked our lodging, found an invitation from our Cousin Percival[1] to dine there every day. We found the *good couple* just as you left them—the *same* green damask gown, the *same* crimson breeches and embroidered waistcoat; very hospitable and obliging, and Cousin Patience there too. We saw all the Cornish curiosities again, and had *two* given me, but not the *fairy cup!* Mr. Calcot the philosopher was there, who has the famous collection of fossils, and by appointment we went to him this morning at nine to breakfast; he has a very matronly mother and a pretty lively sister. His collection is rare and curious of spars, minerals, and fossils, such as I have never seen, and *un*answerable testimonies of the Deluge. But his heart I believe is of the petrified kind, and encrusted with avarice, for he has *many* of *most sorts* in his collection, and he gave me not so much as a single grain of tin! however, I was not disappointed, as I went for instruction and entertainment, though not without some *small hope* of a little gain! I met a courteous gentlewoman at Mrs. Percival's who gave me a fine piece of spar, because I *looked as if I liked it.* From Mr.

[1] Samuel Perceval, Esq., of Clifton, married Grace, sister and heiress of Sir William Pendarves of Pendarves.

Calcot, at 12 o'clock, we went by appointment to the famous Mr. Golding's the Quaker's, to see the grotto you and I heard so much of last year, and it is one of the few things that answers expectation. It is not much more than half finished. The form is not easily described: opposite to the entrance there is an arch and a sort of a rocky cave; four pillars support a dome with a skylight on the left hand in perspective, one arch within another; there is a statue of a river god; a cascade falls from thence over rocks, coral, shells, and is received by a bason; the walls on each hand are richly, irregularly, and very boldly adorned with everything the earth and sea can produce proper for the purpose, and all in their highest perfection. The pillars are covered with spars of this country, and look as if they were set with as many jewels as were in old Grognon's casks! I will no say a very elegant fancy might not have made the whole *better*, but it is by much the finest thing of the kind I ever saw; though I could not but grudge at the shells *sacrificed there*, and exposed to the ruin of damp and time, that would have preserved their beauty for ages in a cabinet! The master of it is reckoned a great humourist and a niggard, but I was so fortunate as to take his fancy, and he gave me two or three pretty specimens of coral, and said I should have what I pleased.

From thence we went to dine again at Mr. Percival's, which is at Clifton, just in the neighbourhood; I have sent my women to the Assembly with the Miss Bampfyldes, our old friend Mr. Harbin's nieces, who have a sister married (and settled here) to a Mr. Findall, and where we are engaged to dine to-morrow,

but breakfast first with Mr. and Miss Percival[1] at Stapleton, and propose returning to Bath on Saturday morning. Mr. Frank Basset (now heir to the Basset and Pendarvis estates) is married to the second Miss St. Aubin.[2] Poor Mrs. Praed died two months ago; she never recovered the death of Jenny Spry; she left all she was worth to her god-daughter, Lucy Basset,[3] who is married to Mr. Innis. Many enquiries have been made after my dearest sister. I have said nothing of the views of this country; they are most beautiful; everything in nature that can vary a prospect most delightfully seem here assembled:—hills of various forms, richly cultivated, and hedge rows, clumps of trees, and woods all happily placed; the city of Bristol; the windings of the river, and sailing boats and barges; the stupendous rocks, the number of pretty houses and villages, scattered over the country, makes such a mixture of magnificence and cheerfulness as imagination cannot paint; the sun has given us an advantageous view of them, and from a terrace in Mr. Golding's garden we saw everything in the utmost perfection.

Lord Chesterfield is very little better, but his under-

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[1] Joseph Percival, Esq., of Stapleton, eldest brother of Samuel Percival, of Clifton, left an only surviving daughter named Elizabeth, who was his heiress. She afterwards married the Rev. Edward Lockwood, of Dews Hall, Essex.

[2] Francis Basset, of Tehidy, Esq., married Margaret, daughter of Sir John St. Aubyn, Bart., of Clowance, co. Cornwall. He was the father of Francis Basset, Lord De Dunstanville and Basset, who was succeeded in the Barony of Basset by his daughter Frances, who died unmarried, and the title became extinct in 1855.

[3] Lucy, second daughter of Francis Basset, of Tehidy, in Cornwall, married John Enys, Esq., of Enys, near Penryn.

standing no way impaired. He met Dr. Delany the other day, and said to him, "Why, Mr. Dean, you are so stout you walk with your stick as with a truncheon, whilst we poor invalids make use of ours as a walking-staff."

I forgot to mention that Mastors has no fillagree flowers ready made, and is so much employed in finishing a toilette for Lady Anne Dawson, that he can work for nobody else; if you keep to the resolution of having a flower I will try my interest with him; would you have a jessamine or a honey-suckle, they are a guinea each?

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Post-mark, No. 22.
(No date: part of a letter.)

The young women came from the assembly soon after 9, much diverted at the queer figures they saw there. Yesterday morning we went to Stapleton (Mr. Percival's), 2 miles from Bristol—a very good house, pretty garden, and pleasant situation. He is a sensible, clever man, and improves on acquaintance, and so does his daughter. We had a very good breakfast, and Miss Percival has given me a great many fine sea-weeds, *all Cornish*; she has some shells, but none extraordinary. Dr. Robert Foley's[1] lady was there, she seems a goodish sort of woman, rather vulgar, however; she gave her sister Foley[2] a great character, and that *I liked in her*. We returned to our

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[1] Dr. Robert Foley, Dean of Worcester, son of Thomas Foley of Stoke, Esq., by his second wife Mary, daughter of John Warters of Barbadoes.

[2] The Hon. Mrs. Foley (Grace Granville), sister-in-law to Dr. Robert Foley.

lodging at 2, dressed, and went to dinner to Mr. Tindall, and found all the Bampfyldes assembled, and Mrs. Pye there, who was at Sir Francis Warr's when I was first acquainted with Mrs. Bampfylde: her name was Catford, a lively handsome young thing in those days, now very sedate and matronly. This morning we breakfasted at Kings Weston, and there I met another old acquaintance who seemed very glad to see me. I was much puzzled; I recollected her face, but could not her name, and who should it be but Miss Elton, now Mrs. Forster! and from a *wild flying thing* she is settled, (as Mrs. Southwell says) into a very cheerful, agreeable, and reasonable companion. I fear the news of Sir G. L. is too true; I am sorry for him, as I believe him a good man. What a sad story of that vile Miss T. who has run away with Mr. O., and poor Mrs. O. *run mad,* and gone into the Bedlam! An intrigue was discovered last year, and hushed up, and Miss T. was more circumspect in her behaviour, and it made no noise, but about a month ago she left her father's house under pretence of going to see her mother, she took her maid in the post-chaise with her, all her jewels, her best clothes, and £700, and went off to France; she was pursued, but not overtaken.

Mr. Tindal's house is on Miles' Hill—a pretty house, very well furnished; Mrs. Bampfylde and I talked over old stories and old friends, particularly Mr. Harbin.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Bath, December 3rd, 1756.

The Dean has just received the enclosed letter, which I am sure will affect my dearest sister as much as it has

done me. Tho' I hope in God our old and valuable friend Mrs. Chapone may recover, I fear she is in the utmost danger, and I leave it to your judgment to break the melancholy account to her dear daughter in the way you think best. I have written to Mr. Chapone to let him know of his daughter's being with you; I suppose he will write for her, if he finds it necessary. I hurried her away from hence from the infection that is spreading, and flattered myself I should send you a companion that would cheer and entertain you, but alas! I fear I shall only be the means of grieving your affectionate heart, and give you much trouble.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Bath, 4th December, 1756.

I was just going yesterday to dine at Mr. Graham's when Mr. Chapone's letter came to D.D. I had promised to go to the ball and to drink tea at Sir Robert Throckmorton's table, but all I could do was to dine abroad. I could not prevail on Nanny to go to the ball. I wrote to Mr. Chapone and told him of Sally's being out of the reach of coming to him immediately, and if there was a necessity of her returning home begged he would write to you. D.D. desired me to add to my letter to Mr. Chapone "that if it pleased God to take his excellent wife away from the miseries of this world, that he desired we might call his daughter Sally our own, and that wherever we were our house might be her home till Providence saw fit to settle her in a house of her own," but I hope yet her worthy mother will be

restored to life and health. We keep to our resolution of going on Tuesday next, and make three days of it, which will be very easy travelling.

Mrs. Forth and Miss Smith dined here to-day and are gone to the play ("Much Ado about Nothing") with D.D. and Miss Viney. I excused myself, my spirits being not very alert, and besides I have much business to settle. Sally wrote to me from Chipping-Norton, so happy and full of spirits at the thoughts of being soon at dear Welsbourne; it grieves me to think what a damp she will have.

Lady Cocks is pretty well; I saw her yesterday morning. She desires many kind services to you.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Spring Gardens, 12th Dec. 1756.

At eleven o'clock, just as I was going into bed, a letter came from Mr. Kirkham with a better account, and Mr. John Chapone said he found his mother better than he expected, and that the doctor had some hopes of her, and Sally was there.

Can you make yourself warm enough this excessively sharp weather? Your "*Delany*" should have been made of *fur* instead of muslin! Last Friday morning I had a visit from Mrs. Foley, who looks very well after her ninth lying-in! I promised Don. to call on her and meet Mr. Handel, which I did; he was not in spirits any more than myself, but his playing is *always* delightful! It was indeed rather too much for me at that time.

Mrs. Foley spent the evening here; Miss Foley[1] very genteel and upright, but not well. Chief Baron Bowes[2] in Ireland is named for our Irish Chancellor; *here* they say Lord Mansfield will be the man if he will accept it. Mr. Pitt is now the idol of the town and country party, except a few that adhere to the old ministry. His behaviour has been very great on his coming in, and if he keeps steady to what he proposes, he will be a very great man indeed.

My nephew Basset has written to me to know when and in what manner I would have my jointure paid, and that it shall be punctually done; which has saved me a trouble in my mind, as he manages all his own affairs; and this civility of his will renew our acquaintance, which has *lain dormant* ever since the *year* 1721!

I have seen nobody to-day but the Primate of Ireland, who is come to spend the winter here, and Dr. Barber, who is going to quit his charge, Lord Charlemont,[3] and return to Ireland next week; Lord Charlemont continues in a very weak way. I am glad Mr. Spencer is returned for Warwick, and that Mr. Dewes likes him.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Bulstrode, 21 Dec., 1756.

The Duchess of Portland is extremely busy in finishing her basket of flowers. My employment is chiefly sketching and settling works, some that have

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[1] Grace, who married James, last Earl of Clanbrassil.

[2] John Bowes (afterwards created Baron Bowes, of Clonlyon), appointed Lord Chancellor of Ireland, March 11th, 1757. He died in 1767.

[3] James, 4th Viscount Charlemont, born 18th August, 1728, succeeded his father, 21st April, 1734. He was created Earl of Charlemont, 23rd December, 1763, and died in 1799.

been begun and others that are to be set about. Bulstrode is greatly improved; the old apartments below new floored and furnished, and many alterations in hand within and without doors. We shall, I believe, go to town on New Year's Day; the young ladies are to go to Court on Twelfth-night, but the Duchess, who has not been at Court since the loss of poor Lady Margaret, is obliged to go before that. D.D. and I went yesterday to see Mrs. Granville at Windsor—she is very busy in settling her new house in King Street, St. James's Square; Lord W. goes on, I fear, in the *same train.*

I am apt to think if a *person* of our acquaintance is to live till her *disposition is softened,* she will live to the age of Methusalem at least; when I last saw her she was in good spirits and humour, but I am now hardened! When a long train of friendly offices, and attention to the *utmost of one's power* has been offered, and the sacrifice not accepted, it is then time to *grow selfish* and do only what is quite convenient and agreeable to one's self, though I hope I shall never be ungrateful towards her, nor withhold any comfort or *reasonable satisfaction* in my power to bestow.[1]

Our Sally's account of her mother now promises very well.

[1] These remarks probably apply to Mrs. Donnellan, whose disposition appeared to be dis-improved in the latter years of her life, and to have given Mrs. Delany much discomfort, from Mrs. Donnellan's perpetual jealousy of other persons whose society was agreeable to Mrs. Delany; as it appears that Mrs. Donnellan was hardly ever satisfied unless she was the only or prinpal associate of Mrs. Delany, who, after finding that the more she did the more was exacted, with her usual good sense resisted this tyranny of friendship, although she continued to shew her kindness, "when convenient," both from the recollection of early days, as well as from the pleasure she derived from Mrs. Donnellan's company when she did not shew her jealous and exacting temper

Lady Betty's pencil has been as busy *as her wheel*, and Lady Harriet's inclination to music as strong as ever, but the melancholy interruption last spring has put her back a good deal. They both danced at the Princess of Wales's birthday, and did Mr. Serise great credit, as I hope in time another young lady of our acquaintance may do.

Nanny Viney and I went halves in a lottery ticket. She had one sent her by mistake, and she did not care to be at the expense of it, and though it is not come up the ten thousand, nor the five thousand, but an humble twenty pounds, it is better than nothing.

I should be glad of 30 yards of check at least, and let it be made all of the same check. I hear Mr. Spencer has done handsome things at Warwick, I hope it is true.

CHAPTER XVI.

From January, 1757, to December, 1758.

Mrs. Delany's correspondence recommences on the 8th of January, 1757, but want of room will prevent the insertion of more than a few of the letters of this period.

In the month of January she mentions the delight of Lady Cowper at the prospect of being a grandmother, and her youthful appearance. She also mentions the illness of Mr. Pitt from the gout, and her own belief that "his scheme was the only one likely to save the nation; that he remains steady to his principles, and refused all employment except on his own terms."

Handel's promised oratorio[1] is alluded to, which had been written many years before with Italian words, and which he had well translated.

In the same month Sir Robert Henley, the Attorney-General, and Mr. Pratt, gave a decisive opinion in favour of Dr. Delany's cause.

Mrs. Dewes visited the Dean and Mrs. Delany in London, between January and May; and in March 1757 the following quaint advertizement appeared, announcing the publication of the Humanist.

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[1] "The Triumph of Time and Truth," altered from the Italian, with several new additions.

London, March 16th, 1757.

ADVERTISEMENT.

This is to give notice

To all those few frugal and temperate ladies and gentlemen who can afford to sequester ten minutes in a week from pleasurable pursuits and important amusements,

That on Saturday the 26th instant (and so on every succeeding Saturday) will be published a new paper called—

THE HUMANIST.

Which means not only amusement, like the rest of its contemporaries, but likewise something more than mere amusement; and is calculated to convey some little useful and entertaining knowledge of various kinds, historical, classical, natural, moral, and *now-and-then* a *little religious*, into the reader's mind. The author is much concerned that this cannot be done under the great expense of two pence a-week, for reasons which shall be known hereafter.

Whether the advantages of such a paper will countervail the expense, the readers will judge for themselves.

Printed for John Rivington, at the Bible and Crown, in St. Paul's Churchyard.

*** The first number will be distributed gratis.

Mrs. Dewes left London the 30th of May, and the Dean and Mrs. Delany visited Bulstrode, where the following letter was written.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Bulstrode, 9th June, 1757.

Lord Titchfield here and a young friend of his, a Mr. Kay, a relation of Lady North, a modest, well-behaved young man. Great works are going on; the horse-shoe gravel walk with great slopes and a place in

the bottom for water (which fronted the house), that could never be made to answer its purpose, is all thrown down, and a lawn is to be substituted in its place, that will fall with a hanging level towards the park, and open a very fine and agreeable view to the house. Besides the satisfaction the owners will have in making so advantageous an alteration, they have the much higher delight of maintaining such numbers of industrious people; fifty men are now at work with carts and horses before the windows, which affords a constant amusement; the work cannot be completed till next Michaelmas twelvemonth.

We got here on Tuesday by one o'clock: in the evening I took a walk up to the canal and round it, but was not allowed to do more that day. Yesterday a charming man dined here—a clergyman, his name Bighton, an enthusiast in botany: you may imagine what an herbal must have been produced by him and her Grace! I sat by in silent admiration, like the lady who "loved to hear Greek though she did not understand it;" had you been there you would have been qualified to have borne your share in the conversation. In the evening the Duchess took me with her in the post-chaise, and shewed me all the beauties of the park. It is improved beyond what I could have imagined, and the ground naturally is finely disposed; this day we are all going to see the Duke of Cumberland's lodge, and spend the day at Windsor.

Friday.

We sat out yesterday immediately after breakfast (half-an-hour after ten); the young ladies, Mr. Kay and the Dean in the coach, Lord Titchfield and Lord Edward on horseback, the Duchess and I in the post-

chaise. Driving through the *great walk* in the great park of Windsor brought to my remembrance *old stories*. I have not been there but once since the year 1723! We went directly to the Duke's Lodge, the house a bad one not worth seeing, but is now repairing and rooms adding to it; the improvements about it (which they call the garden) consist of broad walks, some winding, some straight; on one side planted with flowering shrubs, the other side only scattering old trees, formerly an hedgerow but now opened for the prospect of the country, which is very fine. The menagerie is not stored with great variety, but great quantities of Indian pheasants, the gold kind, blue and white, and the common sort. The wild and foreign beasts are all sent to the Tower.

A terrible accident happened not very long ago—the tiger got out of his den and tore a boy of eight or nine years of age to pieces; the mother was by and ran upon the beast, and thrust her hands and arms into its very jaws to save her child; the keeper got her away safely, but the poor child was destroyed! upon which accident the Duke sent them to the Tower, as the only fit place for such fell beasts. There is a dromedary—an ugly creature, it is kept in a yard by itself: it made a hideous noise and frightened the horses.

I forgot to name among the birds two eagles, a young eagle of the sun (not come to its beauty) and a horned owl, that looked as wise as a judge in his robes. I have enclosed a bit of one of the eagle-of-the-sun's feathers. About half-a-mile from the place we took coach at, we came to a very pretty bridge and piece of water, but

not worth mentioning in comparison of what we saw about a mile from thence, which is the piece of water and bridge so much talked of—and more cannot be said than it deserves. On the water is a Chinese vessel called the "Mandarine," as rich and gay as carving, gilding, and japanning can make it; it stands on the middle of the lake, and we went to it in a boat. From thence we went to the Tower on Shrub Hill, which is at one end of the piece of water a little distance from it, and overlooks all the improvements. It is built in a triangular form, at each corner a square or octagon *turret*; *one* of them is the winding stone staircase that leads to the great room (which is hexagon), the other *two* are closets, one painted and carved (blue and gold,) with shelves filled with books, the other gold and green, with shelves filled with china; the middle room in stucco, adorned with hanging festoons of fruits and flowers painted in their natural colours, the ground white: in the middle hangs a lustre of Chelsea china that cost six hundred pounds, and is really beautiful. Nothing can be finer than the prospects from all the windows. The hill on which the tower stands is laid out in winding walks, and planted with an infinite variety of shrubs.

We then went to the bridge, which is made of timber, is only one arch, 164 feet wide from abutment to abutment; the workmanship is most curious, and any piece of wood that is decayed may be taken out and repaired without weakening the rest. Carriages of all sorts go over it every day, but it is desperately steep, and we walked over it. Our next stage was Cranbourn Lodge, about three miles farther in the forest,

and we passed over to it a charming country. Such lawns! such woods! the house is old and ugly enough, but the situation delightful. The day was favourable to our expedition—cool but not windy; the air, indeed, too hazy to see the distant prospects to advantage. By this time (which was five o'clock), we began to be sensible of hunger, and hastened to our inn at the "White Hart," in Windsor, where we arrived at 6, and devoured our dinner voraciously. As soon as that was over we went and drank tea with Mrs. Kingdom, who made many kind enquiries after you. There we met Lady Mary Cook, Mrs Garland, and a Mrs. Taylor; got home by a little after nine, agreeably fatigued; I slept very well, and much better for it.

Mrs. Spencer was brought to bed last Tuesday. Poor Lady Tweeddale is in great trouble; she apprehends Lady Susan, her second daughter, to be in a consumption, but as she seems still greatly affected with the loss of her eldest, I hope it is her low spirits makes her fear the worst.

My next letter shall give you an account of my studies. I have now nothing to add but the present talk about politics; Lord Waldegrave, First Lord of the Treasury; Mr. Fox, Chancellor of the Exchequer; Duke of Bedford, Secretary of State; Dukes of Rutland and Leeds to resign; Duke of Newcastle will not come in without Pitt, the King does not approve of his plan. Our cousin is thought to have had a great hand in bringing Fox in, and it is thought his administration will not be much longer lived than his *Lordship's* was some years ago!

After Mrs. Delany's return to London in the same month, the lawyers declared their opinion that the Dean must remain in England, in consequence of the legal delays and difficulties of his cause, which was still pending by an appeal to the English House of Peers.

In July the Dean and Mrs. Delany went to Welsbourne, and in August to Cheltenham, where Mrs. Dewes appears to have accompanied them, and to have left them at the end of that month. Mr. Granville was then at Stoke, where a room was being prepared by Mrs. Foley for a visit from Mrs. Dewes and her daughter.

In September the Dean and Mrs. Delany proceeded to Bath for the health of the latter, whose spirits were evidently affected by the renewed anxiety on account of the lawsuit, though she endeavours to cheer her sister, by saying that she expects to be able to "go to the Bath balls," and "*to pay her respects to the Duke of Braganza.*" On the 4th of September she writes the following cheerful letter to her sister.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Bath, 4th Sept., 1757.

Here are swarms of Hibernians. I thought a Parliament winter, and a new Lord and Lady Lieutenant would have kept them at home. I must go to the Rooms, (which begin on Monday,) *for privacy*, for if I stay at home I may have a drum every night.

Mrs. Fielding[1] is here, and has taken a lodging cross the water, at Bathwick; she and Mrs. Forth dined with me last Friday. After dinner came two Irish ladies, Mrs Greene, her fair daughter, Lady Falkland[2]

[1] Sophia, daughter of the Hon. Wm. Finch, second son of Daniel, 2nd Earl of Nottingham and 6th Earl of Winchelsea, and wife of Captain Charles Fielding.

[2] Sarah, daughter of Thomas Iniven, Esq., and widow of Henry, 10th Earl of Suffolk, married, secondly, Lucius Charles, 6th Viscount Falkland.

and Miss Leake. Just as they were assembled, walked in Miss Egerton, the Maid of Honour, as modest and meek as our Sally. Surprized at the numbers she found, I could not prevail with her to come farther than the door, so I let her go with a promise of drinking tea quietly with me yesterday, which she did. She told me that the match between Lady Diana Spencer and Lord Bolingbroke[1] is certainly true, and not against the lady's consent as was reported. They were together on a party at Vauxhall, with the Duke and Duchess of Bedford; the company were teazing Lord Bolingbroke to marry, and he turned quick about to Lady Diana and said, "*Will you have me?*" "*Yes, to be sure,*" she replied. It passed off that night as a joke, but with consideration on his side of the lady's merit (which they say is a great deal), and the persuasion of his friends, he made a serious affair of it and was accepted. £1500 a-year jointure, and £500 a-year pin money, has cast a veil over the past. If *he* has sense they may be happy; for he must then see the absurd figure he has hitherto made, and know how to value a woman of worth, though so long the dupe of beauty and folly.

Did I tell you I met Lord Falkland? he has been here on Lady Falkland's account two months; they go away to-morrow; he is much altered, though still something very amiable in his countenance, but at times extremely dejected, his son, I fear, has proved wild, and given

[1] Frederick, 3rd Viscount St. John, and 2nd Viscount Bolingbroke, married on the 9th of August, 1757, the Lady Diana Spencer, eldest daughter of Charles, 2nd Duke of Marlborough. This marriage was dissolved by Act of Parliament, March 10, 1768, and two days afterwards Lady Diana married the Honourable Topham Beauclerk.

him great trouble; his four daughters do not live with him, which to so fond a parent must be a severe mortification. What recompense his present sufferings may meet with time will shew. Lady Falkland is as ugly and as unpromising of anything either good or agreeable as any human creature I ever saw. How strangely some people love! in truth they love, but they *mistake the object, and fancy* it placed on *another* when it only centres *in themselves!* Otherwise, *could that lady dislike* anything that was really *near and dear* to the person she thought she loved? It is so *like hatred*, I should desire *none on't.*

By an irresolute letter I have received from Mrs. Donnellan, we have been for some days past in expectation of her, though she says "*don't expect me*," but that cannot be. She is to be at Mr. Leake's: nobody at home but the eldest Miss Leake and two young Leakes: the youngest was bound apprentice to a Mr. Hort, a painter, who was much encouraged by Sir Robert Henly, and was at the Grange some months ago doing work for him, Mr. Leake's son with him. One day Mr. Hort persuaded the boy to go into a fine piece of water that is there, in order to learn to swim; with difficulty the boy went in, and immediately sunk: Mr. Hort jumped in, clothes and all, saved the lad, but never more was seen himself! Nothing could be more shocking (death much less so) than being saved in such a manner. The young man is about sixteen. Miss Leake spoke very sensibly about it, and says she avoids the subject to her brother, as it has made a great impression, though he is more recovered than she feared he would be. Mr. Leake, his daughter, and the bride and bridegroom are

expected home next Saturday. Lady Caroline[1] Fox has taken lodgings in this house, and comes on Tuesday; here is a Sir Thomas Hare[2], his lady and daughter, relations and very particular friends of the Peytons and Dashwoods, and we talk over our old friends whenever we meet; Mr. and Mrs. George Dashwood are settled at Bury, the eldest daughter going to be well married. Mrs. Richard Dashwood settled in Norfolk. *No Nash; no music in the pump!*

Monday Morning.

Yesterday, in the afternoon, came Lady Molesworth and Miss Mason, Mr., Mrs., and Miss Mathew. Mrs. Mathew is a sister of Lady Knapton's, your old acquaintance Miss Brownlow.[3] I go to the Rooms to-night with Miss Egerton and *the sisters*, and must dress.

In October Mrs. Delany's health being much restored, she gave an account of her first visit to the Rooms, where she says the most extraordinary appearance was that of "Madam Godineau, in a round card cap of black lace, or worked cat-gut, and a vandyke handkerchief of the same;" that this lady attracted the attention of everybody, and that it was a pity "*feather-peepers*" were not added to the cap; "that the assurance of Madame G. was wonderful but that she (Mrs. Delany) had hitherto dexterously avoided her."

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[1] Lady Georgiana-Carolina, eldest daughter of Charles, 2nd Duke of Richmond, married in 1744, Henry Fox, Esq. Lady Caroline Fox was created Baroness Holland, of Holland, in 1762, and Mr. Fox himself Baron Holland, of Foxley, 16th April, 1763.

[2] Sir Thomas Hare succeeded his brother in the baronetcy, 22nd September, 1732. He married Rosamond, daughter of Charles Newby, Esq., and had two daughters, Elizabeth and Mary. His father was Sir Thomas Hare, the 1st Baronet, who married Elizabeth, sister of Sir Robert Dashwood, Bart.

[3] Isabella, daughter of William Brownlow, Esq., married George Matthew, Esq., of Thomastown, co. Tipperary.

In the middle of October the Dean was again ill with palpitations of the heart, but soon recovered. In November Mrs. Delany mentioned Lady Lucy Boyle[1] as having begun the last ball at the Rooms, and dancing better than anybody; "for that although small of her age and rather clumsy in figure, her air, her carriage, and her ear were all so excellent."

At this time Mrs. Delany was much distressed by the illness of her friend, Letitia Bushe, in Ireland. She mentions Dr. Young as being at that time at Bath, and gives the names of Lord Chesterfield, Lord Jersey, Lord Vere, the Duke of Argyle, and several Bishops, as amongst the most zealous and sympathizing of their friends in the interest shown about the *final judgment* in the appeal of the Dean of Down against his adversaries; which had then for some time been carried to the English House of Peers, and was still pending, and for which the copying and comparing papers alone cost £150.

On the 11th of November the Dean and Mrs. Delany set out for London, being met at Marlborough, by previous arrangement, by Lady Andover, Lord Suffolk, and the two Miss Howards, where she said the illumination of wax-tapers and the supper prepared for them at the Castle "might easily have been imposed upon Don Quixote for a banquet in a palace instead of an inn, without any impeachment of madness on his part, especially with such company." Lord Suffolk was described as "a pretty young man, lively and natural," who paid the greatest attention to his mother and sisters. Mrs. Delany proceeded on her journey the next day in Lady Andover's post-chaise tête-à-tête; the Dean, Lord Suffolk, the young ladies, and Miss Chapone, in Lady Andover's coach, and the waiting gentlewomen in the Dean's coach. They slept at Reading, dined at Salt Hill, and reached London the next day, after which Mrs. Delany sent a long account to her sister of Mrs. Holt's school in London, which Lady Cowper still patronized,

[1] Lady Lucy Boyle, eldest daughter of John, 5th Earl of Cork and Orrery, by his second wife Margaret, daughter of John Hamilton, Esq. Lady Lucy married, in 1765, George, 4th Viscount Torrington.

Joseph Brown, sc.

LETITIA BUSHE.

From an original miniature painted by herself in the possession of the Rt. Hon.ble Lady Llanover.

London: Richard Bentley, 1861.

and where she was most anxious her god-daughter Miss Dewes should go, and where Lady Louisa Tollemache and her sister Lady Jane, one of Lady Tweeddale's daughters were being educated.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

No date.

My poor Bushe *lies at my heart*, she was truly good and affectionate, and it is melancholy as one advances in years to lose those we think truly love us. Her disorder made a quick progress, but she is graciously released, and in her last moments set an example of true Xtian fortitude and resignation. I know these serious recollections do not hurt you, and they are a great relief to a mind sincerely touched.

I am afraid by your last account your excellent friend and neighbour, Lady Anne Coventry, is in a dangerous way, and so is our dear Lady Sarah Cowper—*two such spirits* as are hardly to be met with; but is it not a most animating thought to try to do every thing that can entitle us to the glory of meeting them in their refined and beatified state! The Prince of Bevern's success following the King of Prussia's has raised all our spirits. I wish to God our own countrymen made as good a figure.

Lady Andover and I have entered on a piece of work to *surprise* the Duchess of Portland on her return, which is flourishing. It is a frame of a picture, with *shell-work*, in the manner of the frame to your china case; and we are as eager in sorting our shells, placing them in their proper degrees, making *lines*, *platoons*, *ramparts*, as the King of Prussia in the midst of his army, and as fond of our own compositions. Lady Andover desires me

to make her compliments. Miss Howards are here, and are very modest, well-behaved girls, and very upright, but will neither of them have the *charms* of their mother.

On the 22nd of November Mrs. Delany wrote the following letter from her house in Spring Gardens.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Spring Gardens, 22nd Nov. 1757.

Send Mary as soon as you please after my return from Bulstrode. The lawyers say we have nothing now to do till the cases are printed, which will not be till after Xtmas. I own I was a little afraid of engaging with so much company, as Bulstrode will be full, but the Duchess will not be denied, and has promised me as much indulgence and retirement as I can desire. We shall be a numerous set, for, besides their own family, there will be Lady Andover and her two daughters, Lady Primrose,[1] Prince Czartoryski and the Bishop of St. Asaph. Lady Primrose, D.D. and I go together next Saturday, the Duke of Portland sends his coach; Sally goes her rounds amongst her friends in London during my stay at Bulstrode; and Mr. Smith is still on board his ship. *Our friend* is determined against an East India voyage.

Here I was agreeably surprized with a visit from a son of my Mrs. Hamilton's, (her youngest,) who has had a pair of colours given him, and is come to take his chance of war. I have engaged him to dine every day with me whilst I stay: he is quartered at Guilford, and goes as

[1] Lady Primrose was Miss Drelincourt, daughter of the Dean of Armagh, who married, in 1739, Hugh, 3rd Viscount Primrose.

soon as his regimentals are ready; I am sure his good mother is very anxious about him. He is not yet nineteen—a very sober, modest, pretty lad. I have had a *great deal of melancholy talk with him* about my dear Letty.

I have never told you what were the Whitehall Birthday clothes. The Duchess, who looks and is extremely well, was in blue and silver flowered velvet; Lady Harriet in rose-colour and silver velvet; and Lady Betty in white and silver. Hardly anything but silver to be seen; the young ladies had all the Duchess's fine jewels besides their own, and looked and danced remarkably well. Prince Czartoryski danced with Lady Betty, and the Duke of Braganza with Lady Harriet. I suppose you want to know who the Prince Czartoryski is? a Polander of a remarkable family and fortune in Poland and, *the prettiest foreigner I ever saw*, perfectly well bred, and though he has been but three months in England, speaks English quite intelligibly.

I go this afternoon to sit with Lady Tweeddale: her daughter who had the small pox is quite recovered. How surprizing poor Lady Feversham's death! she was taken ill with a violent fever on Friday night, and died yesterday morning at 7! I pity poor Lord Feversham, for the present he is very miserable: she was much commended by everybody; her sister's death, Mrs. Langton,[2] had greatly affected her.

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[1] Frances, second wife of Anthony Lord Feversham of Downton, and daughter of Peter Bathurst, Esq., died 21st November, 1757.

[2] Charlotte, daughter of Peter Bathurst, of Clarendon Park, Esq., in Wiltshire, married Joshua Langton, Esq. of Newton St. Low, in Somersetshire. She died in 1757.

Always direct your letters to the Duke of Portland to *Whitehall*, otherwise if he happens to come to town for a day or two it delays them. I had not yours till Sunday.

In December Mrs. Delany wrote the following letter from Bulstrode.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Bulstrode, 16th Dec. 1757.

The Marquis of Titchfield set out on Monday with Mr. Keith, who is going as Envoy to Russia; they went to Harwich, from thence were to go to Hamburgh in a man-of-war of thirty-eight guns, and a sloop besides to attend them. From Hamburgh they go in berlins on sledges, over the snow, to Warsaw, where Lord Titchfield stops; he is to be in the house with Lord Stormont, (Lord Mansfield's nephew,) who is Envoy Extraordinay to the republic of Poland. He is a very sensible young man, bears a good character in every respect, has a gentleman with him who assists him in his studies (is an approved person,) and is to do the same by Lord Titchfield, who has no other tutor with him. Lord Stormont is several years older, but they are great friends, which makes it very agreeable to both; the books he is directed to read are ancient history, modern history, and general law; these for his severer studies; for amusement and improvement of conversation, the belles lettres and Livre du Temps.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Bulstrode, 29th Dec. 1757.

I have now in hand two frames of shells, in their natural colours, for two drawings I have done for the Duchess; one a copy of one of my Cornbury views, the other a fancy by way of companion. The Duchess has just finished a bunch of barberies turned in amber, that are beautiful, and she is finishing an ear of barley —the corns amber, the stalk ivory, the beards tortoishell. At candlelight, cross-stitch and reading gather us together.

Thus far I wrote yesterday, and this morning am going with Lady Primrose in the Duke's post chaise to Windsor, to breakfast with Mrs. Granville, if not gone to London; if she is, with Lady Pomfret and to visit Mrs. Kingdom, who I hear declines very fast, but as her body sinks her mind aspires, and the exchange will be a glorious one.

I think the knowledge of houswifery *is very necessary to every body, let their station be what it will*, but I am afraid my Pauline got cold with her mince-pie making. I am glad Mr. Dewes's cough is better, and that he *has avoided* this Xtmas distributing his bounties himself; I do not wonder so charitable a disposition should delight in being witness of the blessings he bestows, but that very charity must make him consider his own consequence, and take care of his health *for the sake of the many*.

Lady Sophia Carteret is grown and improved in her person, but not in her face, and she has a steel back fastened with strings round her shoulders, which she

constantly wears; she desired me to make her compliments to Miss Dewes, enquired much after her, and hopes to see her this winter.

The Duchess of Portland has designed writing to you, but Lord Titchfield's going away and much company at home has prevente her. The plant you call Runnet or Rundle grass she cannot find under that name, but she thinks it is the jagged spearwort, which you will find in Gerrard, and answers to every particular of the specimen you sent her; it is in page 962, the 3rd Spearwort; I have returned you the specimen of the celastines, for fear you should not have another.

At last Princess Caroline[1] has left this painful life, much lamented, and regretted by numbers her charity supported: she was an *excellent woman.* It will be a general mourning—dark crape negligées or nightgowns and bombazeens; it is not yet known whether for three or six months.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Spring Garden, 14th Jan. 1758.

We got very well to town. I left my brother last night between nine and ten; he takes wormwood draughts every six hours, and lives upon slops; I go to him at 12, stay till 3, after dinner at six, and stay till nearly ten: so that I have not seen anybody else.

Yesterday morning we had a visit from Mr. Sandford, who is come to spend some weeks in town and looks very well. Poor Dash is in great trouble for the loss of

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[1] H.R.H. the Princess Caroline, third daughter of King George the Second, died December 28, 1757, aged 45.

her father, who died last Wednesday;[1] as he was very fond of her, though an ill-tempered man, she is much affected by his death; death always casts a veil over faults to the generous survivor, and recollection makes their virtues appear in an advantageous light.

Since my writing this I have made my brother two visits. I found him up at one o'clock; he had eaten bread and butter and rusks, drank tea and almond milk, and his fever much abated. Finding him in so good a way I dined with Lady Andover and Lady Primrose, and at six went to him again; I have prevailed on him to have a nurse-keeper, and have got one that nursed Lady Dartmouth.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Tuesday. Spring Garden, 17th Jan. 1758.

Our dear brother is much better, and I hope in a few days will be quite well.

The Duchess of Portland's receipt for a hooping or any nervous cough, is "*rubbing the palms of the hands, soles of the feet, and pit of the stomach with oil of amber and hartshorn, an equal quantity, night and morning, and the back-bone with rum.*"

The Duchess of Portland has had a certain account of Lord Titchfield's safe landing, which has made them all glad, and yesterday they went to Court in good spirits. About mourning: bombazeens quite plain, broad-hemmed muslin, or *white crape*, that looks like old

[1] George Dashwood, of Henningham, in Suffolk, Esq., died January 11, 1758.

flannell, seven shillings a yard, and won't wash; Turkey gauze is also worn, which is thick and white, but is extravagant, as it does not wash, dirties in two days and costs 5*s.* a yard; the mourning will be worn *six months*, three in crape and bombazeen.

Three o'clock.

I have very little news, only the King has taken the staff from Sir John M., Conway, and Cornwallis—the three generals; the Duke disperses a paper about for his own justification, which is an extraordinary one, and if true he has been ill-used.

I send you a most extraordinary sermon and dedication. The sermon dull enough, and I believe you will hardly think the dedication *delicate enough* for your young people's perusal; so I send them the Chronicle, with an attempt at the King of Prussia's character, which they say was drawn up by Lord Chesterfield.

Mr. Sandford and Mr. Sampson[1] dined here on Sunday. Poor Sandford is *as deep as ever*, but grown fatter and more lively. I think he is come with a resolution to try his friends and push his fortune; I heartily wish he may succeed.

"*The extraordinary sermon*" alluded to in this letter must have been the sermon preached at St. Ann's in Dublin, 11th September, 1757, by Dr. Brett, on "Conjugal Love and Duty," 13th chap. Heb. 4 ver., with a dedication to "the Right Honble Lady Caroline Russell," asserting "the prerogative of beauty and vindicating the fair sex." Lady Caroline Russell was the daughter of the Duke of Bedford, who was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland at that time.

[1] Mr. Sampson, the friend of Mr. Sandford, was of Henbury, in Gloucestershire.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Spring Garden, 19th Jan., 1758.

The Duchess of Portland is a great friend to ground-ivy tea for a cough—a quarter of a pint at breakfast, and as much going to bed.

Yesterday morning I spent at Whitehall, and helped the Duchess to reinstate all her fine china and japan in her cabinets, which were emptied in the summer, in order to new hang her dressing-room with plain blue paper, the colour of that in my closet. All happy in having had letters from Lord Titchfield, from Stade and from Hamburg; by this time he has had the honour and happiness of seeing *the Frederick!*

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Spring Garden, 21st Jan., 1758.

Does Mary cough in the night? two or three snails boiled in her barley-water, or tea-water, or whatever she drinks, might be of great service to her; taken in time they have done *wonderful cures. She* must know nothing of it—they give no manner of taste. It would be best nobody should know it but yourself, and I should imagine *six or eight* boiled in a quart of water strained off and put into a bottle, would be a good way, adding a spoonful or two of that to *every liquid* she takes. They must be fresh done every two or three days, otherwise they grow too thick.

Lord Titchfield is by this time at Warsaw. Letters came yesterday to Whitehall from him at Hamburg,

dated the 10th instant; he was to set out next day on sledges. I think he *cannot feel more cold* than we do!

The Duke of Hamilton's death[1] has made a very fair widow, and *at present* a very disconsolate one. Lord Fitzmaurice[2] is going full of martial fire to America, and my poor friend Mrs. Hamilton's fourth son on the same expedition; youth and bravery make that desirable to them which gives sad fears to their mothers. However, I hope their ardour will be crowned with success, and I am glad to see a spark of bravery left.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Spring Garden, 3rd Feb., 1758.

The Bishop of Oxford, Lord Suffolk, and Lord Dartmouth have been this morning to see me, and I have been with the Duchess of Portland and her daughters at Mr. Dutens, the jeweller's, where my eyes have been dazzled with constellations of diamonds; but I was so modest, as to prefer one single diamond to all the bouqets, esclavages, earrings, and knots; it was so clear, so perfect, so brilliant, and the price *but four thousand pounds!* Mr. Dutens entertained us with the sight of a clock of his own composing. The upper part *a clock*, the middle *a cabinet*, and the lower part contains *musical barrels*, the whole form of it very

[1] James, 4th Duke of Hamilton and 3rd Duke of Brandon, died January 19th, 1758. His beautiful widow was the fairest of the two celebrated Gunnings; and on 3rd of March, 1759, the Duchess married Colonel Campbell, who was afterwards Duke of Argyle; the two sons of her first marriage were successively Dukes of Hamilton, and the two sons of her second marriage were successively Dukes of Argyle.

[2] William Lord Fitzmaurice, eldest son of John, 1st Earl of Shelburne.

elegant and most ornamental. The organ part is rich with embossed gilding curiously wrought: the ground of it mosaic of mother-of-pearl and ebony; the cabinet part in the same taste but smaller work, with pillars of mother-of-pearl and festoons of gold: the clock-case is most exquisitely adorned with foliage of gold, mixed with jewels of all colours of great value; and with little vases of gold filled with flowers of the same metal, seeded with different coloured stones and the leaves as thin as paper. The pendulum moves in sight over the dial-plate, and is a crescent set with brilliants; the ground under the part where the pendulum moves is azure studded with diamond stars; several sprigs of jewel flowers are so contrived that they shake as the clock plays, and seem to beat time to the music. In the front, on the top of the clock-case, is a basket of flowers composed of gold and all manner of coloured jewels, as light and delicate as if designed for a fair lady's forehead, and on the pinnacle of the clock is fixed another crescent of a larger size than the pendulum.

As soon as I have dined I go to my brother, and hope this is the last day of his confinement. To-morrow morning the Duchess of Leeds brings Lady Vanbrugh to see my pictures.

Saturday 4th.

Went to my brother's, taking a few visits by the way; found him very well and in good spirits: he had made a tour of visits in the morning, among the rest was admitted to Madame Montandre's[1] toilette, who was

[1] Madame Montandre was the widow of Francis de la Rochefoucauld, Marquis de Montandre, who came to England with William III. He was made a marshal in July, 1739, and died in the following August.

attended by her two filles-de-chambre. Her hair is so long that as she sits it reaches below the seat of the chair, and is very thick and only grey next her face, which is very extraordinary for a woman turned of four-score. When she had frizzed and set the forepart her two damsels divided the hind hair, and in the same instant braided it up, which she twisted round her head before she put on her cap; I asked him "if he did not say some fine thing on the occasion," but he had only silently admired. My fairing to Mr. Dewes is the King of Prussia's Memoires, which I hope have not yet come in his way; I have not read them, but believe there are none yet published that are better.

I spoke to Lord Dartmouth yesterday in favour of Mr. Sandford, who is now most earnest to get some preferment if possible. Lord Dartmouth spoke of him with the warmth of sincere friendship, but seemed at a loss how to serve him, desired him to come to him, and I am sure if he can be of service to him he will. I have also written to Lord Dupplin, who as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster has many livings in his gift, but he has also many demands for his Cambridge friends. However, I don't despair that perseverance may obtain something, and if possible to get at the Lord Keeper it might soon be obtained, for he has much in his power.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Spring Garden, 11th Feb., 1758.

D.D. treated Sally with the "Triumph of Time and

[1] Memoirs of Frederic II., King of Prussia, &c.; with all the Memorials, Answers, &c., published by order of that Monarch, in vindication of his Conduct. 1757.

Truth[1]" last night, and we went together, but it did not please me as usual; I believe the fault was in my own foolish spirits, that have been of late a good deal harassed, for the performers are the same as last year, only there is a new woman instead of Passarini, who was *so frightened* that I cannot say whether she sings well, or ill.

As to our tremendous affair in hand—though the time draws near for its final decision, things bear a better face, if there can be any reliance on the men of the law concerned for us; but we have all the reason in the world to think that if Lord Granville attends he will do us *more harm than good!* His bosom-friend and councellor at present is a Mr. Forrester, a Scotch limb of the law, who is one of the adversaries' counsel; but my good friend at Whitehall has given me much comfort on *this head,* and hopes I have *friends* of *more consequence* that will see justice done. The day is not fixed, but after to-morrow we may be able to judge; to-morrow evening D.D. is to meet Pratt and Perrot and his attorney to consider the case, but it is so long that one evening's consultation will not do; I send Mr. Dewes a pamphlet much read and talked of concerning the late *inglorious* expedition and a map belonging to it.

Yesterday I wrote my congratulations to the bridegroom[2] and Mrs. Viney to Gloucester, where they are to be, I find altogether, by the time my letters get there.

I am glad Mr. Lucy is so well; I wish he would

[1] "The Triumph of Time and Truth," by Handel, was produced at Covent Garden, in 1757, and was performed four times during that year, and twice in 1758.

[2] Mr. Viney, son of the Mrs. Viney often named, and brother of Mary and Ann Viney; he married Miss Lambert.

bring some shells from Naples; there are very pretty ones there, though none extremely rare.

I sent you a specimen of Gibraltar shells, to let you see Captain Meade may bring you very pretty ones; I am to finish this afternoon after a string of visits at Whitehall to meet Lady Mansfield. As to the mourning, I hear nothing of its changing till three months are over, and I shall be glad to rub on with my stuff apparel till oratorios are over.

I am sorry you have quarrelled with Sully's Memoires, as I think them both useful and entertaining. Such great characters as Henry the Fourth and his minister are so often the subject of conversation that one wishes to be well acquainted with them and bear a part in the conversation. Henry was a mortal man, though a great hero, and under greater difficulties in regard to his religion than ever king was. It is impossible not to wish him perfect, but with all his faults who can compare with him except his friend and favourite Sully?—I mean in *their station.*

I hear no news. Mr. Pitt is ill of the gout. The members of Parliament cannot yet find out a method of punishing the bakers and the impositions about corn. We had like to have lost all our week's linen and three suits of the finest Irish damask; the washerwoman's goods were seized by her merciless landlord, and Lady B—th and the Steward threatened, that if we did not lay down six guineas our linen should be sold! I sent for Mr. Chapone, who has got us our linen, only paying for the washing.

14th Feb.

Glorious news come to-day of Clive's great victory.[1] He shames all our generals.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Spring Garden, 21 Feb. 1758.

My present situation is undeniably an anxious one, but I hope it will not be weeks before there will be a certainty in our affairs, and I hope that good providence (which I firmly rely on) will support me in the event be it good or bad. I am much supported by seeing D.D. so well and in such a steady resigned way. I had no reason to doubt of his proper resignation, and this is truly a severe trial, and I don't doubt should he lose his cause (which I trust will not be the case), it will be made up to him hereafter.

I could say much on this subject, but have another interesting one to talk over with you, which regards Mr. Sandford, who *has* made his warm and full declaration to me of his attachment to our friend in *such terms* as I have no reason to doubt his sincerity, but I have kept him from making his declaration to her till he has considered more upon it. All he can say is, that when he is in such circumstances as they may have a competency he *never* can be happy with any other companion if she will accept of him? If he says this to her she must either consent to receive him on those terms or absolutely refuse him, which she

[1] On the 22nd June, 1757, Colonel (afterwards Lord) Clive, in conjunction with Admiral Watson, gained a victory over the Nabob Suraja Doula, and effected a revolution in Bengal after a campaign of only thirteen days.

has no reason to do, nor could her friends wish it. If she accepts him it is an engagement, and a maintenance may be far off. Should I say to him, that having considered on what he has said, I should imagine it would be more delicate towards her not to speak to her till some change in his circumstances gave him better reason; but as she is unengaged, I thought I might assure him of her acceptance, when it was convenient to him to propose? Meantime, I am doing all I can to get him a living; his usage at home has been *so intolerable*, he dreads returning, and for three years past he has had of his *father* but twenty guineas.

The living of Wolverhampton, now vacant, would make him the happiest man in the world. Could you make any enquiry about it, and find out how it is to be got at? But rather than go back to Shropshire he would take a curacy that was not too laborious and not under thirty pounds a year, as he *dare not* mention a lower one to his father. I beg your advice; my head, full of *many matters*, cannot determine without it, and I would gladly have your opinion before I write to Mrs. Chapone, who I think I must acquaint with what has past; though I believe she will readily give up the conduct of this affair to such friends as she knows have her interest sincerely at heart. I never saw so delicate and so warm a lover, and his coming to London was only on this account. He is as diffident of being accepted, as if he had *no prospect of fortune* and *she* was a *rich heiress*, but the estate is *absolutely* settled on him; perhaps Mr. Holioak could give you some information about the living of Wolverhampton. Lady Andover comes me this afternoon.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Spring Garden, 27 Feb., 1758.

I have this morning been at Whitehall to refresh my spirits. Since I could not have my dearest sister (my chief comforter and support on all occasions), I have been greatly blessed with such a friend as the Duchess of Portland, who has been with me every day except two, and is the only one besides yourself whose company could give me true satisfaction; but I should be ungrateful and unjust did I not say that my friends in general have shewn me *uncommon regard and attention*, and poor Babess has truly felt for me.

The Duchess has had the happiness of a letter from Lord Titchfield from Warsaw; he is very well, and pleased with his travels.

Babess's ball holds for to-night, and she has tempted me to call in for half an hour; I think I shall, for to see so many young things happy will enliven me. I have not spirits, nor do I at *this time* think it decent, often to frequent public places had my health permitted me, though conversable company and particular friends I am glad to engage with, and do.

Lady Andover, the Duchess of Portland, Lady Anne Jekyll and Mrs. Spencer were with me yesterday, and on Saturday morning the Duchess of Leeds brought Lady Cardigan[1] to see my pictures, and Lady Westmoreland[2]

[1] Lady Mary Montague, third daughter and co-heir of John, 2nd Duke of Montague, married George, 4th Earl of Cardigan.

[2] Mary, only daughter and heiress of Lord Henry Cavendish, married John, 7th Earl of Westmoreland.

and Lady Primrose came. I hope by Mrs. Spencer's means I shall soon get a living for Mr. Sandford; she has undertaken to serve him if in her power.

Mrs. and Miss Talbot, Miss Carter,[1] Mr. Granville, and Mr. Sandford drank tea with us yesterday—a pretty set. They were engaged (that is Mrs. and Miss Talbot), to go away at eight, and when they were gone my brother made me go to the ball, which I did a little before nine and came home at ten, much pleased to see a very pretty, happy set of dancers. Nobody there beside, but the Duchess and Lady Bute, Mrs. Cary[2] (Lord Falkland's brother's wife), and Mrs. Revel. Harry Thynne[3] is laying close siege to the young heiress.[4] It is reported that she is broke off with young Aston. It will be a very convenient match to Mr. Thynne, and I hope he will have *gratitude and goodness* enough to use her well. She is prettyish, young, and ignorant.

I have satisfied Mr. Sandford it will be best not to make the declaration to *her* till he has a nearer prospect of a settlement; he said he would entirely confide in my conduct—his *only dread* was that he might in the meantime lose the prize. I assured him at present he was in no *danger*, and he should have notice when there

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[1] Elizabeth Carter, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Carter, of Deal, born 16th December, 1717; died 19th February, 1806. About 1741, she became acquainted with Dr. Secker (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury), by whose encouragemert she composed her celebrated translation of "Epictetus," published in 1752. Her correspondence with Miss Catherine Talbot was published in 1808.

[2] George Cary, brother of Lucius Charles, 6th Viscount Falkland, married Isabella, only daughter of Arthur Ingram, of Barraby, Esq., co. York.

[3] Henry Frederick Thynne, second son of Thomas, Viscount Weymouth.

[4] Miss Revel.

was, to put in his claim. He is a most tender and delicate lover; he had a letter last post from his sister with an account of his father's being very ill. She does not say dangerously so, but by her account his disorder seems paralytic.

During the trial at the House of Lords Mr. Perkins and Mr. Chapone will constantly attend. I will desire Mr. Perkins to give Mr. Dewes an account of what passes.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Spring Garden, 2 March, 1758.

I know you love to follow me in all my steps, and at this moment wish to know if our affair is under trial. *It began yesterday.*

The cause opened with the Attorney-General's (Pratt) setting forth our case. He spoke two hours with such strength of argument and energy of expression as made a great impression: in his address to the House, when he had occasion to consider the Dean's character, he stated it in the handsomest manner, as being of more value to his client than the trash in dispute. All the Lords of consequence that were desired attended; they sat till five o'clock, at which hour Mr. Hammersley and Mr. Chapone came to us, and gave an account of what had passed. Mr. Chapone dined with us, and gave us a most exact and satisfactory account of what had passed. As our adversaries have laid their great stress on *the right* Miss Tennison had to inspect the paper that was burnt, Mr. Pratt made it very clear that she had *no right*, and he has staked his own honour and reputation on this point.

And now I'll tell you how I passed yesterday. I went to early prayers to St. James's Chapel; came home to breakfast, and sat down to work. At half an hour after eleven went to St. James's Chapel again; heard a good sermon upon humility; returned home; found my brother in very good spirits, who staid with me till two; had a note from Whitehall to ask me to come there. Went; had the pleasure of your letter; came home at 4. At seven Mrs. Granville came; at eight the Duchess of Portland. Mr. Chapone was sent for to the tea-table to relate all that had passed, which he did with all the *spirit* and *strength* of his *mother's memory*, greatly to the satisfaction of his audience. The dear Duchess staid with me till eleven.

Thursday evening.

Our friends say things have gone this day in the House of Lords as much in our favour as we could reasonably expect. I don't think it will be finished before Saturday. D.D. keeps up nobly. I am very well; my three cousins have drank tea with me, and the Duchess of Portland is coming to me. My brother excessively good and kind to me.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Spring Garden, 4 March, 1758.

I think Mr. Perkins, Mr. Chapone, and Mr. Hammersley are all more sanguine in our affairs than there appears room for them to be; but I shall be glad to be disappointed in my fears. It is a disagreeable situation to be in so many days of suspense, for the final decision is not now to be given till *Monday next*; when the

Counsel on both sides are ordered to attend the House of Lords. They broke up yesterday with Lord Hardwicke's[1] saying it was a cause attended with so many difficulties, that care should be taken not to injure the appellant, and on the other side not to allow of a precedent that might be of bad consequence. The Lords have not yet spoken. On Monday they debate, and it is hoped, be the event what it will, that it *will be finished*; our counsel and friends in good hopes. The total negligence and misconduct of Magennis has laid the foundation of *all this trouble*.

D.D.'s distress on my accqunt is more *heart-wounding* to me than anything. Who is there in the world, even among those who are devoted to worldly matters, that has not some time or other been guilty of an inadvertent act; but some happy turn has prevented any mischief ensuing? that has not been our case, and we must submit and make the best of our present disagreeable situation. Our enemies can never rob us of peace of mind, whilst unconscious of having done a wilful injury to any one; and on his part, he has the happy balmy reflection of doing good whenever it was in his power. Thus, my dearest sister, I call to my mind every aid, and am so supported by kind and tender friends that I have many blessings which the loss of fortune cannot deprive me of. My brother has been extremely kind and attentive to me, and talks to me of my affairs in an easy, friendly way, and is very obliging to D.D.; he comes to me every morning. The Duchess came to me yester-

[1] Philip, 2nd Earl of Hardwicke, who married 22nd May, 1740, Lady Jemima Campbell, only daughter of John, 3rd Earl of Breadalbane, and eventually heiress of Henry de Grey, last Duke of Kent.

day at one, and staid till near 4; came again at 7, and staid till eleven; I let nobody in now but her and Mrs. Granville.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Spring Garden, 7 March, 1758.

My dearest sister's most kind and *prophetic* letter came just as we had received the happy news of the success of our cause; and would have greatly heightened the joy of that moment, had not the recollection of your having received a damp that morning by the uncertainty we were in given a great check to it; but by this time the cloud is, I hope, removed by Mr. Perkins's letter, which he *sent last night to Stratford.* I was unable to *write more!* The hurry of men of business, kind friends, *endless notes of congratulation,* and above all the flutter of my own spirits, made me unable to write, though I thank God I am perfectly in health, and my heart overflows with gratitude and gladness. *The Dean's character is cleared,* and set in the fair light it deserves. I am just come from early chapel, where I have every morning (since my being well enough to go out) implored the blessing now received, but with a heavy heart fearing my own demerits, and not daring to hope success; but this morning I have attended with very different sensations, and may I ever be most humbly thankful!

A cause never was so *well attended,* nor a more *universal joy seen* than when Lord Mansfield, after an hour and half's speaking with angelic oratory, pro-

nounced the decree in our favour; the "spoliation" *entirely thrown aside* on the very arguments my good brother Dewes always insisted on! The decree that now takes place makes D.D. liable to pay 3000 pounds, and there are some other accounts to be settled, but of *trifling consequence*: but the grand point is gained, and his enemies, if they have any modesty, must be greatly abashed. But these matters, I suppose, Mr. Perkins will give Mr. Dewes a clearer account of than I can do. Mr. Hammersley is to come this morning to tell us all particulars, and if I can get a copy of the decree, I will send it Mr. Dewes.

My dearest sister, what a load is off my mind! Never since I was blest with your friendship have I rejoiced you were absent but last week; yet I was so very uncertain, and so (I fear) unreasonably anxious as the critical day grew nearer, that I should have given you much pain; but what would I give now that you were here to rejoice with us! When you speak of our cause don't mention Lord Mansfield *more* particularly than Lord Hardwicke, who indeed agreed to everything, and said the "*decree was that of an honest and upright man.*" I am going now my rounds of visits to those whose husbands attended; but I begin with Lady Mansfield. My brother was here this morning very well; he has indeed been excessively good and friendly, and so has Mr. Foley.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Spring Garden, 9 March, 1758.

We have certainly all the reason in the world to be satisfied with the decree as it now stands, for it seems

most equitable, and D.D. is now as if no marriage-settlement had been made; as our opponents could make out *no claim*, (as interested in the deed that was burned) no more can D.D. himself lay any claim to any advantages from it, and *that* it is which makes him liable to some demands on their side which are not yet stated.

Mr. Hammersley has been here and brought the account stated between D.D. and Tennisons, which shows that on giving up the £4000 mortgage which D.D. has possession of, and half Stephen's Green lease, which is fifty pounds a year, the Tennisons are to *pay him* £1700; and D.D. is to have besides the other half of Stephen's Green lease, amounting to fifty pounds a year for ever. This affair has occasioned much talk, as you may believe.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Spring Garden, 15 March, 1758.

How much do I owe to the goodness of my friends, and even to strangers, on this happy turn of our affairs! it convinces me there is more humanity and goodwill in the world than is generally allowed, and that a love of truth and justice prevails. How can I return all their kindness! I hope and believe the happy sensation of rejoicing in the welfare of our fellow-creatures pays great part of the debt; for if it does not, I fear I shall still be a bankrupt.

By the Dean's letter to my good brother Dewes, you have the satisfaction of seeing that we shall *receive* and *not pay money* when the account is made up, which I hope will be finished on this side of the water, and soon, that

I may be at liberty to fly to Wellesbourn, and it would be very wrong now we are at liberty not to return to our duty.

Our Sally is very well and happy, and I hope in time will be as completely so as this state of things will allow. No declaration has yet been made *to her*, but I believe she must perceive the attachment is stronger than ever. Mr. Sampson has been prevailed with by D.D. to stay longer in town, in hopes that some preferment might be obtained by Mr. Sandford's friends. Mr. Smith is gone upon a cruize on board Admiral Hawke's ship, but he is to have leave to return when the time comes of his going his East India voyage, which will not be till October. It is very plain he has had no intention of trying his *fortune again* on land; to be sure he has had no encouragement so to do.

Mrs. Clayton is left in great circumstances, £1800 a year and *a vast* personal fortune—houses, plate, everything for her life, *unless* she marries again. The Bishop died of a fever upon his spirits, occasioned by the distress his strange wicked books had brought upon him. The University were resolved to degrade him, and the *Bishops* to prosecute him in order to have his bishopric taken from him. I pity Mrs. Clayton for what she must have suffered on this account; Providence may graciously send this shock to open her eyes to *truth*, and to

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[1] Dr. Robert Clayton, son of the Dean of Kildare, was born in Dublin in 1695; died February 26, 1758. In justice to his memory it ought to be recollected that though he was an "ambitious, worldly, and heterodox prelate, he contributed very much, by his own researches and by his liberal patronage of scientific men, to the progress of antiquarian knowledge."

save her from the errors the Bishop's bad principles had led her into, for she was *certainly brought up* as a *true orthodox Xtian.*

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Spring Garden, 18 March, 1758.

Thursday morning I visited particular friends; in the evening went by appointment to Lady Mansfield, and was tête-à-tête with her till near ten. She seemed sincerely rejoiced at our happy success. I forgot to tell you, on Thursday morning we went into the City and made a round of visits there; called on Mrs. Hammersley, and had the satisfaction of meeting Mr. Hammersley at home, who told the Dean that he had seen the Tennisons Solicitor, and found they were very ready *to finish* everything here as soon as possible, and had written to Ireland for authority so to do.

Last night, after supping with the Duchess, I found a letter from Mrs. Price of Epsom to recommend Mr. Sandford to a curacy in Surrey. Mr Fullerton, Mrs. Kendal's nephew, has a living given him for which he wants a curate, and this morning D.D. and I took Mr. Sandford and Sally to Carshalton, to Mrs. Kendal and Mr. Fullerton, her nephew; he is in the house with her. The young men recollected one another—they were Westminster schoolfellows; and I hope the matter will be settled, as they like one another extremely.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Spring Garden, 25 March, 1758.

I drink tea to-morrow evening at Lady Pomfret's; she lives with Lord Granville till her own house is finished. Lord Granville has been very ill; if I see him I hope I shall behave myself well, but I *must* feel *some resentment* for his behaviour to D.D. However, I think I have my revenge (were that sweet to me, which I thank God it is not) in the wrong figure he has made on this occasion in *everybody's eyes!*

Lord Weymouth has made us a visit, and looks sadly. I fear his late hours will destroy him. How grievous a case! I pity his good aunt,[1] who has tried every judicious method of reclaiming him.

Mrs. Delany to Bernard Granville, Esq.

Spring Garden, 27 April, 1758.

The Duchess of Portland has lost the "Dancing Children;" Sir James Lowther bought it for £180 0 0 —a dear bargain I think. Sir Thomas Sebright the Sigismunda, at £404 : 5 : 0. Our friend was not *quite disappointed*, for she got every lot she bid for of the first day's sale[2] except the Children—

Lot, Guido's Boy and Lamb, at . . .	£153	10	0
14 Claude Lorraine	105	0	0
32 Rembrandt, Boy's Head by the door	32	0	0

[1] The Honourable Ann Granville.

[2] Sir Luke Schaub's sale, which took place April 26, 27, and 28, 1758.

		£.	s.	d.
42	A Round Moonlight, very small (Elsher's)	17	0	0
36	Bambocio's Cattle	21	0	0
55	Rubens' Landscape	76	0	0

You shall know the success of this day's sale. The Duchess bids as far as £300 for "The Sleeping Child."

Wednesday night.—The Duchess has got the View of Antwerp,[1] but not the Sleeping Boy. I am tired with the hurry of the day, but ever my dearest brother's most obliged and most affectionate,

M. DELANY.

Mrs. Delany to Bernard Granville, Esq.

Whitehall, Saturday night.

I was sorry last night was not post night, that I might have given my dear brother immediate notice of the Duchess's success.[2] She has got every picture she bid for, *except* the Sleeping Child and the Dancing Boys. She is so well satisfied with her purchases, that she bears

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[1] The City in the back ground is painted by Paul Brill; the land of Flanders, foreground, by Rubens; the River, by L'Escaut, with the Bridge and buildings upon it by Gillis, and the small figures upon the river and borders by Vel. Breughel. The Duchess of Portland bid for this picture £551 5*s*.

[2] The success alluded to was at the sale of Sir Luke Schaub's pictures, some of which at his death in 1758 obtained very high prices. Sir Luke Schaub is said, by Cunningham, to have been "a kind of Will. Chaffinch to George I., and much in favour with George II." He had several pensions from both kings for confidential services abroad and at home. The Sigismunda, said to be by Correggio, (but really by Furini,) which provoked Hogarth, and occasioned his Sigismonda," was Sir Luke Schaub's. Lady Schaub is immortalized in the "Long Story," by Gray; Walpole mentions her in 1741 as "*a pretty woman, a Lady Schaub, a foreigner.*" She died very old in 1793.

the disappointment of those two *heroically*. She desires her compliments to you, and many thanks for your good wishes.

Sir Richard Grosvenor bought the Guido, at £328, and was determined to bid as far as five hundred pounds. *The Sigismunda* was sold to the Duke of Bedford for £200 *before the sale*; only put into the sale and puffed up for fear it should otherwise hurt the sale. For the Laughing Boy, Vandyke, the Duchess gave £126; the View of Antwerp, £551 5*s*.; the small picture, *Lot* 20, 3rd day's sale, £23 2*s*.; the Raphael, £703 10*s*.; *Lot* 15, 3rd day's sale, £43 4*s*. All the pictures sold for £7775 2*s*. 6*d*.

I was rejoiced to hear of your safe arrival and your enjoyment of rural delights: I long for the hour of partaking them with you, and am hastening for that purpose; I am much hurried much tired. We go with the Duchess on Tuesday to Bulstrode; we shall breakfast and dine there: she returns to Whitehall at night, and we propose going on our journey as far as Wickham, and lie the next night at Woodstock. I shall not write again till at Welsbourn.

God bless my dear brother, and send us a happy meeting! The Dean's and Miss Chapone's best compliments. Adieu!

The Correspondence with Mrs. Dewes ceased for two months, during which period the Dean and Mrs. Delany, and Miss Chapone visited Welsbourne and Calwich.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Newport, 8 o'clock.

Did we not this morning both undergo the fate of Tantalus only with this difference, that he could not gain

what he so much desired, and we avoided it. Our perverse *wheel-wrong* (for *right* I will not call him) kept you a prisoner, and I fear made you very late; I could not help supposing our landlady and her maids making animadversions on our conduct, and saying, "What quarrelsome folks these gentry are, the ladies came to the inn at night very good friends, and by morning would not see one another; the husbands, good gentlemen, agreed very well, and shook hands at parting."

The sizars have been treacherous, and instead of answering your intent have done just the reverse; Smith gave them to me at the Welsh Harp, and bestowed your most kind gift to D.D. where we dined. He wonders how you have learnt the art so far exceeding a Zincke or a Petitot as to "make enamel inestimable." We breakfasted at the Welsh Harp and dined at the Four Crosses; and we are now at the White Bear, a very quiet, clean inn. We propose setting out to-morrow before seven—have better than forty miles to go. The roads are good and our equipage goes on very well.

On the 30th of June they arrived at Park Gate, and during their detention there, waiting for a fair wind, they amused themselves with reading an account of the European settlements in America.[1] At Park Gate Mrs. Delany saw Lord Hillsborough's[2] gardener, Mr. Russell,[3] on his way to Hillsborough. He said that "Lord Hillsborough would now be glad to sell North End for £4000, because the physicians said it was unhealthy," which, she

[1] "An Account of the European Settlements in America," in six parts. Published by Dodsley, in 1757.

[2] Wills, 2nd Viscount and 1st Earl of Hillsborough, who had bought North End. He was afterwards created Marquis of Downshire.

[3] Mr. Russell had evidently been gardener to Sir John Stanley.

remarks, "is a very different opinion from that of former days, when the doctors sent everybody there to recover their health."

During their detention at Park Gate Mrs. Delany visited Gayton, a place belonging to a Mr. Glegg, which is described as a wonderfully fine place in a beautiful situation, but she was much distressed by the number of trees that were cut into all sorts of frightful shapes. She sends her sister some sea-holly, and "*spatling poppy*" that grew on the beach, and some *spurge* out of the Gayton gardens.

She praises Dr. Brown, the Bishop of Cork, who was also at Park Gate, and a very agreeable man; and Mrs. Gordon so often mentioned before is again there; she adds that she cannot think any place disagreeable with such a constant moving picture of ships sea-plants on the beach, sea-weeds and shells.

Her first letter from Delville is dated the 8th of July. Want of space forbids the insertion of a letter from Delville on the 13th of July, describing the haymakers under the window and the delight of her garden, which she says she has not yet been able to visit in every part, although "*a snail can creep round it in a minute*," alluding to the following whimsical and satirical description of Delville in its early days, attributed to Swift, but believed to have been written by Sheridan.

"Would you that Delville I describe?
Believe me, sir, I will not jibe;
For who would be satirical
Upon a thing so very small?
"You scarce upon the borders enter,
Before you'r at the very centre.
A single crow can make it night,
When o'er your farm she takes her flight.
Yet, in this narrow compass, we
Observe a vast variety;
Both walks, walls, meadows, and parterres,
Windows and doors, and rooms and stairs,
And hills and dales, and woods and fields,
And hay, and grass, and corn, it yields;
All to your haggard brought so cheap in,
Without the mowing or the reaping;
A razor, though to say't I'm loth,
Would shave you and your meadows both.

"Though small 's the farm, yet here's a house
Full large to entertain a mouse;
But where a rat is dreaded more
Than savage Caledonian boar;
For, if it 's entered by a rat,
There is no room to bring a cat.
"A little riv'let seems to steal
Down through a thing you call a vale,
Like tears adown a wrinkled cheek,
Like rain along a blade of leek;
And this you call your sweet meander,
Which might be suck'd up by a gander,
Could he but force his nether bill
To scoop the channel of the rill.
For sure you'd make a mighty clutter,
Were it as big as city-gutter.
Next come I to your kitchen-garden,
Where one poor mouse would fare but hard in;
And round this garden is a walk,
No longer than a tailor's chalk;
Thus I compare what space is in it,
A snail creeps round it in a minute.
One lettuce makes a shift to squeeze
Up through a tuft you call your trees;
And, once a year, a single rose
Peeps from the bud, but never blows;
In vain then you expect its bloom!
It cannot blow for want of room.
"In short, in all your boasted seat,
There's nothing *but yourself that's great!*"

There is also an animated and agreeable account of the visits of her Irish friends, especially Mrs. Hamilton, mentioning amongst other guests Lady Farnham.[1] Later in the month of July Mrs. Delany is engaged in making designs for new works on her return from Mount Panther, one of which was a wreath of flowers to go round the circular window in the chancel. "A glass door was also being made from the great parlour into the garden, as low as the skirting-board, to give a view of the improvements as they sat at the table."

[1] Judith, daughter and heir of James Barry, Esq., married, in 1719, John Maxwell, Esq., who was created Baron Farnham in 1756; and died 6th August, 1759.

An amusing description follows of a dinner at Dr. Clements' chambers in the college; where there was the largest turbot she had ever beheld at the top, *roast veal* at the bottom, pea-soup in the middle; on one side "*a whole pig* that looked as if it had belonged to '*Martha at Calwich*,' it was so fat, and for *a companion* on the other side *a shoulder of mutton* both hashed and grilled: with a second course of grouse, partridges and lobsters, and four other dishes, which unfortunately for the readers of the present century, she had not time to particularize; the banquet was completed with raspberry cream and Chili strawberries.

The next day they visited Mr. Donnellan at Arteen, where he "lived splendidly." Other visits, including one to the Primate at Leixlip, occupied the time till the 8th of August, when the Dean and Mrs. Delany arrived at Mount Panther; having visited Mr. and Lady Anne Annesley at Castle Wellan on the road.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Mount Panther, 8th August, 1758.

Mr. and Lady Anne Annesley,[1] their son, daughter, and two or three friends live in *ten houses* laid into one, situated on the summit of a high mountain, and surrounded by several very high and very melancholy ones, *I think*, but if he goes on with his wonderful improvements he may make them beautiful; for the land surrounding his present dwelling (which is part of a town he is building), was the last time of my being in this country a mere bog, and as unpromising as any land I ever beheld, and now hay is making, corn is growing, trees planted and cattle feeding; and above an hundred and

[1] Lady Anne Beresford, eldest daughter of Marcus, 1st Earl of Tyrone, married William Annesley, M.P. (1741) for Middleton in Yorkshire, who was created Baron Annesley in the Peerage of Ireland, Sep. 20, 1758.

twenty labourers constantly employed, and fifteen hundred pounds a-year expended on the improvements. It really is a noble undertaking, and if you saw *how dismal their situation is at present* for the sake of carrying on these works, it increases their merit! The poor have reason to bless *them*, and I hope *they* are actuated by a better motive than that of only enriching themselves and their family.

On Saturday we dined at Mr. Bayly's; Miss Bayly had gone on a party of pleasure. They have with them a Miss Newcomb, a relation of Mr. Bayly's, a good, quiet, sickly young woman, who has a sad father, is to have ten thousand pounds to her fortune, and they have out of good-nature taken her from her unhappy home.

I was surprised there at meeting Mrs. Arne, (Miss Young[1] that was); they have her in the house to teach Miss Bayly to sing; she was recommended to Mr. Bayly by Mrs. Berkeley as an object of compassion. She looks indeed much humbled, and I hope is as deserving as they think her to be; great allowances are to be made for the temptations those poor people fall under. She has been severely used by a bad husband, and suffered to starve, if she had not met with charitable people. She behaves herself very well, and though her voice has lost its bloom as well as her face, she sings well, and was well taught by Geminiani and Handel, and had she not been idle would have been a charming singer. Mr. Bayly plays on the violin, his curate on the German flute; Mrs. Arne and Miss Bayly sing, and a girl of nine years old accompanies them

1 Cecilia Young, a pupil of Geminiani, and a favourite singer of those times, married Dr. Thomas Augustine Arne, the celebrated composer.

on the harpsichord most surprisingly—she is a niece of Mrs. Arne's; the race of the Youngs are *born* songsters and musicians. It is very agreeable to have such an entertainment in our power to go to whenever we please. Mr. Bayly's house is not half-a-mile off, and a very pleasant walk.

Sunday we went to Downpatrick; D.D. preached as well as ever I heard him. We had a dinner, as usual, for as many as filled a table for twelve people. Our dinner was a boiled leg of mutton, a sirloin of roast beef, six boiled chickens, bacon and greens; apple-pies, a dish of potatoes—all set on at once; time between church and church does not allow for two courses; tea after we came home, and talking over our company was refreshing to us. We brought a *young cat home* with us, *but she was so cross* we sent her home again this morning, and I, alas! am catless! Our church and congregation at Down very decent, and there were a great many at the Sacrament.

Monday evening came Mr. Sturgeon: his puritanical figure and singular manner entertained Sally. We gave her another surprizing appearance—a priest (called "the Bishop of Down"), the quintessence of an Irish brogueneer; he had lived twenty-four years in Spain, and speaks hardly any language, talked much of the Queen of Spain and Farinelli, and said the Spanish women were very handsome, "*like that young lady*," pointing to Miss Chapone.

I have been acting as surgeon, as poor John cut a terrible gash in the fleshy part of the inside of his hand. I washed it well with arquebuzade and put on the black plaster, and in a few hours it was easy, and I

hope will be soon well; it bled very much, and frightened our poor Welshman to a great degree; and the consternation of the house was as great as if his head had been cut off.

The receipt for tooth-ache is, "*Little trefoil leaves, primrose leaves and yarrow pounded, made into a little pellet and put to the tooth or tied up in muslin and held between the teeth.*"

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Mount Panther, 21 Aug., 1758.

Tuesday, our public day, expected the large family of the Annesleys: they sent an excuse, and instead of 20 sat down ten; *not the worse*, so much the more *overplus* for the poor! Wednesday very busy making candlesticks to illuminate my ball-room and other preparations. On Thursday before six o'clock were assembled our company.

Two Mr. Fordes, Mrs. Forde, two Miss Fordes, Miss Knox, Lady Anne Annesley, Miss Annesley, Mr. Charles Annesley,[1] Mr. Mark Annesley, Miss Jenny Bayly, Mrs. Price, Miss Price, Miss Brett, *Mr. Cole* (five thousand a-year and just come from abroad), a pretty, well-behaved young man.

Mr. Bayly, Mrs. Bayly, Miss Bayly, Miss Newcomb, Mr. Savage, nephew to Mrs. Bayly, Mr. Ned Bayly, nephew to Mr. Bayly, two Mr. Hamiltons, two Mr. Montgomerys, Mr. Marley, *D.D.*, *M.D.*, *and Brunette! in all* 29! Miss Bayly was queen of the ball, and began it with Mr. Cole; Mr. Bayly danced with Sally, of which

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[1] Francis Charles, created 1st Earl of Annesley, 18th August, 1789.

she was not a little proud, but one partner was not sufficient for her, so she danced part of the night with Mr. Montgomery; there were ten couple of clever dancers. Remember my room is 32 feet long: at the upper end sat the fiddlers, and at the lower end next the little parlour the lookers-on.

Tea from seven to ten: it was made in the hall, and Smith presided. When any of the dancers had a mind to rest themselves they sat in the little parlour, and tea was brought to them. They began *at six* and *ended at ten*: then went to a cold supper in the drawing-room made of 7 dishes down the middle of different cold meats, and plates of all sorts of fruit and sweet things that could be had here, in the middle jellies: in all 21 dishes and plates. The table held twenty people; the rest had a table of their own in the little parlour, but all the dancers were together, and I at the head to take care of them; everybody seemed pleased, which gave pleasure to D.D. and myself.

This evening Miss Bayly gives a ball to the same company that were here. I have been trotting about the garden with the Dean, contriving new works and weighing grains of ipecacuanha and rhubarb for poor patients.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Mount Panther, 28th Aug., 1758.

On Wednesday we dined at Killalee, 12 measured Irish miles from hence, at Mr. Hall's, a clergyman of a very singular character, not very worthy; but we wanted to see the place, which we had heard much com-

mended: Mr. Bayly's family were of the party which made it more agreeable.

The situation is on the side of a hill with a most extensive view of the sea. In one place they tell you is *Portaferry*, in another *Lady Anne Ward's*[1] *Temple*, in another *Strangford*, but it requires such very clear eyes and weather to distinguish these objects, that I confess they gave me no more pleasure than only reading of them that they were there would do. The wind was high, we walked up a high hill to a castle, our *negligées* fluttered like the streamers of a ship, and when we came to the castle where we were to see wonders of prospect, no admittance, the gates locked, and we staggered back again with much difficulty, facing the wind, but we had a good dinner and good company. Mr. ayly went in the coach with us; the scene was new, the road excellent, and part of it very pleasant,—so on the whole it was an agreeable day, but we were most heartily tired.

I was much shocked last Saturday in reading in the newspaper an account that my friend Mrs. Hamilton's son was wounded at Louisburg; receiving no letter at the same time from any of the family, I could not help many distressing conjectures, which made me very uneasy. At ten o'clock at night came a letter from Miss Anne Hamilton to Sally, with a comfortable account; they had received a letter from Mr. H. Hamilton, (Lieut. in General Amherst's regiment) of his having received a slight wound in his left arm on the 1st of July, and his being then very well; his letter is dated the 29th.

[1] Michael Ward, second Puisne Justice of the King's Bench in Ireland, appointed in 1729. His eldest son, Bernard, married Lady Anne, daughter of John Earl of Darnley, and widow of Robert Hawkins Macgill, Esq.

I own till then I could not feel true joy for our happy victory, which now I do. I hope this may humble our enemies and bring them to some terms of peace, that the horrors of war may no longer oppress us.

Mr. and Mrs. Donnellan are in Ireland. Old Nixon dead, has left them all about forty thousand pound, but less by a great deal than they expected. Mr. Clements and Mrs. Montgomery have been married privately many years, but they are *only called friends,—her* fortune *small, his nothing* (if he gave up his fellowship and other advantages that are considerable in the college); the *circumstances* they are under are well known to everybody, but as they are both very agreeable *they* are winked at.

Sally and I grumble a little at the weather, which prevents our going about among the *herbs and flowers* to find out some that may be rare to you. There grows a little pale purple aster, with a yellow thrum (very like the *asterattims,*) in all the borders near the lakes and sea: it grows in great clusters, and in some places near two feet high, and we have great plenty of thrift grows wild between this and Belville. As to the common plants they seem much the same as in the high ways, rather more luxuriant; the tawdry rag-weed in vast abundance, but mollified by the bloom and hue of the scabius and rest harrow. *Matfellon* and *figwort* flourish here remarkably, and the purple vetch and eyebright soften the golden furs, and glowing heath. A poetical pen might have done their beauties justice.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Mount Panther, 2nd Sept. 1758.

According to the country phrase, yesterday Sally and I "*fetched* a charming walk"—at least six miles! We set out at a quarter after ten with bags and baskets to store our curiosities in. John, like a pedlar, with our cloaks buckled to his back by a belt—or rather a pilgrim, with his hat slouched and a long staff in his hand. Fitz Simmons, our harper, who knows all the paths and walks of this place, with our store-basket. We left the Dean with his workmen, about *ten such invalids* as are fitter for an hospital than a spade; but with good clothing and gentle work they *come on finely*, and gather strength!

If I tell you where we walked, you would not know whereabouts we were; the castle of Dundrum is a ruin on a very steep rude shapen hill, a vast extent of the sea, on which were several vessels, chiefly fishing-boats; and the vast mountains of Moran, which are so near us that we can perceive the rivers which run down the side of them. The highest mountain, they say, is a mile and half perpendicular, and on the top of it is a well of fine water; there is a ridge of these mountains —they are indeed tremendous, but make a fine background to our picture. In our way to Dundrum, which was the point we aimed at, we walked over a hill covered with bushes, intermixed with rocks, the verdure fine and soft as velvet; sheep, goats, and cows, with little ragged shepherds attending them.

We examined every blade of grass for new plants, but found only a purple flower, four-leaved like a star; it shuts up in the middle of the day, it is of a violet colour.

I wanted to know what species it is of? but fear before it reaches you, it will be too much withered for you to find out its family? I will watch for the seed and save it. A little yellow and white flower we found, like linaria, but grows thinner.

Thursday spent the day at Castle Wellan, Mr. Annesley's, and walked two or three miles before dinner, saw all his farming affairs, which are indeed very fine. Three large courts: round the first, which is arched round a kind of piazza, are houses for all his carriages, and over them his granaries; the next court are stables and cow-houses, and over them haylofts; the third court two such barns as I never saw, *floored with oak*, and finished in the most convenient manner for all the purposes of winnowing, &c., and in that court are the stands for hay and corn. I am sure Mr. Dewes would be pleased with the whole apparatus; it is so neat, strong, and clever.

I am under great apprehensions for poor Charles Montagu;[1] the last account a very bad one, and I have not heard a great while.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Mount Panther, Sept. 9th, 1758.

My dearest sister's most entertaining letter with the account of Warwick races made me happy last (post) Thursday.

We cannot possibly pretend to vie with you in

[1] Charles Montagu of Papplewick, husband of Mrs. Montagu, often called Mrs. Montagu of Hanover Square, and father of Frederic Montagu. Mr. Montagu died in June 1759.

splendid appearance, *nobility*, and *jewels*, nor can I say much for the beauty and elegance of *our room* at Downpatrick on Thursday last, where I carried our Sally, but I had much more diverting company than you can boast of, I am sure, with all your lords and ladies! though *we had one earl as well as you*—Lord Hillsborough, a very sensible agreeable man, with whom I had a great deal of conversation about *poor Northend.*[1] I am glad to find Harry Russell[2] is a great favourite. We went to *the assembly at seven.* Three sets of dancers, not more than ten in a set; they *draw* for partners (except the strangers), and then *choose first;* Sally chose Mr. Cole, Mrs. Price's nephew—a vast estate, and a very good sort of a young man; he seems (and I hope is) much enamoured with Miss Bayly. After four dances they sat down, and Sally was chosen in the second set by a strange man indeed, but to her credit—I can't say comfort—he fell to Miss Bayly's lot afterwards. Such a figure, such a *no-dancer*, a *mopstick* with a brown, dirty *mophead!* and his sense (if he had any,) seemed as *stupid* as his figure and his heels, all but in the choice of his partners.

Lord Hillsborough hath engaged us to take Hillsborough in our way to the Giant's Causeway, which I believe we shall do. We came from the ball about half an hour after eleven; I did not go in very high spirits to the assembly, for I had received a letter that morning from the Duchess of Portland with an account of the Duke's having had a fall, and of his being bled three times; that Dr. Sandys assured her there was no

[1] Bought by Lord Hillsborough. [2] The gardener at North End.

bone out and that he would soon be well, but advised him to go to the Bath to have his hip pumped. The Duchess does not say how he got the fall, and I can't help being very apprehensive that it might be occasioned by some giddiness in his head. Babess is with her, which I am glad of.

How magnificent the Wests! I wish I had some of her fine things here to make my neighbours stare; but as for pine-apples I can almost vie with them, having had *ten* sent me from Dublin since I came here, as fine ones as ever I tasted, by Lord Charlemont's orders. Mr. Adderley is going to be married to Miss Ward, daughter to the landlord of Mount Panther—no great fortune; her father a clergyman, a very worthy man. She is, they say, a pretty kind of girl, and well brought up, which is the *best fortune.*

What is become of your tortoiseshell? I have no less than three kittens that divert us very much. We have now a little candlelight for our work and book, have finished Leonidas, and are engaged with Shakespear at present—always new and delightful.

We have fixed our time for leaving this place, please God, on the 26th of this month.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Belvoir, 1st Oct. 1758.

We left Mount Panther on Tuesday, the 26th, at nine o'clock; a train of two chaises and two cars with us, Mr. Bayly and Mr. Mathews, one of D.D.'s curates, on horseback, and our sumpter-car. From Mount Panther to Ballanehinch (7 miles) is the rudest

country I ever saw—rough hills, mountains, and bogs, but some of them covered with furze in blossom, heath, and thyme.

We got to Hillsborough about half an hour after one, which is fifteen miles from Mount Panther, and the scene was then much mended with the view of a very fine cultivated country, little inferior to some parts of Gloucestershire. The house is not extraordinary, but prettily fitted up and furnished; the dining-room, not long added to the house, is a fine room, 33 f. by 26. Lord Hillsborough is very well bred, sensible, and entertaining, and nothing could be more polite that he was to all his company. Sally and I being the only women, we had the principal share of his address; he is handsome and genteel, and his manner (with somewhat more of reserve) not unlike Mr. Berkeley. We were twelve in company; among the number *three deans* and three other clergymen; we sat down to dinner at half an hour after three; Lord Hillsborough was very merry, and said a great many lively, comical things. He is there only for a short time, and *incog*, consequently not well prepared for company, but everything was clever for all that. After the ladies had given their toasts they were desired to "*command the house:*" the hint was taken, and they said they would upon that liberty "go and prepare the tea-table for the gentlemen." Sally and I took a little step out into the garden to look at the prospect, but the weather soon drove us back. Candles lighted, tea-table and gentlemen came together. I made the tea. Cribbage was proposed, and I consented to be of the party, thinking it would be some relief to Lord Hillsborough; at ten we went to supper, at eleven

to bed; met at nine the next morning at breakfast. The day cleared up; Lord Hillsborough, Mr. Bayly, and I walked round the improvements, a gravel path two Irish miles long, the ground laid out in very good taste, some wood, some nurseries: shrubs and flowers diversify the scene; a pretty piece of water with an island in it, and all the views pleasant. D.D. and Sally saved themselves, as the ground was damp, for another walk, which was to a castle that Lord Hillsborough[1] is building.

In time of war in Ireland he is obliged to keep a garrison there, and has a demand on the Crown of three shillings and sixpence a day; the old castle is fallen to decay, but as it is a testimony of the antiquity of his family, he is determined to keep it up. The castle consists of one very large room, with small ones in the turrets; the court behind it measures just an English acre, and is laid down in a bowling-green, and round it is a raised high terrace, at each corner of which is a square of about fifty feet, which are to make four gardens, one for roses only, the other for all sorts of flowers—these on each side the castle; the other two for evergreens and flowering shrubs. The walls are built with battlements, and the measure of what they contain (the bowling-green and terrace) is just an Irish acre. When this is finished he proceeds to the building his house, which is to be magnificent, and in a finer situation than the one he at present inhabits, and about a mile from it: the castle

[1] Wills, 2nd Viscount Hillsborough, created Earl of Hillsborough in 1751, and Marquis of Downshire, 19th August, 1789.

will stand between them. And what do you think this *magnificent man* means to do with his present dwelling, improvements, lake, and island? nothing less than making them a present to the Bishopric of Down! This is what *he declares*, and if he lives to accomplish his good scheme he *will certainly do it*. At present there is no house belonging to the bishopric. Harry Russel lives with him and is a great favourite: he comes once a year for a month or two, to set forward his works at Hillsborough, and I was glad to see him. But I find I have forgot to mention the entrance to the castle, which is to be a court of a suitable dimension, with square towers, and spaces between laid out for a menagerie, or rather for foreign birds.

At one o'clock we took our leave with a promise of calling there on our return; Mr. Bayly went home, and we came to this place about three o'clock, and this is indeed a charming place; a very good house, though not quite finished, and everything very elegant. Mr. Hill[1] is a sort of *an old beau*, who has lived much in the world; his fortune a very good one. He is an original, and entertains Sally and me excessively. A *fine gentleman* is the character he aims at, but in reality he is a very honest, hospitable, friendly, good man, with a *little pepper* in his composition, that puts me often in mind of Mr. Achard; but he has the advantage of seeing his own peevishness and making a joke of it himself. Nothing can be more obliging than his behaviour is to us, as well as Mrs. Hill's, who is a well-behaved, good-humoured woman; her eldest daughter, about sixteen—

[1] Arthur Hill, Esq., younger brother of Trevor, 1st Viscount Hillsborough. Afterwards created (1765) Baron Hill and Viscount Dungannon.

a fine young woman altogether; rather a little clumsy, but fine complexion, teeth, and nails, with a great deal of modesty and good-humour. Two other daughters: the youngest of which very plain indeed, about ten years old; the other not pretty, but lively and natural, and very civil. They are all the morning employed in their exercises; the afternoons they spend with us. They have a pretty civilized gentlewoman, who is their governess—I think such a one as you would like; but she is put on the footing of a companion, which is a troublesome thing. I say nothing of the eldest son—he is a mere Cymon.

This place is much more finished than Hillsborough, and in a finer country, and much enriched with bleach yards, farm-houses and pretty dwellings. On Friday we went in a boat on the river, which runs round the improvements almost, and several turnings of it can be seen from the house. The grounds are laid out in enclosures, which with the hedge-rows and woods on the sides of some of the hills make the prospect very rich. The town of Belfast, Cave-Hill, and the bridge of 22 arches over the river, in a very clear day can be seen from the windows.

But I must come back to Friday and the river, the banks of which are delightful, and I had the curiosity and courage to go *through a lock!* though I was assured there was no danger in it, for Mr. Hill and all their family go almost every day for pleasure. The Dean preached to-day at Mr. Hill's church; we have now above threescore miles to the Giant's Causeway, but the weather promises well for us, and we have had so many invitations from the Dean's old friends, that we

might have a baiting place every ten miles. From hence we go on Tuesday next to a Doctor Leslie's, which will be a long day's journey; but Mr. Hill lends us his horses for twelve miles, and ours are to be sent there the night before. From Dr. Leslie's we go to a son of his, and in the way dine at a Mr. Bristowe's. From Mr. Leslie's we go to Mr. Boyd's at Bally Castle, where the coal-works are, and from thence to a gentleman's house, whose name I have forgot, who lives within half a mile of the Causeway. This is our present scheme, and has led me to sheet the third. I think our progress puts me in mind of a nursery tale—*and we went, and we went, as far as our legs could carry us.*

I am glad to hear how *old* acquaintance go on. My letters are in a very different style, telling you of *new* people, and *new places!*

Poor Pond![1] What scrambling for shells, prints, and drawings. None will come to my share; Miss Hill has given me a few shells, but nothing rare; *she* also makes shell flowers, and I may have all from her that is not fit for that use.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Bally Logh, 5th Oct., 1758.

It is too dark, I can hardly see. I know my dearest sister will want to know how we get out of the Giant's claws, and I must tell her we are just returned from seeing the most wonderful sight that, perhaps, is to be seen in the world, but have not time for description, only to tell you that we are well after four hours' walking, wondering, and puddling—no accident.

[1] Pond, the painter, who died at this period.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Hazlebrook,[1] 8th Oct. 1758.

As I was saying, we left Mr. Hills on Tuesday morning, the 3rd instant; sent our own horses to Antrim (the county town) the night before. Breakfasted at Antrim, got to dinner at Dr. Leslie's, at Galgorm, thirty miles from Belvoir; nothing at Antrim worth giving any account of, an ugly old town: Lady Massareen[2] lives there in a *very old house*, the garden reckoned a fine one forty years ago—high hedges and long narrow walks. The country about the town very *pleasant*, and some miles from Belfast, by the sea-side between Antrim and Galgorm, we passed by the famous lake, called in this country Loch Neagh, much celebrated by Dr. Barton for its quality of petrifying. It is twenty-six miles long, and twelve over; on the edge of it stands Shales Castle, belonging to the ancient family of the O'Neils: we did not stop to see it, as they said there was nothing extraordinary but its situation, which we saw as we passed by. I can't say much for the country from thence; it is dreary enough, though every here and there a farm-house, in a tuft of trees, mended the prospect, and the quantity of corn shewed it to be not quite a desolate country. Galgorm, the house Dr. Leslie lives in, is old and in the castle style, with battlements round the court, large dark rooms, more venerable than pleasant. Dr. Leslie is an old man above seventy, sensible, good-natured, and

[1] Hazlebrook, the residence of William Bristow, Esq., a Commissioner of the Revenue and Excise in Ireland, died 18th March, 1758.

[2] Elizabeth, only daughter of Henry Eyre, of Trouter, Esq. Co. Derby.

an inoffensive joker; his wife an excellent woman, with a remarkable good understanding, of a good family, and who has seen much of the world. But, alas! poor woman, sentence is pronounced against her, that she has a confirmed cancer in her breast, but she dined and supped with us, and was amazingly cheerful. An accident of some wine-and-water going the wrong way started us all extremely, and we thought for some moments the good old lady was dying; the tender attention of Dr. Leslie to her charmed Sally extremely. They had a married daughter in the house ready to lie-in who did not appear, two unmarried that did—plain, modest, obliging women; we had much (*too much* I might add) of food.

Next morning we set out, and breakfasted where we now are, at Mr. Bristowe's, a clergyman, a pupil of D.D's. His wife a niece of the Grattans, whom you have heard the Dean often mention; he is a merry good sort of hearty man, and she a very good-humoured, prattling woman, much reserved the first day, but now very easy and seemingly well pleased with her guests. She has two pretty girls, one of twelve the other five, and two sons, one a man grown. They are happy and contented, have not much address or elegance in their manner, but are clean and *more tidy* in their house than any place we have been at since we left Belvoir, and very hospitable. They have lived some time in England, a good while at the Bath, and are fond of English ways; from hence we went eight miles to Mr. James Leslie, a son of Dr. Leslie, married and settled in this neighbourhood. We went to them in an inconvenient time, their house unfinished and full of company, but

they crammed us in, and it was better than any inn we could go to. Mr. Leslie is extremely civil, and attended us to the Giant's Causeway and lent us his six good horses to save our own. We altered our first scheme, which was to have gone to Bally Castle, where Mrs. Mac Aulay's father lives, and carries on the coal-works; but the weather proving uncertain, we thought it best not to delay our visit to one of the *world's wonders*, for such it may well be called.

So on Thursday the 5th of October we set forward: we had seven miles to go to Dr. Stuart's, a fine worthy old man of eighty-one years of age, as cheerful, hearty and good-humoured as if but forty! his maiden sister, called "Madam Jane," not many years younger, a very amiable woman, decent in manners and dress. They received us like old acquaintance, and engaged us to sup and lodge with them at our return from the *Causeway*, which is less than an hour's drive from them. We got *there* about twelve o'clock: I am still in an amazement at the stupendous sight; the Dean, Sally, Smith and I went in the coach, all our men with us, and Mr. Leslie, Mr. Edmund Leslie (his younger brother, a pretty young clergyman) and Mr. Mathews escorted us. We passed over a dull country, till a mile before we came to the place where we were to alight; then the sea opened to our view and some romantic rocks, but no appearance of the Giant's dominions till we had walked some way.

I am now quite at a loss to give you any idea of it; it is so different from anything I ever saw, and so far beyond all description. The prints you have represent some part of it very exactly, with the *sort of pillars* and

the remarkable stones that compose them of different angles, but there is an infinite variety of rocks and grassy mountain *not at all* described in the prints, nor is it possible for a poet or a painter, with all their art, to do justice to the awful grandeur of the whole scene. When we got out of our coach, Mr. Leslie and his brother took the charge of me and Miss Chapone, and Mr. Mathews of the Dean. We walked along a path on the side of a hill that formed an amphitheatre, of a great height above us, and sloped down a vast way below us to the sea from the path we walked on. The grass very fine and green, and a variety of field-flowers of the season, though none of a peculiar kind from those in your own fields. At the bottom, the sea foaming and dashing among the rude rocks; on the side of the hill, sheep feeding undismayed at the roaring of the sea and terror of its waves, and shepherds tending their flocks. Our next scene was a second amphitheatre, diversified with amazing rocks, and the pillars and loose stones which are peculiar to this place, the entrance guarded on one side by a range of rocky mountain, and on the other two pyramidal mountains of a singular form. From that point we walked round the semicircle that forms the second amphitheatre on a precipice that was very formidable indeed, persuaded by our guides that the lower way was not practicable; but D.D. was not so ambitious, and kept the low way on the rocky strand, and had the advantage of us, as our path led us a great way about, and was so frightful that we could not look about us. However, we got safely to the part that is called "the Causeway," which forms a point into the sea, and begins the third amphitheatre; this contains the

greatest quantity of the pillars, some so very exact and smooth that you would imagine they were all chiselled with the greatest care. After gazing, wondering, and I may say *adoring* the wondrous Hand that formed this amazing work, we began to find ourselves fatigued. Our gentlemen found out a well-sheltered place, where we sat very commodiously by a well (called the Giant's Well) of as fine sweet water as any at Calwich, and cold mutton and tongue, refreshed us extremely after three hours' walking, climbing, and stumbling among the rocks.

I took an imperfect sketch of the place, which if I can make anything of you shall have a copy. Mrs. Drury, who took the draughts (of which you have the prints), lived three months near the place, and went almost every day. I can do nothing so exact and finished; in the last amphitheatre facing the entrance, about half-way up the side of the rocky mountain, the pillars are placed in such a form as to resemble an organ: you will see it in one of Mrs. Drury's prints.

What is called the Causeway is a most wonderful composition of pillars, which in some part form a mosaic pavement, in others appear like the basement of pillars; but when you are on the strand below, then you see they are all pillars closely fitted to each other, though the angles vary; they chiefly consist of hexagons. The sun shone part of the time and shewed the place to great perfection, but we had a sprinkling shower or two that made us wrap up in my brother's good lambswool cloaks, and shelter ourselves under some of the rocks.

Whilst we were at our repast our attendants were differently grouped, at some distance on the left hand

the servants, a little below us women and children that gathered sea-weed and shells for us, about twelve in number, with very little light drapery; on the right hand men that were our guides, of different ages; seated on the points of the rocks, whose figures were *very droll*, and I believe we ourselves were no less so: eagerly devouring our morsel, and every now and then a violent exclamation of wonder at some new observation. We sat just facing a most aspiring pyramidal hill, and whilst we were there a shepherd drove his flock to the summit of it, and they looked like so many little white specks; the shepherd stood for some minutes on the highest point of the rock. I don't know how to give you a clear idea of this place, such as it appeared to me, and shall only make what I have said already, confused should I say more.

We got back to Dr. Stuart's between five and six, excessively weary; a good supper and tolerable night's rest recovered us pretty well. I own I could not sleep well, what I had seen filled my mind so much; and as no pleasure can be unalloyed, D.D. had hurt his shin the day before we left Mount Panther, and this expedition had inflamed it so much that on Friday morning I was quite frightened, and prevailed with him, instead of branching out our travels as we intended and seeing more wonders, to return to this place, where rest and Turner's cerate has quite taken away the inflammation, and I hope in a day or two it will be quite healed. We go to-day to Dr. Leslie's, and propose going to-morrow to Belvoir, and so home as fast as we can.

How uncertain are human resolutions! We have left Hazlebrook (Mr. Bristowe's), *persuaded* to take Coleraine and Derry in our way home as places worth our seeing;

are now at a brother's of Mr. Mathews, near Coleraine; the weather too bad to permit us to see anything, and I fear I shall hardly have an opportunity of writing till at home, where now I long to be. The want of your letters, which my wandering has prevented my receiving, is very vexatious, but I dare not have them sent across the country for fear I should lose them quite.

Hazlebrook, 15th Oct.

Much have we seen, much been hurried, but thank God all well, and pleased to have Delville now in view, which will be a perfect calm after the seas, rocks, torrents we have beheld! To-morrow, Antrim; Tuesday, Lord Rawdon's; Wednesday, Newry; Thursday, Dunleer; Friday, Delville.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 25th Oct. 1758.

My head has been in such a whirl of late, that I cannot recollect whereabouts in my travels I broke off. Did I not tell you we went from Mr. Bristowe's at Hazlebrook to Derry? did I tell you how fine the situation? how good a house? and how pleasant the country about it? not unlike the hills about Bath, but the river *infinitely finer*, very broad, clear, and winds beautifully. We spent Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday very agreeably there; met with an Archdeacon Golden, commonly called "*a Methodist*" (much injured), and in his appearance a jolly, open, cheerful countenance, very sensible and learned, and most particularly agreeable in conversation, but warm in religious

disputes, where he thinks it *his duty* to uphold any orthodox point, and that I suppose has gained him the title of "Methodist." His wife a mild, sickly, sensible, civil woman; they were very earnest with us to return by their house as they were going home; making many apologies for the lowliness of their cabin, but promised us clean, well-aired beds. We took them at their word; the way called 22 miles, would measure in England thirty! Twelve miles of it we had passed before to a miserable town called Newtown, where we dined on good provision kind Mrs. Barnard put up for us.

We set out for the rest of the day's journey, the roads in general good, though jumbling; had we been two hours sooner, we should have been greatly entertained with the road. We passed by a small valley under Magilligan Hill, the richest and most varied scene I ever beheld—corn-fields incredibly filled with stacks of corn, pasture-grounds full of cattle, sheep grazing, haycocks in abundance; it wanted nothing but *shepherds and shepherdesses* to make it quite an Arcadian scene. These fields and meadows bounded by a river that winds in many places; cultivated grounds beyond the river that are again bounded by the sea, and that by a range of hills well cultivated to the top. Can anything be finer?. And I assure you I do not take any traveller's privilege in my account. And as we had passed through some very dreary country, it made this pretty spot appear to more advantage.

Another very extraordinary scene came next of a very different kind, which is Magilligan strand, sixteen miles in length, opposite to the sea; a range of rocky mountains of a vast height, that look like the ruins of old

castles and cathedrals, parts of them projecting with an amazing boldness. The whiteness of some of the rocks, with the mixture of grass, moss, and ivy, embellishes the scene; and the caverns and cliffs in the rocks, with spouts of water running down, and the swelling and dashing of the waves of the sea, add a magnificence that is quite awful. The light was sufficient to show what I have described, but not enough to see millions of pretty shells on the strand, and many other prettinesses that we had not time to attend to, night came on so fast; and we had a *horrible precipice* to go over, with torrents on each side tumbling among broken rocks, which we in prudence chose to walk over rather than sit in the coach, and got safe, thank God, to the Archdeacon's just as it was dark! He met us on the strand to guide us over the dangerous road, which is not more than a quarter of a mile.

The cabin is a lowly one, but elegantly neat, and decorated in a pretty taste with some very fine pieces of china; very good tea, very good supper, and *above all* very good instructive conversation! Though we were all so much fatigued on coming in, particularly D.D., we all grew sprightly, and were sorry to part at *nearly twelve o'clock!* Next day we left them *with regret*, and wished for a view at a more advantageous time of the day of that charming strand; we passed over about two miles of it. We went back to Mr. Bristowe's, rested there; easily and kindly entertained till Monday the 16th. Lay that night at Antrim; dined next day at Moira, Lord Rawdon's; his house pretty good, but his improvements *not* in the best taste; the country about him very English and pleasant: he is very good-

humoured, and obliging in his house. Lady Rawdon (Lady Betty Hastings[1] that was) extremely civil and agreeable, has a *pleasing manner*, though not a pleasing person, has good sense and delicate *sentiments*, and very *high ones of friendship*, which incline me mightily to her. They have a delightful library, with recesses where you may sit and read books of all kinds to amuse the fancy as well as improve the mind—telescopes, microscopes, and all the scientific apparatus; everybody chooses their employments—it is the land of liberty, yet of regularity; constant prayers. We met there a *very learned and extraordinary man*, who lives with Lord Rawdon a good deal; he answered Mr. Kennicott[2] about the Hebrew text, and is well known among the learned world; a young man, but in a very bad state of health—his name Commings. I am sure Mr. Talbot knows him. From thence we went to Newry, from Newry to Drogheda, and on Friday arrived safely at our own dear Delville. How my heart overflows with thankfulness for the peace and plenty restored to these walls! The Dean is very happy in reviewing, correcting, and amending his works here, and I hope the healthful employment and the tranquillity *now enjoyed* will add health and length of days! He has not, I thank God, any particular complaint but that of being soon weary.

[1] Sir John Rawdon, created Baron Rawdon, 9th April, 1750 (and Earl of Moira, 15th December, 1761), married, thirdly, in 1752, Lady Elizabeth Hastings, eldest daughter of Theophilus, 9th Earl of Huntingdon.

[1] Dr. Benjamin Kennicott, a learned divine, published many works, and amongst them "The State of the Printed Hebrew Text of the Old Testament considered."

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

1758.

Part of a letter.

Every passenger and all the cargo are said to be lost. Amongst them were Lord Drogheda[1] and his third son, a clergyman; a linen-draper of considerable repute in Dublin, a milliner, who has left a necessitous family of six children, Mr. Theophilus Cibber,[2] Mr. Maddocks and Miss Wilkinson, the wire-dancers, these are all I have heard named. It is impossible not to be shocked at such a calamity, though a great consolation that none of one's particular acquaintance have suffered.

My closet is just hung with crimson paper, a small pattern that looks like velvet; as soon as dry I shall put up my pictures: and I am going to make a wreath to go round the circular window in the chapel, of oak branches, vines, and corn; the benches for the servants are fixed, the *chairs* for the upper part of the chapel are a whim of mine, but I am not sure till I see a pattern chair that I shall like it: it is to be in the shape and ornamented like a gothic arch. If it pleases me in the execution I'll send you a sketch.

It was *Lord* Massareen,[3] not *Lady*, that died. She is a true mourning widow, and much to be pitied.

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[1] Edward, 5th Earl of Drogheda, and his son, the Honourable and Rev. Edward Moore, were drowned in their passage to Dublin, 28th October, 1758.

[2] Theophilus Cibber, son of the poet laureate, and husband of Susannah Maria, sister to Dr. Arne. In the winter of 1758 Mr. Cibber was engaged by Mr. Sheridan to go to Dublin, he embarked at Parkgate (together with Mr. Maddox, the celebrated wire-dancer) in the month of October, the vessel was lost, and only a few persons saved by jumping into a small boat!

[3] Clotworthy, 1st Earl of Massareene, died 11th September, 1757.

No news of my enamelled pictures,—it is truly a great mortification to me.

We are now full of discourse of Mr. Donnellan's marriage, which his family, particularly his son, are no way pleased with; about five or six weeks ago he married the widow of Dr. Knox, a physician who died about six weeks before! Mr. Don. went to England about ten days ago, and this profound secret was not discovered till he was gone. The lady has no extraordinary merit, no fortune, about twenty-five years of age. If he (Mr. D.) thought proper to marry, and had chosen well, or at least conducted the affair with a better grace than in this secret manner, nothing would have been said about it, but now there is talk enough.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 16th Dec., 1758.

I never so much regretted the impossibility of seeing you here, as since our being in a happy, tranquil possession of this place. Every beauty now gives pleasure that before gave pain and raised a sigh! And now I must again entreat you to spend two or three months in Spring Gardens for the sake of Mary. You will do my house great service, and save me some trouble and some fibs, for I have been applied to often to lend or let my house, and my answer, "*it is engaged to you,*" and the Duchess of Portland made me *swear* I would let nobody *but yourself* go into it!

Sally had a letter last night from Lady H. Bentinck

with an account of poor dear Lady Sarah Cowper's[1] release. Happy release! to her no doubt, but it is impossible in this our mortal state not to feel a severe pang at parting with so much excellence! I know my dear sister will feel it as I do, and we shall both feel a regret for such a loss as long as we live, though the first tender sensation will subside on the consideration of the advantageous exchange she has made.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 23rd Dec. 1758.

I am charmed with Court's impromptu, so just and so polite. I suppose you have seen his poetical apology to Miss M. H., which is really *very pretty*. I have not said so much of them as I thought to him; I wrote to him last post, but a very dull letter. The account of our excellent and amiable friend's death, though I had some time expected it, *was a great shock to me*, greater than it ought to be, when I consider the glorious exchange she has made! It is melancholy to see the friends of one's youth drop away, and yet it is the consequence of *long life*, which is esteemed a blessing; but a long state of trial, if we perform our duties well, will doubtless meet with a suitable reward, and consequently will prove a blessing.

My house is yours: I fear there may not be so many conveniences left out as when I am at home, but whatever there is if you do not make use of them as your own you will do me great wrong.

[1] Lady Sarah Cowper, sister to Earl Cowper, died December 4th, 1758.

I have indeed set my heart much upon your going to town, and you have a draught on Gosling, etc., which I designed should pay for the Birmingham boxes, but that scheme is altered, and the toilette they were to stand on is banished from the bow closet, and I must take the liberty of begging you will lay that out for my Mary in the way you like best. Is she not tall enough for *a robe?* and would not a full pink colour satin become her? I am sorry I have sent for my sedan chair, as it might be of use to you; I want one here to carry me to church when it rains, and as I design having a new one when I go to London; I thought my old one would do very well here, and the carriage less expence than buying a new one.

The Dean has now settled my allowance for housekeeping here at six hundred a-year, which I receive quarterly, and out of that pay everything but *the men's wages, the liveries, the stables, wine cellar and garden, furniture and all repairs.*

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 30th Dec. 1758.

I have had my new gardener (who I like mightily) with me to consult about the order of my flower-garden, which is under my dressing-room window, and between us I believe we shall make it very gay and pretty: it is a great amusement to me to see the people at work in it, digging and planting. I can't say my four days confinement upstairs was dull. My bed-chamber is very large, comfortable, with pleasant views and the bow closet! I have now completed it by two looking-glasses that fill the side panels of the bow window, and reflect all

the prospects. You would say indeed I am greedy of prospect were you to see it, *not to be contented* without those reflectors; the glasses reach within a foot of the cornice of the ceiling, and are fastened up with double knots of gilded rope. They were put up whilst I was above stairs, and a great amusement. Working and reading, and a little cribbage go on.

I was truly mortified at not being able to partake of the solemn ceremony of the season, and make my household glad; but the new year I trust will make me some amends, and renew my warmest gratitude for boundless mercies received, particularly that on *the 6th of March*, 1758.[1] Our gentle kind Sally has not been wanting in her affectionate diligence in nursing me and entertaining D.D. I have two most beautiful kittens, who play their part incomparably well in the business of amusement; have I not said enough of myself? Yes, surely!

D.D. is very busy laying the foundation of the addition he intends to his library, and all his labours of attending his workmen and giving directions agree perfectly well. Have you read Dodsley's[2] new play? I have not, but it is very much commended.

I believe I never told you of a musical academy that was opened last year in Dublin.[3] The performers

[1] It appears that Mrs. Delany had been unwell after the date of the previous letter, 16th December, and confined to the house. The "*6th of March*, 1758," was the day on which the decree in favour of the Dean of Down was made, after nearly ten years of suspense.

[2] "Cleone, a Tragedy," by Robert Dodsley. Published in 1758.

[3] In Walsh's History of the City of Dublin, the statutes of the Musical Academy of Dublin and a list of its members are given. It was founded by Lord Mornington in 1758, and all professional performers were strictly excluded from taking part in its concerts. Auditors were admitted to the monthly meetings by tickets, and once a year money was taken from the

all gentlemen and ladies. Lord Mornington[1] president; Mr. Cane O'Hara vice-president; Lady Tyrone lady patroness:—*her employment* is to go with the young ladies that sing in the orchestra; it is kept in one of the rooms built for the charity musics. The *gentlemen only* subscribe, and are admitted by ballot, and the profits arising are for loans to poor tradesmen. I was once there; it was a public night, (which they have once a month), there was a gallant appearance of ladies in rows one above another, not less than 300!

The Italian taste prevails too much, and takes off the pleasure I should otherwise have in their performance, which is better than I could have imagined. The chief and most applauded singer is a Miss Stuart, a perfect Mingotti, (with all *her trills and squalls,*) but a great command and cleverness of voice. Mr. Brownlow plays charmingly on the harpsichord: he gave us two *whip-syllabub* lessons "*perfectly neat!*" Lord Mornington's performance you know: they have a private meeting once a week, every lady performer has the liberty of introducing two ladies.

The design is good, and I am glad there are spirits to execute it; but I think *you and I* should not want a fire in December if our Mary was to mount the stage and perform before such an audience! I am anxious to hear how Lord A.[2] has left his affairs.

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public for admission; the profits being devoted to some charity. Lord Mornington himself officiated as president and leader of the band. Among the violin players stands the name of the Right Hon. Sackville Hamilton; among the violoncellos, that of the Hon. and Rev. Arch. Hamilton; among the flutes, Lord Lucan; among the lady vocal performers, the Right Hon. Lady Caroline Russell, and Mrs. Monck, &c.

[1] Garrett Wesley, 2nd Lord Mornington.

[2] Charles Butler, Earl of Arran, died 17th December, 1758, aged 88.

CHAPTTER XVII.

JANUARY, 1759—DECEMBER, 1759.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 5 Jan., 1759.

To-morrow is post-day, but as I expect a rout of Hamiltons to breakfast, and choose king and queen (an *annual custom here ever since my possession*), I am sure I shall have little time for writing. Sally and Miss Hamilton are our readers. Dr. Lawson's[1] Treatise on Oratory is our present morning book; it is very clear and entertaining. Dr. Lawson is one of the Senior Fellows of the College, a very ingenious man and eminent preacher, but I fear he is no more; the last account was that the physicians had given him over. Have you read the new play, Cleone? It is very touching, and has many prettinesses in it, but a critic's eye perhaps may see great faults: tell me how you like it? if Dodsley is really the author, he is a very extraordinary man. We separate after dinner till tea calls us together at half an hour after six, and then Homer's Iliad takes place; Miss Hamilton reads the notes and translates all the Greek words and pas-

[1] "Lectures concerning Oratory," by George Lawson, Lecturer in Oratory and History, who died in 1759.

sages as she goes along, with so much ease that the first day she read (till I looked over her and saw the Greek characters) I thought they *had been* all translated! The Dean now makes her read the Greek first, and so we have the pleasure of hearing that fine-sounding language, not without some mortification at not understanding it; she is very bashful and modest with her learning, but in some points I believe it has been a disadvantage to her, and taken her off from an attention to little polishings of behaviour that are very becoming to all ages and should not be overlooked. Our present works as follows: I am working the cover of a stool, Mrs. Hamilton is working a rose in the back of the chenille chair, she has already done a marygold and convolvulus. I send in the box *a cup that was dear Mrs. Bushe's*, which I am sure you will value, a *few ordinary shells* that I picked up at the Giants' Causeway and Magilligan strand, and the *prints of the Giants' Causeway* for Lady Anne Coventry, which I beg her acceptance of.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 27 Jan., 1759.

Mrs. Poyntz is greatly grieved for Lady Sarah Cowper; but Providence has given her many blessings to enjoy: her dear and most valuable friend has left her as a sister, and divided her fortune equally between her and her two brothers. She (Mrs. Poyntz) has settled herself at Wimbledon for the winter, to take care of Mrs. Spencer's children; I am sorry to hear Mrs. Spencer has not been well since her lying-in; it is strange to send you this account from hence.

Poor Mr. Richardson's shock on the untimely death of his relation made me shudder; I heard nothing of it but from you; it might be mentioned in the papers, but I did not see it. How exalted and animating are my dearest sister's sentiments! And how do I feel my feeble sparks of devotion enlivened and kindled by your just and pious reflections! It is the greatest happiness of my present state and future hope, to recollect the hours we have spent together in the most solemn acts of devotion; and that the day will come (if we are worthy of such bliss) when, as you say, "*we may rejoice in the blessings and mercies of this solemn season never more to be separated!*"

I have communicated to Sally the death of her uncle, R. B. The death of the Princess of Orange[1] has put us all in mourning. I am amazed you did not know that Lord Mornington[2] had made his addresses to Lady Louisa Lenox,[3] young Lady Kildare's sister, a pretty girl about sixteen. He was well received, and much encouraged by all the family, and no appearance of dislike in the young lady; but before an answer was positively given, Mr. Conolly, with double his fortune, (and perhaps about half his merit), offered himself, and was accepted; the answer to Lord Mornington[4] was, that "the young lady had an unsurmountable dislike to him."

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[1] Anne Princess of Orange and Princess Royal of England, died 12th January, 1759.

[2] Garrett, 2nd Lord Mornington, married, 6th February, 1759, Anne, eldest daughter of Arthur Hill, Esq., afterwards created Viscount Dungannon.

[3] Lady Louisa Lenox, third daughter of Charles, 2nd Duke of Richmond, married in 1758, the Right Hon. Thomas Conolly, of Castletown.

[4] Lord Mornington was Mrs. Delany's godson, the "Mr. Wesley," so often before mentioned.

However, his heart had no great part in the affair, he liked her, *and the alliance.* If any wound was made, Miss Hill *has cured* it by making a deeper one; settlements are drawing up and the clothes bought, and the whole family as happy as truly they have reason to be. She is eldest daughter to Mr. Hill of Belvoir, at whose house we were in our way to the Giant's Causeway; she has six thousand pound, and the family estate settled on her in case her brother has no children; Lord Mornington settles £1400 a-year jointure on her, with five hundred a-year pin money; his estate is now eight thousand pounds a-year, and it will be ten in two or three years more.

I consider time flies very fast, and endeavour to be resigned; indeed, were it not for you, and a very few besides, I could not wish to stir out of the spot I am in, which is truly delightful; nor think at threescore years of age,[1] of encountering seas, and all the difficulties of travelling, which are not so easily toiled through as thirty years ago. But all difficulties will vanish when the proper opportunity invites me to see the sister of my heart. The Dean and I shall be extremely mortified if you do not go to Spring Gardens; I think you ought to go on Mary's account; not only for confirming her dancing (for which she has *certainly a genius*), but to improve an acquaintance with her relations, who may hereafter be of use to her; so that when she is so unhappy as to want the protection she has at present, she may not be a stranger to those with whom we may naturally wish she should keep up a good correspondence. As to a dancing master, I suppose Lady Cowper[2]

[1] Mrs. Delany was then fifty-nine.

[2] Lady Cowper was godmother and cousin to Mary Dewes, and (as appears

will desire Dunoyer, and he is certainly the best now Serise is gone. Mr. Granville I suppose will lend you a clavichord; Mary has had *uncommon* advantages at home for the improvement of what is *most* material, and a foundation is laid, by her excellent and kind instructors, that will make her happy beyond this earthly tabernacle; but this is not all that is requisite, unless she is to turn hermit. There is a *grace* and a *manner* which cannot be attained without conversing with a variety of well-bred people, which when well chosen cannot efface what is certainly more necessary, but will give a polish, and by an agreeable recommendation render all the good part more useful and acceptable to those she converses with. These are my sentiments, and if I have said too much I hope you and Mr. Dewes will forgive my zeal for one that I look upon as my own child.

We are one and all against Mr. Addison's assertion about laughter; he only quotes it, but seems to give into it. I don't know how that definition can stand, as the motives undoubtedly vary, and might be distinguished much in the same manner as Shakespear's clown does the causes of quarrels in "As You Like It."

I believe my allowance will answer very well here, as provisions are cheaper than in Warwickshire; but in half a year I shall be a judge, and I am to have whatever addition I please. I think Mary will become a robe very much; but if the mourning is to be the same as for Princess Caroline, she must lay her *costly robes aside* for some time, and dress like other girls of

to have been the case in those days in other instances), her right to advise as godmother was *always admitted*; she was also extremely attached to her godchild.

her age. For second mourning, if she is in town, a white satin may do as well as pink; but I believe the deep mourning will last till April.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 3rd Feb. 1759.

What a worthless creature that Sir T. L., and what an enviable creature he might be did he spend his immense fortune as he ought to do! I suppose the report of his making his addresses to the Duchess of Hamilton is all fabulous.

Tuesday, 30th January, after church, Mrs. Hamilton and her daughter, Sally, and I went with the six horses to take the air as far as the Hill of Howth, which is about *ten English miles;* it is all the way on the strand close to the sea, the view of which, with the ships in the harbour, the city of Dublin, little villages, hills, mountains, and beautiful fields and scattered houses, make a most delightful appearance: we did not return home till near six, when we found our little fasting dinner ready for us. Now what do you think? *Mrs. Delany,* with ditto company, went to the Mourning Bride[1] to see the new playhouse, and Mrs. Fitzhenry performed the part of Zara, which I think she does incomparably! The house is very handsome and well lighted, and there I saw Lady Kildare and her two blooming sisters—Lady Louisa Conolly (the bride) and Lady Sarah Lenox,[2] who I think the prettiest of the two. Lord

[1] "The Mourning Bride," by William Congreve. The only tragedy this author ever wrote.

[2] Lady Sarah Lennox, 4th daughter of Charles, 2nd Duke of Richmond. She married, in 1762, Sir Thomas Charles Bunbury; and, secondly, the Hon. George Napier.

Mornington was at the play, and looked *as solemn* as one should suppose the young lady he is engaged to would have done! They are to be married next Tuesday. When their great invitations are over they shall have a quiet one at Delville; Lord Mornington has acted very generously on the occasion. When he made his proposal, Mr. Hill told him he did him and his daughter a great deal of honour, but that he could not pretend to give his daughter a fortune any way suitable to his Lordship's estate without injuring his other daughters: Lord Mornington said he did *not* desire *any fortune*, but would settle £1600 a year jointure on Miss Hill, and five hundred a-year pin money; and if she had any fortune, desired it might be laid out in jewels for her. I hope she will prove deserving of this pretty behaviour, and make him happy: he is a very good young man on the whole; but where is the perfect creature? I have digressed from my account of the play, which on the whole was tolerably acted, though I don't like *their celebrated* Mr. Barry: he is tall and ungainly, and does not speak sensibly, nor look his part well: he was Osmyn; Almeyra was acted by a very pretty woman, who I *think* might be made a *very good actress*, her name is Dancer.[1]

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 10th March, 1759.

My last long letter[2] (as long as Mary's train is to be) answered many things in your last, particularly

[1] Mrs. Dancer, afterwards Mrs. Barry.

[2] This letter, about the marriage of Lady Elizabeth Bentinck to Lord Weymouth, has not been found.

about the Whitehall wedding,[1] which I most heartily wish and pray may prove a happy one. I believe there is nothing in the report about Lord Willoughby and Lady Harriet. He is, I think, much commended in his neighbourhood, and if he is worthy I should wish he would bring you a neighbour you would like so well.

Thursday, Lord and Lady Mornington dined with us, but I did not pretend to give them a wedding entertainment; my dessert was all Smith's fancy, and *very pretty* and much set off by some fine china, part of my dear Bushe's legacy. Lord Mornington seems *very happy* as well as his Lady, a pair of good-humoured young things, but I think her education not finished enough for her to make any considerable figure, nor her judgment sufficient to get the better of some disadvantages *he* has had in his education.

I have an additional beauty to-day to my prospect—a *fine lake* opposite to my window by the overflowing of a meadow! News just now brought me,—my *white cow* (of the Bulstrode breed) delivered of a calf.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 17th March, 1759.

Miss Mary Hamilton is still with me; she is a sort of girl you would like extremely; she is very sensible, extremely lively and modest, with a great deal of Mary's drollery. I am sorry Lord Mornington did not fix here instead of where he has done—there is no comparison in

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[1] The Lady Elizabeth Cavendish Bentinck, eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Portland, married, May 22nd, 1759, Thomas Viscount Weymouth, afterwards Marquis of Bath.

the good sense and clever education of one to what the other has had; but these things are ordered all for the best, though they may not appear so to our short sight.

Monday, staid at home — work and book, Ulloa's Travels;[1] some part curious, not very entertaining. Tuesday, the rehearsal of Endymion; very well for lady singing, but I did not think it well enough to venture going in a storm to the performance of it; and was better regaled with Mrs. Hamilton, and Mrs. Forth, and Miss Hamilton, who spent the day with us: we read *Law against the Stage*:[2] have you read it? He is warm and vehement, and *runs away* with his argument, often begging the question. This manner of treating the subject will never convince, and prevents the good and just things he says from having the efficacy they ought to have! I cannot but think that plays well chosen, which expose and punish vice and distinguish and reward virtue, are very allowable entertainments, and might be calculated to do a great deal of good. I own as the stage is *now* managed, when many immoral, bad plays are encouraged, they are dangerous, but *that* is the fault of *the manager* and those who go to them that they do not *choose better*.

You have often heard me mention Mrs. O'Hara, a blind lady, a very sensible agreeable woman, sister to Lord Tyrawley—had his wit, but not his wickedness,

[1] Don Antonia Ulloa, a Spanish mathematician, was employed in measuring a degree of the meridian in Peru in 1735, and remained there ten years. On his return he was taken prisoner by the English, but was soon released. He published his "Travels," and a physico-historical work on South America, and died 1795.

[2] "The Absolute Unlawfulness of Stage Entertainments," by the Rev. William Law.

for she was a very religious, good woman; she had a servant, Mrs. Outing, who had lived with her many years, and she always said she should not survive her. Mrs. Outing died last Friday, and Mrs. O'Hara on Monday morning, seemingly not in a worse state of health than she had been in for a year past, and the apothecary who attended them both died on Tuesday! a mournful tale this of mortality if we look no farther than this world! I shall miss Mrs. O'Hara extremely; she was always at home and very partial to me, and I don't know anybody that was more constantly entertaining.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 24th March, 1759.

I have not yet begun painting, as I have had two or three colds in succession. I am going about a little shell ornament for my bow closet—festoons of shell flowers in their *natural colours*, that are to go over the bow window; and I have *just finished* running with mosaic ground in crimson silk, chintz covers for the couches and stools in the closet, and Miss Hamilton has made a very pretty fringe for them. I send you a bit enclosed: it is made up with two knotting needles; if you do not know it already you will soon find it out.

Last Monday Mr. and Mrs. Bayly, Miss B., and Miss Newcomb, a relation that lives with them, dined here, and they brought with them Mr. Butler, son to Sir Richard Butler,[1] a young gentleman of a very good.

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[1] Thomas, eldest son of Sir Richard Butler, Bart., married Dorothea, only daughter of Edward Bayley, D.D., of Ardfert, and Archdeacon of Dublin.

character, well enough in his person, genteel and civil in his behaviour. He is to be married to Miss Bayly; Mr. Bayly gives her 7000 pounds; Mr. Butler has at present of his own a thousand pound a-year, his father's estate reckoned three thousand a-year. Lady Butler is very eager for the match, Sir Richard is somewhat of an old hunks, and demurs about settlements. I hope it will be a match, as the young people like one another.

On Tuesday I worked at your chenille chair.

Thursday we walked in the garden and fed the robins,—several of them eat out of D.D.'s hand. Whilst we were enjoying the fresh air Michael (my new footman) came running out of breath. "Madam, *Mrs. Clayton* and Mrs. Barnard the younger are come." We wished them at St. Woolstans, as we were forced to give up our sweet prospect for a *very sour* aspect, for she was exceedingly cross, much offended at finding *Mrs. F.*, &c. here, and said "*if they* did not *live with me* she should *never* see them." Why does she not then go to Finglass, or send her coach for them? they have no equipage, nor are they in the way of getting one; and there are no hackney coaches in the country. However, she made us diversion with recollecting, after she was gone, the many civil things she said to all the company; to be sure there must be an infinite deal of *verjuice* in her composition!

The coach is at the door, and we are going to Burdoyl, a strand about six miles off, in search of shells.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 31st March, 1759.

Mrs. Hamilton's work will do for a screen.[1] My bow window has provoked me to a good deal of work; I am making festoons with shell-flowers, *chained up* with silver shells, which will look very well on the crimson ground: and next week I hope I shall be able to take up my pencils again.

I am quite of your mind about marrying; I should be very sorry to have Mary married before she was twenty, and yet if a very desirable match offers sooner, I don't know how it can be refused, if *she must* marry *at all?* A propos, we dined last Thursday at Mrs. C's., she was very lively. After dinner the discourse ran upon women living single: she said it was a foolish scheme, for *after forty* it was awkward because they *were insignificant;* and she spoke with great contempt of them. I was angry at the indignity, and said, but with great calmness, "*I wonder you should say so, for who makes better a figure, or lives more comfortably than your sister Donnellan, whose drawing-room is constantly filled with the best company, and whose conversation is much sought after?*" It would have diverted you to have seen how blank she looked. "Oh! but," she added, "they grow jealous and suspicious."—"*Not at all,*" said I, "*unless they were inclined to it when young.*" How strange they should not love each other as we do? But they don't: that wicked fiend *Interest* blasts all

[1] This wonderful piece of work is in the possession of the Editor. It is a basket filled with flowers from nature, worked in chenille, and is indescribably beautiful, the drawing as well as shading being perfect. A peacock butterfly is also equally well represented.

felicity where he interposes, aided and abetted by another vile spirit, *Envy*. I shall be glad to know our Cousin Weymouth's finery—much happiness, I am sure, I wish them both.

D.D. has not forgotten his promise about Pope's ethic poetry, but has bespoke it, bound up by itself on purpose to add his objections; but it can hardly be accomplished before summer. It will be a very entertaining task to him to dictate, and to me to write; thanks for the *little secret poem* [from Court] to his sister; the goodness of his heart stamps a real value on the goodness of his head. Poor Mr. Sneyd! And is "*poor Double*" dead?

I have written to the Archbishop of Canterbury in favour of Mr. Sandford. Happy if I succeed. The pencil shells are come from the East Indies.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 14th April, 1759.

Monday, Tuesday, spent at home; Wednesday morning painted and repairing Guido's Madonna and Sleeping Child, which by the sun's coming on it is much hurt, and shall then finish the copy of the Salvator Rosa I began in London; it belongs to the Bishop of Derry—it is for the chapel.

Sally is glad you like Miss Stanton, but she "*cannot say whether she is worthy of the intimacy of Miss Dewes:*" she shall be very glad to hear she is well married.

I have been delayed in my return back to my letter by a little importunate robin, who would not let me pass by him in the portico walk, till I had fed him with

almonds; not satisfied with a plentiful repast for himself, he insisted on my giving him some for his wife, who is sitting on her nest expecting him; sometimes she grows impatient (perhaps a jealous fit), and *comes herself* to see what makes him stay so long; he knows her errand, and *crams her bill* before she can chide him for his delay. A thrush called to me, too, from the top of a high tree, warbling forth all his harmonious varieties for my entertainment, but I have fled from the syren, and hope no other interruptions will come in my way.

I am very glad Dr. Shuckborough has got so plentifull a fortune, since he has a heart to do so much good with it. You are very wise, my dearest sister, in not *much* encouraging the humour of *drollery;* I think it is to the mind what drawing caracituros are to the painting genius, and *indulgence that way* spoils all the fine ideas of *real beauty.*

I believe Mrs. Hill has been very careful in the common way of the education of her daughters; they are in very good order, and civil. What I think L. M. may be wanting in, is what few people have attained at her age, who have not some real superiority of understanding, and a little experience of the manners of the world; nor *could she learn* from her mother that politeness of behaviour and address, which is not only *just but bright.* She is pretty, excessively good-natured, and happy in her present situation; but I own I think my godson required a wife that knew more the punctilios of *good breeding*, as he is *much wanting* in them *himself*, and those things *should not* be wanting to men of rank and fortune: indeed, *I carry it farther*, and I think that nobody can do so much good in the world who is *not* well

bred as those that *are!* in truth it is only a modern phrase (according to my notion of that virtue) for *that* "*charity*" emphatically expressed by St. Paul. Yet refining is of little use, where the wife is only considered as a head servant in the family, and honoured with the head of the table, only that she may have all the troubles of carving, as well as the care of supplying that table, so that her lord may not descend to any domestic drudgery. Our Maker created us "*helps meet*," which surely implies we are worthy of being their companions, their friends, *their advisers*, as well as *they ours*; without those privileges being our due, how could *obedience to their will be a punishment?* Our servants are *not punished* by being obedient to our will?

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 20th April, 1759.

I have great satisfaction in what *you tell me* of the Whitehall match; I think there is a *good foundation* in Lord Weymouth. The superstructure was attacked and shook by the *vile Arthurians*, but being in time well repaired and supported, *I hope* the building may defy all future assaults. Many evil and false reflections have been made by those whose nets he has happily escaped. I have truly pitied my friend! she had a *great struggle*, but seems *now* perfectly satisfied, and I am sure I pray most heartily that she may have more and more reason so to be.

I will get *Mr. Romaine's*[1] sermon on Mr. Hervey. *He*

[1] "Sermon on the Death of the Rev. Mr. Hervey," by the Rev. William Romaine, author of several religious works and sermons.

is too enthusiastical for me, and I don't always understand him. Have you read Jones[1] on the doctrine of the Trinity? It is the shortest, plainest, and most satisfactory confutation of the Arian doctrine I have ever met with.

Easter Sunday, after the satisfaction of joining with a very full congregation in all the duties of the day, we had only family friends to dine with us. Mr. Sackville Hamilton came, drank tea and supped with us, went away at eleven by a bright moon-light. He is by much the prettiest gentleman in Ireland, sensible and polite. He has got an employment in the Custom-house, about £200 a year; the salary used to be but fourscore, but he has made himself so useful in the place he is in, that the salary has been augmented as a reward to his industry; no news yet from Mr. Harry Hamilton now at Halifax, which occasions much anxiety in the family.

On Monday Lord Shelburne[2] and his sister, Lady Arabella, dined here, and were much pleased with every thing (they are the pink of compliment), but especially with my *bow window* closet, and the day was favourable.

Wednesday and Thursday, I painted. Thursday evening I made some visits; went to our cousin Grandisons, who reproached me with neglect. I thought it would have been a *melancholy visit*, (as Mr. Mason and the Viscountess were seemingly very fond), so I stepped

[1] The "Catholic Doctrine of the Trinity," by the Rev. William Jones, an eminent divine, born 1726; died 1800. His theological and philosophical works form twelve volumes, 8vo.

[2] The Hon. John Fitz Maurice, 1st Earl of Shelburne, and brother of Lady Arabella Denny.

softly into the room, found only Lord Grandison and his lady together, talked of the great loss of Mr. Mason, dead just *one month*, asked if I might see the Dowager: the door was open into the room, where she sat. I saw a glimmering light, and expected to see a dejected figure by the dim taper's light,—when, behold! she was sitting at a card-table playing at cribbage: but she looked melancholy, and I believe is sorry. I cannot think it right in her friends about her to make her do what in truth has a very indecent appearance, but *cards* are now *the nostrum* to drive away *all sorrow!*

Mr. Smyth to Bernard Granville, Esq.

DEAR SIR, London, April 17th, 1759.

According to your request to me when you left London, that I would let you know when our good friend departed this life, *on Saturday last at 8 o'clock in the morn died the great and good Mr. Handel.* He was sensible to the last moment; made a codicil to his will on Tuesday, ordered to be buried privately in Westminster Abbey, and a monument not to exceed £600 for him. I had the pleasure to reconcile him to his old friends; he saw them and forgave them, and let all their legacies stand! In the codicil he left many legacies to his friends, and among the rest he left me £500, and has left to you the two pictures *you formerly gave him.* He took leave of all his friends on Friday morning, and desired to see nobody but the Doctor and Apothecary and myself. At 7 o'clock in the evening he took leave of me, and told me we "should meet again;" as

soon as I was gone he told his servant "*not* to let me come to him any more, for that he had *now done with the world.*" He died as he lived—*a good Christian*, with a true sense of his duty to God and man, and in perfect charity with all the world. If there is anything that I can be of further service to you please to let me know. I was to have set out for the Bath to-morrow, but must attend the funeral, and shall then go next week.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

JAMES SMYTH.

He has left the Messiah to the Foundling Hospital, and one thousand pounds to the decayed musicians and their children, and the residue of his fortune to his niece and relations in Germany. He has died worth £20,000, and left legacies with his charities to nearly £6000. He has got by his Oratorios this year £1952 12*s.* 8*d.*

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 5th May, 1759.

I was very much pleased with Court's lines on Mr. Handel; they are very pretty and very just. D.D. likes them extremely. I could not help feeling a damp on my spirits, when I heard that great master of music was no more, and I shall now be *less able* to bear any other music than I used to be. I hear he *has* shewed his *gratitude* and *his regard* to my brother by leaving him some of his pictures;[1] he had *very good ones.* I

[1] In a codicil to Handel's will, dated August 4th, 1757, he says:—"I give

believe when my brother wrote last to me, which was from Calwich, he had not had an account of his legacy; it was from Mrs. Donnellan I had it, to whom Handel has left 50 pounds. I want to know what the pictures are? I am sure you were pleased with the honours done him by the Chapter at Westminster.

We have not seen, nor can we yet get Mr. Spence's[1] Parallel on Magliavecchi and Mr. Hill; I shall be glad to hear more of this extraordinary man, I suppose you will get acquainted with him if he comes into your neighbourhood; I thought the *Hill*[2] that answered Bishop Clayton's Essay on Spirit, was the naturalist who published the *Garden of Eden*[3] that enriches my library.

"Not hear of Mr. and Mrs. Clements!" Why she is finer than the finest lady in England. Dress, furniture, house, equipage—*excelling all!* Mr. Clements *is—her husband!* They set out in life very young and very humble, though both of good families; he was a favourite of the famous Luke Gardiner's,[4] and has gathered together by degrees an immense fortune, if one may judge by the magnificence of his living; and what is

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to B. Granville, Esq., *the landskip* (a View of the Rhine), *done by Rembrandt*, and another, by the same hand, which *he* made me a present of some time ago."

[1] Parallel in the manner of Plutarch: between a most celebrated man of Florence (Signor Magliavechi), and one scarcely known in England (Robert Hill); by Joseph Spence. Published at Strawberry Hill. 1758.

[2] "Remarks on the Essay on Spirit," were written by Robert Hill, a self-taught genius of extraordinary merit, bred a *tailor and staymaker*. He acquired sufficient knowledge of the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages, to be able to teach them. He died 1777.

[3] "Eden; or a Complete Body of Gardening," by Sir John Hill, M.D., a very singular character, and most voluminous writer, who resided in London, and died 1775.

[4] Right Honourable Luke Gardner, Deputy Vice-Treasurer of Ireland.

quite surprizing, they are both very moderate in their understanding, and yet there is a cleverness and elegance in everything about them that is beyond what could be expected; they are now gone to their house in the park, about four miles from hence—three from Dublin; they keep Wednesdays.

I am now very busy in filling up the vacancies in my dressing-room by the pictures Spring Garden has robbed it of. My present is a picture to go over the chimney—I have borrowed it of Lord Rawdon—a charming Carlo Maratti: the "Riposo" in Egypt, as the Italians call it. The Virgin Mary sitting on the ground with our Saviour standing and looking up in her face; her figure is very sweet and graceful; the background, a landscape with Joseph at a distance.

I called on Lady Rawdon. She is very sensible, well bred, and agreeable. She told me she had heard her brother Lord Huntingdon,[1] was going to be married to Lady Harriet Bentinck, but she "feared it would be too great a honour and happiness for him to expect." I *could not* make her the compliment of *wishing* it to be *true*, unless I had thought him as deserving as his sister, and then I should very sincerely; for I believe she is a very worthy woman, an excellent wife and mother. She reads a vast deal and has a surprizing knowledge of history. I much regret I did not apply myself more to it in my younger years, particularly the history of my own country; but I find it now pleasanter to read than I used to do, I believe it is being more sensible of the importance of it. In the course of conversation with

[1] Francis, 10th Earl of Huntingdon. He died 2nd October, 1789.

Lady Rawdon she told me that she "had been assured by a person she thought must know, that the Duchess of Portland kept her daughters at such a distance, that even now they are not permitted to dine at table with her." *You know how untrue that is!* It is surprizing the delight that people have in *propagating lies!* Wednesday I stuck close to my palette and pencils, and refreshed myself in the evening in my garden.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 12th May, 1759.

I hear Lord Stormont,[1] now at Warsaw, is going to be married to a Polish lady with 15,000£ to her fortune —a Protestant. I am now deep in paint; the picture I have undertaken is a large task—if I finish it in three months it must be with industry. Monday and Tuesday mornings were engaged in shell-work; I shall make my bow-window closet at last *an errant fop*, but *flattery* raises *vanity*, and *vanity* delights *in decorations!* Tuesday, Lord Rawdon and Mr. Comin, (a clergyman of extraordinary learning, and a very agreeable as well as good man) dined here; friends at Finglass met them. D.D. obliged to attend the Four Courts as a witness of Lord Belvidere's[2] marriage (Lord Belfield that was), for he married him; *after sixteen years* the trial come on yesterday, and Mr. Rochfort is imprisoned for life, being charged with damages impossible for him to pay.

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[1] David, 7th Viscount Stormont, married, first, in 1759, Henrietta Frederica, daughter of Henry Count Bunau, Privy Councillor to the Elector of Saxony; and secondly, 1776, Emma, third daughter of Charles, 9th Lord Cathcart.

[2] Robert Rochfort, Baron of Bellfield, was created Earl of Belvedere, 29th November, 1756.

Before the trial came on Lord Belvidere offered him his liberty, and that he would not prosecute him if he would *quit the kingdom?* he *refused the offer*, and *well deserves his fate.*

At 2 o'clock, a note came from Lady A. Dennys to say as some of her company might not be quite agreeable to us to be surprized with, she thought it proper to let us know who they were—*Lord Shelburne, Lord Kerry, Lord Chancellor,*[1] *&c.* I was at a loss at first, but sent her a note to say that D.D. was in the Four Courts, and was apprehensive when he went that it would not be in his power to wait on her, which was really true, and I sent him a note which determined him not to dine at Lady A. Dennys. I went and Sally: an excuse was made to me for not recollecting circumstances, which *might* make such a meeting *disagreeable to me!* but it was quite easy to me; I had no reluctance in the meeting, "if an excuse was wanted, it was to the person that had done the injury, as it might *not* be *quite so easy to them,*" —this was the answer I made. Lady A. Dennys is a very civil, sensible woman, but she must have been in a very absent way when she invited her company. The Chancellor officiously addressed himself to me in conversation; he is in a miserable state of health, with legs bigger considerably at the ankle than at the calf.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 22 June, 1759

I must first do justice to poor K., who mentions your generous, tender behaviour to her in the most grateful

[1] John, Lord Bowes, Lord Chancellor of Ireland from 1757 to 1767, who was very much opposed to the Dean of Down during the lawsuit.

terms. I believe she has very good sense as well as excellent principles; it is impossible not to grieve for her mother; I own she is never out of my thoughts, and the very scheme you propose has occurred to me.

The little I can do can never be so properly applied as to the support of the worthy, were there not the tie of a long settled friendship. What I determined to do on the change of situation, was to continue the sum I lately sent annually, as long as I lived. As to T—ys I have no opinion of *any of their hearts*, and whatever you are so kind as to apply to them for, I am sure you will do it in the most delicate and proper manner. They have never shewn any real kindness to our friend, but have been very insolent and inhuman when they had an opportunity, I mean the *men* of the family; the ladies I fear have little in their power. I believe J. does not want for good-nature, but has a wife, who blasts the little good that may be in him; so that my expectations are small from that quarter, but our friend is most able, and most willing, to engage in so humane a scheme, and I will write as soon as they are settled, and all the matrimonial ceremonies are over. It is most kindly and well judged in you, my dearest sister, not to let the lady know what you are doing for her till it is completed; she is generous and delicate in her sentiments, and now that she is so much ruffled, and her faculties somewhat impaired she may be hurt (though there is a necessity for it), by this effort of her friends. Shall I, or will you, apply to Percivals at Bristol? I am very much afraid Mr. Sandford is ill; I wrote to him on the death of Mr. Chapone to give him an account of his friend, and have not heard since; Judge Ward's death I fear is a great loss to him.

Tuesday, the coach and four and chariot and pair, containing Mrs. Hamilton, Miss M. H., D.D., and your humble servant, Miss A. H. and Sally, (Mr. S. H. on horseback,) set out after breakfast to go to a strand called Malahide, 8 miles off, which is a very fine one, to pick shells; *mistook our road*, and made 12 miles at least of it! proposed returning to dinner, travelled through *great part of Fingal*, pretty country, with fine views of the harbour and shipping, the ocean beyond, the Hill of Howth and Islands of Lambay, Dawky, and Ireland's Eye, and many more prettinesses too numerous for the present moment of writing; but we got *not* to the main strand we wanted to see, which was *beyond* Malahide, and *time* allowed us to go no farther, that intruding old gentleman, who is always ready to put a spoke in one's wheel! Mr. S. Ham., by virtue of belonging to the custom-house, got us admittance into a very clean room in the surveyors-house, where we got very good bread and butter, and cold mutton and plum-cake (excessively hot and hungry) and were entertained by seeing the fishermen drag the net in the sea and catch a parcel of very fine mullet, two of the best I bought and a great many *purple and yellow wild oysters*. Miss M. H., Sally, and Mr. Hamilton walked on a little point of land towards the fishing-boat; the sea was coming in so fast that they could not return the same way, so they got into the boat and rowed to land *with the fish!* Wednesday being our wedding-day we had all our family friends. I painted in the morning, the same on Thursday, and enjoyed the garden wonderfully in the evening. To-day I hope will be a garden-day.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 7th July, 1759.

Did you hear of the Duchess of Portland's fall down the Duchess of Montrose's stone stairs? Thank God she got no other harm than spraining her ankle, which is pretty well again. The young couple at Longleat are very happy. Lady Weymouth rides out every day with my Lord, and *Mrs. Granville*[1] *follows in a post-chaise!*

I find Mr. Foley has put his son to Oxford; Mrs. Foley does not say what college or tutor. This is a year of great show at Oxford, which she seems to think lucky for her son; I should rather have feared the dissipation of it. It is joy enough to shake off the shackles of school and commence man, and a sedate introduction to their study in the college is more desirable, than to be entered with all that show and bustle; but I talk like a *hermit in my cell*, and *she* like *a woman of the world!*

D.D. has a great mind to make Mr. Sandford his librarian and household chaplain; but he fears what is convenient to him to offer Mr. Sandford is not worth his acceptance; and *if the little friend* gives more, it cannot be desired that he should quit his present situation.

Monday, a pleasant day at Lucan. Tuesday, in the garden. Wednesday, after breakfast, to Ballydoyle strand, gathered good store of cockles, mussels, and scallops, the prospects beautiful beyond description; after dinner much company. Thursday, parted most unwillingly with our agreeable guests; but could not

[1] The Hon. Ann Granville, Lord Weymouth's aunt.

well press them to stay longer, having much papering *locking up*, &c. to do before our journey, which we propose to begin on the 17th. Great part of the house is to be painted and whitewashed, and everything that can be damaged must be put safe. We have got a new book to entertain us in the North which is greatly commended—Robertson's[1] History of Scotland. Have you read Dr. Young's[2] letter to Mr. Richardson on original authors, written with the spirit of twenty-five rather than fourscore years of age.

Thursday, we dined at Celbridge, Mr. Marlay's. The rest of the week preparing for our journey. Since beginning this letter a whim came into my head of making a bridge from the walnut-path (which is bounded by a rill) to Elmy, proposed it to D.D., *approved;* am now finishing my letter near the spot, and the carpenter is *already* sawing and hewing with all his might to make room for my bridge; called to consultation!

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 16 July, 1759.

Our amiable god-daughter has been so extremely ill, that I sent on Friday night for Dr. Quin, who is a very sensible, good physician, and an ingenious and agreeable man. Had an emetic in case it should be

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[1] The History of Scotland, by William Robertson, D.D., author of the History of Charles V., and the History of America, &c. The History of Scotland was published in 1759, and reached a fourteenth edition before his death, in 1793.

[2] "Conjectures on Original Compositions," by Dr. Edward Young. Published in 1759.

wanted; but he desired it might not be given till next morning, and when he came he would not venture to give it, but said she *must be blooded*; no marks appeared till Saturday night, and the doctor pronounced it the small pox with every favourable symptom.

Mrs. Hamilton of Finglass has offered (and I gladly accept) her assistance to nurse. She has had a great deal of experience with her children and friends, and has *sense and spirit*, which will be useful to all, and a great relief to my mind, when I can't be in the way myself.

Smith and William are gone to the North. D.D. follows, please God, to-morrow, and has been so good as to insist upon my staying and taking care of Sally; indeed, as she has no mother or sister to take care of her, I think it is *a duty incumbent on me.*

Thus far yesterday: everything goes on as well as can be. The Dean set out at 5 this morning. I have sent *Smith and John to take care of him*, but it is *not easy to me.*

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 18th July, 1759.

This is the eighth day. Mrs. Hamilton lies in a little bed in the dressing-room next to Sally, and will not suffer me to sit up beyond my usual hour. As she is very watchful, and never goes to bed when at home and alone before two o'clock, it makes me comply easily. The nursekeeper also is a very sober, good sort of woman, and used to tend in the small pox, but it is too critical a distemper to trust entirely to any nursekeeper till after the turn. I gained some experience

with the Lady Bentincks. As soon as Sally is quite safe I shall set about abundance of business, and am to have painters, whitewashers, and the addition to the library to be opened, and all the books new arranged; by that time I hope the Dean will have a librarian, which is much wanted, for he has a *very good* collection of books, but they are in great disorder.

I am very glad you have mentioned Mr. Sandford to Lady A. C. Lord Hertford[1] I think must know him, and if he does I should hope would be glad to serve him; but I fear he does not come as our Lord Lieutenant—I wish he did: the *sober* ones among us will *be glad* to make *the exchange!*

I have one of the kind of oysters mentioned by your Bristol man, commonly called the lion's claw, but mine is a pigmy, only weighs *two hundred weight.*

The real practical Christianity and cheerful good sense with which Mrs. Delany met every infliction or annoyance of life is more instructive than many sermons; the account of her arrangements when Miss Chapone had the small pox is an illustration in point.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 28th July, 1759.

I think it has not a very gallant appearance in Lord Willoughby to give up his commission at such a time; I fear it will fix the character of effeminacy with which he has been charged. I rejoice that Miss Anne

[1] Francis, 1st Earl of Hertford, afterwards created in 1793 Marquis of Hertford. He married, 29th May, 1741, Isabella, youngest daughter of Charles, 2nd Duke of Grafton; and died 14th June, 1794.

Viney is of your party; I am sure her good taste will find much entertainment at Calwich, and her friendly heart give and receive pleasure in being with such friends.

I begin now to feel the Dean's absence more than I did when my mind was so anxious about Sally, and believe, as it is such fine weather, I shall go to him about a fortnight hence, if he does not contradict it. I shall not take Sally, as it will be too soon to hurry her with so long a journey, and she may either stay here with one of the Miss Hamiltons, or go to Mrs. Hamilton's in Dublin, where they will be glad to have her. This is my present thought, and so you have it—it may by my next writing be altered.

I long for a very particular account of *all* the improvements at Calwich. What an unreasonable request! but pray consider how many there are of you to compose the piece. Let every one take a part: the *house*, the *plantations*, the *river*, the *islands*, the *seats*, &c. I am much obliged to Miss Nanny for her most kind letter from Bishopstow, which I have not of late had time or spirits to answer, for besides my nursing (the cares about which I thank God are now over), the Dean's absence supplies me with abundance of business in the house and gardens, both full of workmen.

I *believe* it was the Bishop of Elphin who wrote the letters to his nephew Neddy; I have neither seen nor heard any character of them; how do you like them? He is a sensible man.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 11th August, 1759.

I am as full of business as a bee, having various workmen to attend. We have lowered the wall that encompassed the garden from twelve to five feet, which has a very good effect, and opens the view to very pretty fields of our own, where our deer and cows graze; they are rising grounds, with some clumps and scattered trees. We are making an addition to our library. I am now painting what the Dean calls "the *Minerva*," and the house is whitewashing and sprucing all over; the chapel I hope I shall get finished by the time D.D. returns. I fear it will not be in my power to go to him, as I don't care to leave the house with so many workmen; but I hope to send him some good company, being in *daily expectation* of a visit from Mr. Sandford.

I hope you are now quite easy about our dear god-daughter; she is as strong as can reasonably be expected.

You talk of *candied orange-flowers;* pray is it *clear* candy? if it is, I should be excessively glad of the receipt. If I were to enumerate *my* different employments this day from six to the present hour (three), you would not wonder I should say I am much tired.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 18th August, 1759.

Why will you not tell me what is done at Calwich? Well, then, I'll imagine what I please, and build a stately palace after the Palladian taste, and when I

have done I shall not like it half so well as what is really done, which I am sure is well suited to the place, and more agreeable than any palace in the world; and long may the dear master enjoy it in perfect health, and all his improvements around!

I received your letter about Mr. Fulwood, and have done myself injustice in not telling you I immediately obeyed Mr. Dewes' commands, and enquired if Lord Weymouth had a vacant place for him, giving him all the particulars of his character as you sent it to me; but he does not want a person of that kind.

I long to know how the affair of the bridge ended. I heartily wish it finished to my brother's contentment.

I was so nice about my bow window, that I *sent to England* for *good glass*, and have had the sashes new made in the *narrow* way, which makes them much pleasanter; indeed, the prospect they open to ought to have every advantage.

To-day we part with our agreeable Miss M. Hamilton, indeed, with regret; but it is unreasonable to ask to keep her longer as she is the joy of her family.

The chapel will now soon be finished: the glass is put in to the ground window, and the painted glass round the rim, and *the star* of looking-glass diamond cut at the edges has a very good effect; the frame, which is made of brass, is gilt; and I shall next week *add a wreath* round it of vine and oak branches entwined, and ears of corn mixed with it.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 15th Sept. 1759.

Since my last letter to you we have received a very agreeable visitor. Mr. Sandford came last Monday, after being at sea seventeen days. He came from Bristol, contrary winds drove him into Milford Haven, and detained him there *almost a fortnight*; he is well in health, grown fat, and in good spirits. He proposes going soon to see his Cousin Ward in the North, which he must do. *His little friend*[1] was much pleased with his coming, but he believes he expects him again when the militia have done their duty. God forbid there should be anything more for them to do than to exercise and parade about. We have as yet had but little opportunity of private discourse.

Sally has a cat she calls "Kitty," so tame that she walks with us every day in our garden. I have no new animal to boast of but a *tame gull*, that devours all the snails in my flower-garden.

I had last post a charming letter from the Duchess of Portland from Longleat. She likes the place *extremely*, but says she likes the master much more, whose *attention* and *tenderness* to Lady Weymouth, and *engaging behaviour to them all*, makes her quite happy; he seems now *devoted to a domestic life*, and I hope in God, that will fix him firm and sure.

Lord Titchfield is very well and Lord Stormont is married to a Polish lady with sixteen thousand pounds.

My chief works have been the ceiling of the chapel, which I have formerly described, done with cards *and*

[1] Mr. Sampson.

shells in imitation of stucco. In the chancel are four Gothic arches, two on each side, made *also of shells* in imitation of stucco, the arches no deeper than the thickness of the shells, to take off the plain look the walls would have without them. The wreath round the window is composed of oak-branches and vines made of cards; the *grapes, nuts,* and *large periwinkles,* the corn, *real wheat* painted, all to look like stucco. I am working coverings for the seats in chenille on a black ground, which gives it a gravity; but I don't think it so pretty a ground for *all colours* as any of the *browns.* My pattern a border of *oak-branches, and all sorts of roses* (*except yellow*), which I work without any pattern, just as they come into my head.

Wednesday, a home day, painting, &c. Yesterday, at home; in the evening Mr. Sandford reads Lord Clarendon[1] to us. He reads well, and I think the Memoires entertaining; Lord Clarendon seems a very honest candid man, and it is very agreeable to know the private thoughts and transactions of a man, who has been of so much consequence in the world, with many little anecdotes which an historian who meant his works should be published in a regular manner would not insert.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 22 Sept. 1759.

Monday, we carried Mr. Sandford to Mrs. Clement's Lodge in Phœnix Park, found her *at breakfast,* was first denied, but on hearing our names let us in. We eat a

[1] "An Account of the Life of Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, from his Birth to his Banishment in 1667," written by himself, was published at Oxford in 1759.

second breakfast, and walked all over her house; she *very fine*, and very civil, but it rained so violently we could not see her improvements abroad. Before we came away a pine-apple was brought in ready pared and cut, all served in fine old china. We hastened home without going to the camp, that is an entertainment still in store. On Tuesday we set out as soon as breakfast was over to Ballydoyle strand, just by the Hill of Howth, which I have described to you, and Mr. Sandford was quite delighted *with a sight so new, a sight so gay!* We picked up a great many common shells, and came home to dinner. Thursday, Lord Charlemont, his brother and sisters, dined here. He is perfectly recovered, and a very agreeable (ugly) man—sensible, lively, and polite. I wish he would fall in love with Miss Mary Hamilton, as she would make him a very proper wife.

Mr. Sandford has written to his Cousin Ward in the North to know if it would be convenient for him to wait upon him, and waits for his answer. His relations here *might* serve him, if they are inclined to serve a person of uncommon merit. I hope his *very little friend* will be so engaged with *his militia* as not to require his return back to him this winter, as he is very agreeable to D.D., and to *us all!* Nothing can be properer than his behaviour in all respects. He has entertained us very much with his accounts of our old acquaintance Col. Berkeley, who makes as good a figure at the head of his militia-men as he used to do at his election-balls.

I am glad Mrs. Spencer pleased so well at Warwick, but sorry you were not at home when she was there; that she might as well as having the pleasure of seeing you have seen all her young cousins. I have been

interrupted by Mr. Margas the optician, who came to set my camera obsura in order, and the sun has afforded us many beautiful objects. Oh that you could see them! but yet friendship gives us (even at this horrid distance) a mutual enjoyment of each other's pleasure.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 6th Oct. 1759.

I believe our academy of musical beaux and belles will be a fine show this winter. I shall indeed be most happy were it in the power of my dear Mary to make one of the number, but I don't know whether you would wish her to make use of the power? It is too public an affair, and must abate that proper bashfulness which should be the characteristic of a young woman, but the *design is good*, and it answers too good an end to be *dis*couraged. Our grandees are expected to-night; Lord Tavistock[1] and *the great* Mr. Rigby[2] are arrived already. I shall pay my compliment some morning, if her Grace receives morning visitors. It would look particular not to do it, as we have always visited, (though in a formal way), and the Dean *must go* or he will be *thought disaffected!*

I hope all your wheels are again in order.

Here I was interrupted and called to a consultation about *Kitty the cat*, who is I fear in a dangerous way.

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[1] Francis Marquis of Tavistock, killed by a fall from his horse, 22nd March, 1767.

[2] Richard Rigby, Esq., Secretary to the Duke of Bedford when Lord Lieutenant in Ireland. In August, 1759, he was appointed Ranger of Phœnix Park, and November 27th, 1759, Master of the Rolls in Ireland.

I know you will excuse this account, but humanity is not confined to the human species only.

Thursday Finglass friends spent the day here. Mrs. Southwell is much pleased with her jaunt, but has a melancholy scene before her eyes of poor Gran's very declining state—I think by her accounts she cannot last long! Mr. Sandford has had a long letter from *Mr. Sampson* with a very particular account of the Glocestershire encampment at Winchester; I hope *he* will not *demand* his friend back again this winter, for he is a very agreeable addition to our fireside, and I think *not more out* of the way of preferment, than he was at Henbury? He has an acquaintance here, who was his fellow collegiate at Oxford, Dr. Cob, nephew to the Archbishop of Dublin, who has considerable preferment, and I hope will show his friendship in a substantial way, as he expresses great satisfaction in seeing him in Ireland. D.D. has interest too with the archbishop, and will I am sure gladly make use of it to serve Mr. Sandford.

All well and happy at Longleat, thank God! They have had a house full of company—Jerseys and Spencers. Yesterday morning D.D., and I went to see an organ made by a very ingenious man and musician, Mr. Smith; it is just of a size to fit the nitch in the chapel. It has nine stops; two or three of them harsh and disagreeable, but the flute and stop diapason, and half an open diapason are very agreeable, and I believe are all I shall ever use. Its being ready to put up immediately will tempt us I believe to purchase it, though it is not very perfect in its kind: if you have any pretty hymns or psalms set for organ or harpsichord, pray send them to me under franks, for *I suppose* I shall be the chief organist.

Thursday morning D.D. had a visit from Mr. Roper,[1] a son of Lord Tenham's, who married about two months ago a daughter of Captain Tennison.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 13th Oct., 1759.

I am sorry Lady Foley's sister did not remember her cousin Tomlinson. I am sure she has not a worthier relation. I hope Lady Northhampton[2] will be very happy. Perhaps you will see her in your neighbourhood at dear Lady A. C's. Much said about Lord George Sackville,[3] more against than in his favour; he cannot have a trial in England as he fought under a foreign prince. It is said here that the King sent him word he "might go and take his trial in Germany," but that "whatever was determined there should be put into execution; and that his friends chose to submit to his present disgrace." This is *report;* his error, whatever occasioned it, was a fatal one, as many lives might have been saved, had he done his duty.

I have had much conversation of late about *Oxford*, and find all the men of learning and sobriety think it more advantageous to enter a lad a *commoner* than a *gentleman commoner*, and say it does not by any means shut them out from good company, which if they are in-

[1] The Hon. and Rev. Richard Henry Roper, second son of Henry, 8th Lord Teynham, married, secondly, Mary, daughter of Thomas Tenison, Esq.

[2] Anne, daughter of Charles, 7th Duke of Beaufort, married, 1759, Charles, 7th Earl of Northampton.

[3] Lord George Sackville, by delaying to obey the orders of Prince Ferdinand, was deemed to have hindered the full success of the battle of Minden, August 1, 1759.

clined to keep, they will always find the means of doing. Mr. Sandford is well acquainted with Balliol College and Mr. G—n; he is a very learned man as to books but *ignorant of the world*, and a stranger to all manner of politeness, and not a conversable man. I am greatly inclined to wish you and Mr. Dewes may approve of Christ Church. There are many advantages in that college superior to the rest, particularly his being admitted as a student is a very desirable thing, when a vacancy happens, and I could make good interest with Dr. Gregory, who is a very worthy man. There is a gentleman of Christ Church who takes pupils, who, Mr *Sandford* says, is a most unexceptionable man, but don't name *him* as to the information he has given me. As you have time to consider before you fix Master Dewes, it is not amiss for you to hear different opinions, and I am sure you and Mr. Dewes will not think me meddling or impertinent in what I say. The tutor at Christ Church that Mr. Sandford mentioned is Mr. Hollwell, about his own age and standing. It is certainly a very great advantage to have the tutor and pupil good friends, and a great difference in years makes that almost impracticable. Mr. Sandford says if my nephew is entered at any other college besides Christ Church, he may be in two years time a fellow of New-College by the favour of the Chancellor; nothing is more desirable, and I believe I could be of service to him with Lord Westmoreland. Mr. Sandford has received a very pressing invitation from his cousin Robert Ward in the North, which he must accept, though a long journey at this time of the year.

All the Hamiltons are in alarm for Mr. Harry

Hamilton now at Quebec. I pray God send us good news.[1]

D.D. went yesterday to the Castle to pay his devoirs, but *no Castle*—the Duke's levee not yet fixed—but the Primate desired D.D. would meet him at the Castle-chapel to-morrow and he would present him after chapel. Whilst I paint in the morning the gentlemen take their turns of reading to me. We are in a course of Thomson's plays.[2] I like Agamemnon extremely, and Edward and Eleonora. I read them when they first came out, but had almost forgotten them; Lord Clarendon (our evening lecture) is almost finished. Gustavus Adolphus[3] will be our next book.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 3rd Nov., 1759.

I shall be vastly obliged to you for the psalms, and shall value them doubly if written out by Mary, though I would rather employ her pen in letter-writing and get them copied by the organist or any music-writer: nothing but use can make letter-writing pleasant, as that alone can make it easy. I am sure her lively ima-

[1] On the 13th September, 1759, General Wolfe achieved the conquest of Quebec. The French General Montcalm, who defended the city, was killed upon the spot, and General Wolfe, who headed the English forces, with General Monkton, his second in command, were carried out of the lines desperately wounded. The latter recovered, but Wolfe just recognized the victory, said "I am satisfied," and expired.

[2] In 1738, Thomson produced his second tragedy, entitled "Agamemnon," which was followed by "Edward and Eleanora," "Tancred and Sigismunda," and "Coriolanus."

[3] The History of Gustavus Adolphus, surnamed the Great, King of Sweden; translated from the French by Ferrand Spence.

gination will never be at a loss, and as to her hand, it may settle into an easy *legible one* (though not a fine one), and that with *spelling very correctly* and *writing good English* is as much as need be desired.

The Castle produced me no entertainment. Our cousin[1] looks *as yellow as a kite's foot*, and *very stately* in her drawing-room, though at other times very condescending, and will go to anybody that will give her cards and supper. I am sure I am not one of those; she dines every Sunday with Lady Barrymore[2] on her own dinner. In the afternoon his Excellency comes, and cards and supper finish the day: such examples are *unnecessary!*

I have laid aside my scheme of the *roses* for my chapel cushions as *too gay for the purpose*, and have set all hands to work to finish some crimson double cross-stitch in diamonds, which looks rich and *grave*.

Mr. Sandford is still with his Cousin Ward, who is so fond of him that he will not let him come away, but I hope he will return to us next week.

Last Wednesday Mrs. H. Hamilton and her daughter breakfasted here. After breakfast I went to my painting and settled Mrs. Hamilton with water-colours and pencils: she is assisting me in colouring Sheldrake's Herbal.[3] When we were all comfortably settled, the young ladies with their work and Mr. Hamilton preparing to read to us, rap, rap at the door; and in came Mrs. Clayton, but she was in one of her *best humours*,

[1] The Duchess of Bedford, daughter of Earl Gower.

[2] Margaret, sister and heir of Edward Lord Mountcashel, and widow of James, 5th Earl of Barrymore.

[3] The copy here alluded to is in the Editor's possession. It bears the autograph, "M. Delany," and many of the prints are coloured.

walked in the garden, and excused my going, so I painted on. In the evening she called on Mrs. Hamilton in Anne Street, and told her of her visit. "*There*," says she, "*I found one painting* and *another dabbing*, so I thought they wanted not my company, and I walked into the garden," and *there* she found D.D. as busy with his *pickaxe and spade*, and *his labourers round him*, as we were in the house.

As D.D. and I went to the Castle last Tuesday we determined to go to the Birthday, but hearing so much said of an *intended invasion*, on our return home he resolved against it as an unnecessary expense at a time when money may prove very scarce; I hope the alarm will prove nothing. The Parliament have desired to know what expense will be necessary for making a defence against this threatened invasion, and it shall be granted; the Duchess asked me "how long I had been in Dublin?" I told her "I did not live at all in Dublin;" there were people continually coming in, and no room for more talk.

We are now deep in Robertson's[1] History of Mary Queen of Scots; it is a most agreeable book, but notwithstanding his great desire to make his countrywoman appear to the best advantage, she was, I fear, a bad woman, and yet *extremely to be pitied—very young, beautiful, great, admired, flattered*, strong passions, not taught to subdue them, led on from fault to fault, till plunged into the most deplorable distresses that ever befel a woman of her rank. It is impossible not to lament her

[1] "The History of Scotland during the reigns of Queen Mary and of King James VI., till his accession to the Crown of England," by Dr. William Robertson.

fall from virtue, endowed as she was with so many charms and graces of person and mind! but great as her faults were, I think Queen Elizabeth's usage of her was both ungenerous and cruel.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 10 Nov. 1759.

I have been confined with a slight cold ever since last Sunday. I did not dine below-stairs on Sunday, as that is a day we have generally a good deal of company; Sally did the honours for me, and I met them in the drawing-room next to my bed-chamber at tea-time. After tea we adjourned into the bow-window closet, voted away the candles to enjoy the moon in her full lustre; a few envious clouds attempted to shade her beauties, but her glory (like true virtue) appeared the stronger for their vain attempts. It was so warm an evening that we staid there till our hour of reading and prayers; conversation did not flag, but I own I was not a good listener, for Luna carried me off a long long way, and who knows but you and I crossed each other on the road?

Monday, the weather was so warm and fine, and the moon so bright that the younger ladies not only walked but *danced* in the garden from 6 till 7 in the evening; Miss Hamilton, the elder and I contented ourselves with viewing the prospect within doors. The lustre of the moon shining on the evergreen grove and on the sea was very charming. Thursday and yesterday I painted like a dragon, and hope next week will quite

finish my Salvator Rosa, and a most difficult task it hath proved, as the original is so much damaged that I can hardly see some parts of it.

Last night how do you think we warmed and amused ourselves? why I taught them *French fox*, and D.D. played as briskly as any of the company for nearly an hour. We are now so stout about the French, that we seem to bid them defiance should they land among us, which now I believe they hardly will: if they do, they say we have 14,000 regular troops *ready* to receive them; but this day is given to *song and dance*, great doing and finery expected at the Birthday. I could not bring myself however to mix with such a crowd, having in truth no business there; though I don't design to *exclude* myself from the Castle, and I think it wrong to give up powerful acquaintance, even when they are not very valuable, they may be of use some way to somebody or other.

Pray let me know if you have any work in hand, or if Mary has, and what it is? We have just got a new translation of Sophocles'[1] Tragedies, done by a Mr. Franklyn of Cambridge. They are in good unaffected language; there is something of a noble simplicity in them, not so ranting, but more natural than our modern tragedies, and it is very agreeable to see how poets wrote above a *thousand years ago;* though there is variety wanting to make them agreeable for *our stage*, where we have been used to more complicated plots and surprises, but I believe these are in a truer taste.

[1] Translation of Sophocles, by the Rev. Dr. Thomas Francklin; born 1721, died 1784. He published many sermons, translations, and tragedies.

We have only read the Two Œdipus's and Antigone. As to their being exact translations, be pleased to go to the Grecians, for I heard D.D. and Mr. Hamilton objecting to a few passages, though on the whole they approve of the work very much.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 24 Nov. 1759.

I hope my dearest sister's fears are now quite over about the French invasion; we do not now expect them, and if we did are well prepared to receive them.

What a wretch was that Mr. Petres! indeed, I hope there are not many such evil spirits in the world; it is shocking to think he should leave it in such a temper of mind.

Your flight to Warwick was very agreeable. One of the greatest advantages lads at school can have, between their studies, is an opportunity of seeing and conversing with good company; for if an easy politeness of manners is *not early acquired*, it *never looks what it ought to be—natural and unaffected!* I have seen so many instances that verify this observation, that I always rejoice when I hear my nephews are engaged in agreeable parties.

I made a blunder, indeed, in saying *New*—instead of *All Souls' College*. Can you or Mr. Dewes prove you are related to the *Old Bishop* that founded that college? or to any one that has been admitted as a descendant from him? If you can, you may claim a fellowship there for one of your sons.

The Musical Academy has not yet made half so much *noise*, though it is opened, as the House of Commons; where there was so great a mob assembled one day this week, apprehending the Union Bill was to be brought into the House, that the Speaker and the great Secretary, (now Master of the Rolls) Mr. Rigby, were frightened out of their wits, and forced to harangue the mob. They had prepared a gallows for Mr. Rigby, if he had not *assured them he was on their side!* This makes diversion for some, and matter of boast to others, who like these daring spirits; for my own part, I either am so little of a patriot, or understand the matter so little, that I am rather shocked at these tumults, and wish for more peaceable proceedings, and thank God for my pleasant, tranquil situation; but by the time I get an account of these turbulent matters the fury of their spirit is a little evaporated.

We are now reading Mr. Leland's History of Philip of Macedon. It is reckoned well done; the beginning a little dry; it goes on better, and one must not be discouraged with a rugged step, if we travel for improvement.

Our cousin Betty Granville has been in great affliction for the death of her friend the Lady Elizabeth: they corresponded constantly every week.

I have not seen Madam Clayton this many a day, and am, I find, not in much favour. She says I am "never satisfied without everybody likes me," and that I am "dragging everybody's affection to me,"—a most false

[1] "The Life of Philip of Macedon," by Thomas Leland, an Irish divine and miscellaneous writer; born in 1722, died 1785.

accusation, and to which I cannot plead guilty. As to our friend Sally,—on some of our friends saying she was "a very worthy and agreeable young woman, and remarkably well-behaved," she said: "*I believe she may be a very good sort of young woman; but her handkerchief is always so smooth, and her cap so nice, that I am sure she is one of the outrageously virtuous.*" You may believe we neither of us were mortified at this censure, but much diverted.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 15 Dec. 1759.

We apprehend, from flying reports, that that King of Prussia has not had his usual success, which may be bad for us at this critical time, when we may reasonably hope to bring the French to terms of peace.

By all accounts, Lord Baltimore[1] had better have taken to his cousin, as he first designed; it seldom happens that *inconstancy* does *not* meet with its *due punishment.* I have written to Lord North (now one of the Lords of the Treasury) to recommend Mr. Sandford, his old acquaintance. Lord Dartmouth, by his interest got Mr. Russel a living of better than £400 a-year, in Ireland, about three years ago, and he is no Methodist, I assure you; he is a very sensible, clever man, they say, and a very ingenious poet; Mr. Sandford knew him at Oxford.

I have read *High Life below Stairs,*[2] and think of it

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[1] Frederic, last Lord Baltimore. He married Lady Diana Egerton, daughter of Scrope, Duke of Bridgewater.

[2] 'High Life below Stairs, a farce; by the Rev. James Townley.' Acted at Drury Lane, 1759.

Joseph Brown sc.

Mrs. ELIZABETH CARTER.

The learned translator of Epictetus.

London. Richard Bentley 1861.

as you do. We have finished Philip of Macedon; he was a great soldier and politician, but too artful for honesty to have any share in his actions, and too ambitious to be a good king *even as a heathen*; his vices brought on him his fate, and made him very contemptible. We are now reading Mrs. Carter's translation of Epictetus; her introduction is charming, and the use she makes of the Stoic philosophy, to shew how much superior the Christian philosophy is to it. I hope Miss Wright[1] will be happy—Dr. Charlton has a very good character.

I have heard nothing lately of Lord and Lady Rawdon, but fear no happiness can be expected where the dispositions are so different. Sally and I have been visiting Lady Annesley; Lady Tyrone her mother, Lady Jane Cary her sister, all living within ten yards of each other,—enviable happiness! And though they are not refined in their sentiments, they have *a jolly sort* of family love for one another, that makes them feel the comfort of being so near. From thence we proceeded to Mrs. Stuart, mistress of the *fine pictures*, and mother to the celebrated Lady Singer, who apes all the nonsense of the Mingotti's most horribly; I went to coax her out of a picture I want to borrow to copy, but I came away without doing more than giving a distant hint. Tuesday morning, went to the rehearsal of the Messiah,—Dubourg the leader; no very good voices, but altogether it gave me a great deal of pleasure. Wednesday, Thursday, painting. Yesterday morn-

[1] Dr. Charlton married, at Bath, November 11th, 1759, to Miss Wright niece to Sir Robert Henley, Lord Keeper.

ing came Viscountess Grandison to make me a visit; I could have spared the compliment, as I was very eager to pursue my work—the Raising of Lazarus, from Rembrandt's print; an immense piece of work: I fear I shall be punished for my presumption in such an undertaking. I must say, our cousin's conversation made me no amends, and her folly about her son is most provoking. He has had a tutor, but the poor man was so worried with the teazing ways of the boy, who is *never* to be *vexed* or *contradicted*, that he has left them!

Lady Grandison asked me if D.D. or I could recommend a tutor; they seem indifferent about his being a clergyman or not, but he must, I suppose, be a tolerable scholar, and quite under the mother's direction, and she will allow £70 or £80 a-year. Could Mr. Fulwood undertake such an office?

I wish I could tell how to get a set of Madame Beaumont's wooden maps. I think those of England, Scotland, and Ireland come to two guineas.

In the course of this year (1759) Mrs. Delany wrote a moral romance, called "Marianna," for her own amusement, and that of her sister. It occupies the space of an octavo volume, written throughout in Mrs. Delany's own hand, and dated in the commencement 1759. It is illustrated with drawings by herself, tinted in sepia.

CHAPTER XVIII.

JANUARY, 1760 to JULY, 1761.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 20th Jan. 1760.

I was pleased with your account of my nephew Dewes' desire of receiving the blessed Sacrament, and serious behaviour there. So good a foundation will enable him to support the trials "that *flesh is heir to.*" If there *had been* any opportunity of his being confirmed before he received the Sacrament, I am sure it *would not* have been neglected; but I do not apprehend it so necessary now. Whatever is right I think we need not fear his doing, allowing for the errors of human nature, and I pray God bless him and make him a blessing to his excellent parents!

Mr. Sandford seems inclined to undertake our young cousin, and has taken it into consideration, if Lady Grandison can be prevailed on to make the situation as desirable really as it appears to be; but if he is to be the slave of a silly woman and a teazing child, and not allowed a proper authority, it *would be insupportable* to one of his delicacy in mind and body, for his health is very indifferent. Master Villiers is between nine and ten years of age; not a dull boy, but humoured to the last degree. He will be Earl of Grandison after

his grandfather's and mother's death, which is the reason he is called Villiers and not Mason.[1]

You and I have mistaken one another about the relationship; you say I "mean New College." No, I don't —for that foundation is from Winchester; I mean *All Souls*. If you can prove any relationship to the founder it will give one of your sons a title to admittance worth enquiring after.

Every kind of compliments and wishes from hence attend dear Welsbourne.

I am most faithful and affectionately
Devoted to my most dear sister. Adieu.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 2nd Feb. 1760.

I will obey your commands, and send you an exact and minute description of our little chapel: I am sure I shall have time this morning. It is *not* consecrated; the Dean does not propose it should, as *some inconveniences* may attend it; but I *should be sorry* to think when we can no longer perform our devotions in it that it should be turned to any other purpose, or fall into hands that would fill it with idle pageantry!

I can't but think the Pauline would become a *negligée* very well; for constant wear young people, (as you say) are better in a dress where their carriage may be

[1] The Lady Elizabeth Villiers, daughter of John, 1st Earl of Grandison, married Aland John Mason, of Waterford, Esq., and was created Viscountess Grandison. On her father's death she was advanced to the rank of Countess of Grandison in her own right. Her son, Mason George Villiers, succeeded to the title upon her death.

more observed; but I don't by any means approve of gowns that button before. Anything that drags the shoulders forward at the growing-time is a great disadvantage; but if she likes the appearance of it, a stomacher may be made to *pin on*, and that will look as well as if it really buttoned. The *vanity* and *impertinence* of dress is always to be avoided, but a *decent* compliance with the fashion is less affected than any remarkable negligence of it.

When does my nephew Dewes go to Oxford? *I should be glad he went before Lord Suffolk* left it, as he is a young man who bears a good character, and I should wish to introduce him to him there: and I hope Court will not fall into any *vulgar error*, now much encouraged at Oxford, (and a sentiment I know of Mr. J. H.'s), that "peers are not worth being acquainted with." But I believe my nephew's good sense, and the right turn of mind he must have received at home, will arm him against those prejudices, and not let *any station high or low* deprive him of the advantage of conversing with worthy persons; men of quality are *not always* the most useful companions, but when they are sensible and good there are advantages in their acquaintance.

I had a very obliging letter from Lady Andover yesterday: she is in Duke-street now for the winter on her daughter's account, for she loves retirement for herself: Lord Suffolk stays at Oxford till Easter, then leaves it quite; he will be of age in May.

I want six pounds of Mr. Mawhood's best Vanilla chocolate, such as he made for Sir Robert Brown,[1] and

[1] Sir Robert Brown, a merchant at Venice, and for some time the King's resident there, was created a baronet in 1732. He married Margaret, sister of Dr. Charles Cecil, Bishop of Bangor, and died 5th October, 1760.

should also be glad of four pounds of his best plain green tea at 16 or 18 shillings a pound. I have almost finished a copy after Vandyke of a Barber's Head with a large ruff about his neck, head as large as life; the original most exquisitely painted. Lazarus goes on slowly.

We are now reading the lives of Pope Alexander and Cæsar Borgia[1]—two execrable villains; I am tired of their company.

Poor Lady Granby[2] and Lady Besborough![3] I am very sorry for their children. And what a wretched end Lady Coventry[4] makes after her short-lived reign of beauty! Not contented with the *extraordinary share* Providence had bestowed on her, she presumptuously and vainly thought to mend it, and by that means they say has destroyed her life; for Dr. Taylor says the white she made use of for her face and neck was rank poison; I wish it may be a warning to her imitators.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 16 Feb. 1760.

Lady Cowper will like to be consulted about Mary's dress, and is a good judge. Dunoyer is now I believe the best dancing-master in London, his price is high,

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[1] The Lives of Pope Alexander VI. and his son, Cæsar Borgia, by Alexander Gordon, an historian of some note, who died in Carolina about 1750. He published several works on Roman and Egyptian antiquities.

[2] Marchioness of Granby, eldest daughter to the late Duke of Somerset, by his second wife, Lady Charlotte Finch, died January 24th, 1760.

[3] Countess of Besborough, sister to the Duke of Devonshire, died January 20th, 1760.

[4] Maria, eldest daughter of John Gunning, Esq., married 1st March, 1752, George William, 6th Earl of Coventry. She died 30th September, 1760.

but he will give the Pauline a better air in a month than a less skilful dancing-master would in three. I believe Lady Cowper has good interest with him, and that may make him take more pains.

Lazarus hath made some progress; a fortnight or three weeks hence I hope it will be in a condition to hang up in the chapel; the description of which shall attend you as soon as Mr. Barber has leisure to draw the plan.

A Mr. Upton, a member of Parliament and gentleman of fortune in this kingdom, went to our great cousin, to desire he might not be sheriff this year for some county, I don't remember the place. "*You* ask a favour of *me*," said he, "*who never voted for me in your life?*"—"I never voted *for* you, nor *against* you," replied Mr. Upton, "but according to my conscience; and will always do so, and will not accept a favour at your hands: I shall apply to the House of Commons in England. My health requires my going to England, which I shall do immediately," and left his Excellency abruptly; the *second great man* alarmed at this, and laying before his master the loss of a man of so much interest, the matter has been *made up*. This is all the prattle I know.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 4th March, 1760.

I waked early this morning, attended my dearest sister, etc., to her breakfast, to her coach, packed her up bag and baggage, followed her wheels with every good wish for her success in her journey; especially in the happily placing her son at Oxford, where I hope, and

make no doubt, he will give you and all his friends as much satisfaction as he hitherto has done. I pray God to bless him! I almost persuaded myself (as you were bound for Spring Gardens), that I was personally to feel the benefit of your visit; but as that cannot be, it is my next greatest pleasure to have you in my house, and to think of its being tolerably pleasant and convenient to you.

Is the mourning general with you? Here we are all most dismal. I put on my mourning when I go into the *grande monde*, which I did yesterday to Geminiani's[1] concert; it was pretty full. I went at the head of ten. The Duchess of Bedford and Lady Car. Russell were there. The music began at half an hour after seven; I was extremely pleased with it: there is a spirit of harmony and prettiness of fancy which no other music (besides our dear Handel's) has. He played one of his own solos most wonderfully well for a man of eighty-six years of age, and one of his fingers hurt; but the sweetness and melody of the tone of his fiddle, his fine and elegant taste, and the perfection of *time and tune* make full amends for some failures in his play occasioned by the weakness of his hand; and his clever management of passages too difficult for him to execute with the spirit he used to do was very surprizing. On the whole I was greatly entertained, though it is the fashion to shrug up the shoulders and say: "*Poor old man!* Did you ever hear such a close? *No shake at all!*" with impertinent

[1] Francesco Geminiani, an eminent musical composer, who studied under Corelli. He was born at Lucca in 1666, and came to London in 1714, where he was patronised by George I. He published several compositions, remarkable for the excellence of their style. Died 1762.

etceteras. I felt *quite peevish* at their remarks. The great ladies and their attendant peers were so impatient to get to *their cards* and to their dancing, that a message was sent to Geminiani to "*shorten the musical entertainment.*" I was quite provoked the concert was not above one hour; I could have sat three hours more with pleasure to have heard it. I have invited Geminiani to come and see me, and hope to hear this music again some way or other. Oh! how I wished my brother here, and how often have I done that!

We are all joy and transport at the taking of three French ships. I send you the last and most authentic account; we are now, thank God, restored to a peaceful state in *this kingdom*, and I wish the peace were more universal.

I received a kind, sensible, but mournful letter from Nanny Viney last post. What an excellent creature she is! I cannot recollect the coachmaker's name, but he lives in Long Acre, at "*the Naked Boy.*"

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 24 April, 1760.

I fancy Mr. Dunbar is mistaken about his ward Mr. Dill. I never heard he had any attachment to Mad^selle^ Le Gondez;[1] though her beauty might well warrant it. If that is the case, he is a *woeful lover*, for she *is engaged* to a son of Lord Tyrone's, and they are to be married when he has finished his studies at the Temple. His

[1] The Honourable John Beresford, second son of Marcus Earl of Tyrone, married, first, 12th November, 1760, Anne Constantia, daughter of General Count de Legondes, of Auvergne in France.

mother, who has a great estate, settles fifteen hundred a year on him at his marriage. Mad^selle has no fortune; a near relation of Lady Rawdon's, of a considerable family, bred a Roman Catholic, and was going into a nunnery sore against her will. When Lord and Lady Rawdon were abroad, they rescued her with the consent of her parents, and on their promise not to endeavour to change her religion; and as they had no fortune, they were glad to put her into such good hands: last year Mad^selle Le Gondez renounced the Romish religion and came into our church. They say it was the Archbishop of Dublin who made her a convert, Lord and Lady Rawdon were no way whatever accessary to it..

What a creature is Lady Faulkner? She will meet with her match at last. The Dean is indeed very angry with the author of Tristram,[1] etc. and those who do not condemn the work as it deserves; it *has not* and *will not* enter this house, especially now your account is added to a very bad one we had heard before. We were upon the brink of having it read among us; Mr. Sandford heard Faulkner, the printer, cry it up so much, and say it had had a great run in England, and he would have brought it had we not been engaged in another book, and no one would have been more distressed at reading it than himself.

Your account of Lord Ferrers's trial[2] was the best we have received, and I am always more ready to credit

[1] In 1759, Sterne published the two first volumes of his celebrated "Tristram Shandy," which drew upon him praise and censure of every kind.

[2] Lawrence Shirley, 4th Earl Ferrers, was hanged May 5th, 1760, having been tried by his peers and found guilty of the murder of his steward, Mr. Johnston.

manuscript than printed news; the poor wretch I hope will feel remorse, and repent of his wickedness, and then it will be happy for the world to have such a shocking creature removed out of it.

I have truly enjoyed the comfort you have had of my brother's company: as soon as I know he is gone to his works, I shall attack him in his retirement. I would not have Baskerville's[1] Milton sent to Ireland, unless there are two sets, and I have a notion I subscribed as well as the Dean, but am not sure; I know I subscribed for Spenser's works to Mr. Amiens.

I rejoice at our *belle amie's* comfortable situation. She has an excellent and uncommon understanding, but I wish it had *not* been warped in a very essential point by some company she is very fond of. (This is quite *entre nous.*) I fear she has adopted the late Bishop of Clogher's pernicious principles (that is Dr. C—ks). I give you only this hint, as it may happen in the course of conversation your steady, right way of thinking may be of use to her, though *controversy* is what you and I have always avoided. I have indeed for a very good reason, being unequal to the combat, and satisfied with the good orthodox principles that were early implanted in my mind, and which have ever appeared to me infinitely more conformable to the Scripture rules than any other. What an insignificant figure has Lady Emily Butler[2] made living and dying. Our friends at Gloster and Bishopstrow are now in very easy circumstances.

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[1] John Baskerville, the celebrated printer, born in 1706, died 1775. He printed Dr. Newton's edition of Milton, in 2 vols. 8vo., which was published in 1759.

[2] The Lady Emily Butler, daughter of Thomas Earl of Ossory, grand-

Monday a rage of painting seized me. I took up my pencils and sat down to a picture (at 7 in the morning) I have begun of David with Goliath's head, as big as the life, from one of the prints in Crozat's collection. I believe I shall be able to finish that and the little Correggio before we go northward; but I was obliged to leave off work before one to dress, and go to Dublin to Mrs. Vesey, who had engaged Mrs. Hamilton, Sally and me to dine with her at one and go afterwards to the Parliament House to hear a debate on the *deficiencies of the bankers*. As we were promised very good speaking we went, but when we came to the Parliament House the gallery was so full it was impossible to squeeze in: Lady Anne Dawson and two other ladies were of our party. The members of the Parliament House were so gallant, they insisted on our having places in the house! so we were seated two and two in the nitches.

Tuesday, at home at usual employments. Went to see the three astonishing learned English dogs (*Duchess*, *Frasi* and *Jack Clarke*.) Duchess spells, tells what a clock, etc.! Frasi dances a hornpipe to admiration! and Jack Clarke speaks, calls "*dada*" and "*Jack Clarke!*" His voice indeed is a *little hoarse*, but the words are tolerably distinct! they made us laugh.

I remain, my dearest sister,

Most obliged and most affectionately,

M. D.

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daughter of the great Duke of Ormond, and sister of James, the 2nd Duke of Ormond, was born May 29th, 1660, and died at Gloucester unmarried 30th March, 1760. Two years before her death she became possessed of the entailed estates of her family, which afterwards devolved upon John Butler of Kilcash, Esq.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 8th May, 1760.

I am very glad Mary is in Leandini's[1] hands. I am afraid the day of Lord Ferrers' execution was a very dreadful one to you; the talk on such occasions *is shocking*; everybody is so fond of telling any little particularity they hear: poor wretch! I hope he had a true sense of his wickedness before he went out of this world. We have got Lord George Sackville's[2] trial, which seems to justify the treatment he has met with.

I am glad you like Mrs. Handcock's sweet countenance; she is as amiable in her disposition as in her appearance. Did it not seem strange to you to recollect her mother such a girl as your own daughter, now a *grandmother?* Friday *morning* I dressed and went to her Grace of Bedford's morning drawing-room. Waited with many very fine ladies in *beaten silver*, and glittering with jewels, till half an hour after three; then the door was opened, and the word "*approach*" was given. I stalked in with the train, made a low curtsey, sat down, was asked how Lady Weymouth did? As I went away I said (I believe coldly enough), "*I hope I shall have the honour of seeing your Grace at Delville to breakfast.*—" She said, "*I don't know how I can get at you, but should be glad to wait upon you if I could.*—" I answered, "*I am but just come from thence, and am returning home;*" and I *could* have added, "where company have waited dinner for me above an hour!" Saturday, painted hard at

[1] A dentist.

[2] Lord George Sackville was tried and cashiered for disobedience to the orders of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, at the Battle of Minden.

David, and finished the dead-colouring of it on Monday. He is a comely lad, well clothed in his lion's skin, resting on Goliath's sword, whose head lies on a marble table grim enough; a rich crimsonish and purpleish curtain fills up one side of the picture, and shades part of the giant's head,—supposed to be in a room in Saul's palace. I think I shall hardly have time to finish it before we go northward, but as it is chiefly my own composition it will keep till I return to Ireland, if I can't go on with it now. I have *also* a small picture in hand, which I design for the Duchess of Portland (*don't tell her*), which must be finished; and my pencil has not been quite idle in regard to my dearest sister, though the offering is but a small one.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Delville, 14th May, 1760.

I am *much entertained* with all your transactions, and love to know every step you take from Spring Garden Chapel to Bishopsgate Street, etc. I am glad the Pauline has been at Ranelagh,—how did she like it?

I believe we shall lose our librarian. He has had a *sort of an invitation* from his *father*, which he ought not to neglect; but as *his* temper is so very variable, he may receive in a post or two a contradiction to it. I own I wish he was at home, and shall encourage his going, though his company has been extremely agreeable. Nothing could be more obliging or more useful than he has made himself to D.D.; he is now very busy making a catalogue of our books, and the library is in very good order, which was a great work

and required skill to accomplish. D.D. is not a little offended with Mr. Sterne; his book is read here as in London, and seems to divert more than it offends, but as neither I nor any of my particular set have read it, or shall read it, I know nothing of it more than what you have said about it. Mrs. Clayton and I had a furious argument about reading books of a bad tendency; I stood up for preserving a purity of mind, and discouraging works of *that kind—she* for trusting to her *own strength* and *reason*, and bidding defiance to any injury such books could do her; but as I *cannot presume* to depend on my own strength of mind, I think it safest and best to *avoid* whatever may prejudice it.

I received a letter last packet from Mrs. Granville, who desired me to represent her at Mr. Graham's christening of his daughter. I fear poor Mrs. Graham[1] will *not live* to see the ceremony performed, for she was so ill yesterday they had little hopes of her—she has been delirious for some days; I will write next post to Babess, and give her an account how she is.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Mount Panther, 14th June, 1760.

Thanks to you, my most dear sister, for the particular account of your journey home. I agree with you, no boys that *I know* are like your own, and every year I hope will increase your joy and satisfaction in them.

[1] Mrs. Graham must have been the wife of the son of the Honourable Mary Granville (Mrs. Graham) who died in 1735, and for whom her father, Lord Lansdown, expressed such particular attachment.

Sunday, set out, "*all in our coach and six*," at nine o'clock and got to Down a quarter before eleven. D.D. preached with a great deal of spirit. Dined afterwards as usual at the *public hosue*, which is indeed *very clean*, and they dress our dinners tolerably well; seven dishes on at a time and *no second course*.

Monday, walked to Belville in the evening and round our own domain, which Mr. Sandford is delighted with, and it is really very pleasant.

Thursday we went to see Mrs. F. Price (Miss Cherry Forde that was); she was at a place five miles off called "*The Goat's Whey*," where people have lodgings that are in a course of drinking the whey. She was there with her son, a sweet boy between five and six years old; but there is no hope of his recovery, and she with her care and attendance on him is worn to a skeleton. Her husband is nephew to Mrs. Conway, your old acquaintance, who I hope will remember them in her will. I expected a pretty situation, as there are very pretty ones in its neighbourhood; but it is in a dreary wild spot—no tree, no hedge, no bush, all dull and dismal, and the cabins such as have never come in your way to see, and yet this place is often full of very good company, and has its balls and gaieties! I think *Irish spirit* very nearly allied to *the French*; it makes them happy, and they bear with many inconveniences which would discompose the more serious temper of the English.

To-day we dine at Seaforde, Mr. Ford's, three miles off; to-morrow go to Saul Church, and dine afterwards at Mr. Ward's, who lives in that parish near the church.

We have brought down Madame Beaumont's maps, and are much amused with them. D.D. is reading her Magazine,[1] and much pleased with it; he is *as busy* here as at Delville. It does him a great deal of good; for as his spirit and body are *greatly enfeebled*, if he has not something that rouses him to activity he would lead too sedantary a life, and that I am sure would soon destroy him. I cannot say but I am now easily alarmed about him, but I endeavour to suppress my fears, though it is a hard task where such a friend is in question.

We had a wonderful little man begging here yesterday, not more than *three feet* high; he looked about forty; a sensible look, could only speak Irish and was very much deformed.

To whom was I obliged for Mr. Handel's Life?[2] Mrs. Don. hand was on it, and you sent it. I like it very much, though I *don't give up* a point or two, which we shall talk over, and I have not time to write about.

M. D.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Mount Panther, 21 June, 1760.

I believe Lady Cowper is very sincere, and has a *real affection* for my niece; I know she speaks of her in the same kind manner to strangers as well as to those she may suppose would speak of it again. I don't

[1] "Magazin des Enfans; (or, the Young Misses' Magazine, by Madame de Beaumont,) published in 1757."

[2] The "Memoirs of the Life of the late John Frederick Handel," were published by Dodsley, in April, 1760.

know *how* you *can* refuse her request but by saying you could not do without her company, but indeed I know *no advantages* she *can gain by leaving you!* But this we shall talk over, I hope in God, and a thousand things besides before many months are over. Your domestic life and occupations are most rationally pleasant, making others happy (*your constant endeavour*) *and must necessarily increase your own happiness;* long may my dearest sister enjoy the opportunity and fruits of such a blessed employment!

Lady Sarah Pole[1] is pretty, and gentle, and agreeable in her manner. This is her *first appearance;* those that know her well commend her very much. It was her father and brother that were drowned; she has another brother now, Lord Drogheda; I believe none of them have as much merit as herself.

Sunday we went to Saul church, where D.D. preached, and we dined with Mr. Robert Ward (the gentleman Mr. Sandford made a visit to last winter), two miles beyond Saul, where we were kindly entertained by a melancholy pair, who are still lamenting the loss of an only son who died three years ago. The place (a most charming situation, with every advantage from nature but *none from art*) hardly habitable from the great neglect of its owners, whose dejection of spirits is seen by the little attention paid to their habitation.

On Thursday, at two o'clock, I was preparing to dress for the day, when who should arrive but my Lord Annesley and Mr. Harrison in a post chaise, and Lady

[1] Sarah, only daughter of Edward, 5th Earl of Drogheda, married William Pole, Esq., of Ballyfin.

Annesley, Miss Annesley, and Mrs. Harrison, in a coach. To dinner, they came, but as I had no expectation of anybody, I was not prepared for grandees, and gave them only our dinner, which would have done very well had not Mrs. Overall's zeal to *make it better* made us wait for a dish of peas till the rest of the dinner was overdone! When our company was gone we *took a lesson* of geography till the prayer-bell rung; but though we take a lesson every favourable opportunity, we have not gone above half way round the globe. As far as we have gone the parts connect very well, and no damage hath been done by the carriage, though we should make bungling work of it were it not for the adroitness of Mr. Sandford. We have hitherto only made *a plaything of the world,* and when any of us hit off the right situation of any of the divisions it is matter of brag and merriment! In time I hope to make a better use of it. It is no uncommon thing now for an old woman to be more engaged with the *follies* of the world, than to consider how to make a good and right use of our *knowledge of it!*

To-morrow we go to Ballyculter church, fourteen miles off, and dine at Castle Ward, a mile farther.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Mount Panther, 12th July, 1760.

We went to Castle Ward on Wednesday, and staid till yesterday noon. It is *altogether* one of the finest places I ever saw. Sunday last Mr. Sandford gave us an excellent sermon at Down, where the Dean

administered the Sacrament; we dined there, went to prayers after dinner, drank tea with Mrs. Mathews, one of the curate's wives, and came home by nine. Monday, spent the day at Castle Wellan, where Mr. Sandford saw Lord Annesley's wonderful works and designs. The young lady is to be married this day —Tuesday: about fourteen in company.

I must tell you of an extraordinary curiosity at Delville; two young robins *as white as snow* were taken in the garden, and the mother, a common robin red-breast, fed them in the cage every day! One is dead, the other alive and well: at night the old one perches on a bough over the cage.

I am much obliged to dear John[1] for his pretty and exact drawing of the *yellow pimpernel*, and to you for my knowledge of what it is. I am heartily glad you have at last consented to × stitch ground, as it gives *me hopes* of seeing your set of chairs finished; and it is *provoking* to have the ground take up so much more time than the flowers. Had I known your resolution sooner, I should have *grounded* the two chairs I have, which are the mixed pattern of *roses, tulips, and poppy*; but I have not grounded any part of the *anemony* pattern, one back and one seat of which I have almost finished, but I will now at my *leisure moments* go on with the ground. I did not see Mrs. Grey's *worked picture*, which Mr. Spencer has, but have seen some of her work, which has a surprizing effect.

Master Price is much better with drinking the Ballynahinch waters,—a chalybeate in this neighbourhood.

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[1] Mrs. Dewes' third son, (*afterwards Granville*).

I shall write once more from hence, though in haste, for this week, as besides our last public day, we must give a dinner to the bridal house.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Mount Panther, 18 July, 1760.

Tuesday morning, had no crowd, only fourteen to dinner; good sort of people, who let us *make up tippets and knots* for the wedding visit, which we made on Wednesday. Miss Annesley[1] was married to Mr. Gore on Monday night. We went to Castle Wellan to dinner, it being too far for an afternoon's visit. Lord Sudley, Mr. Gore's father, was there, an old acquaintance of Mrs. Chapone's (Sir Arthur Gore he *was then*). The day passed off tolerably well; at first formal,—after dinner forms were over and *noise succeeded;* the bride looked very pretty and very easy, not much embarrassed by the company. Lady Anne Ward and Miss Magil were there, and many gentlemen,—the whole of the company two or three and twenty. We invited them to dine here as yesterday or to-day, but they pleaded the necessity of staying at home to receive the compliments of the neighbourhood.

Don't fix any time in your mind for our leaving Delville. D.D. says it will not be in his power till the last week in August, which indeed will soon be here. I hope I shall find you at Calwich. We shall take our chariot and four mares, the coachman and postilion, with us.

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[1] Catherine, only daughter of William Annesley, 1st Viscount Glerawley, married the Honourable Arthur Gore, afterwards 2nd Earl of Arran.

No letter has been found from Mrs. Delany after the present date 18th July) till 1st September, when the following lines were written to Miss Dewes from Delville, where they were about to return the latter end of July.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Dewes.

Delville, 1st Sept., 1760.

Your letters, my dear Mary, always are most welcome to me, and I think your last was tolerably written considering you have not practised much without lines; your f's do *not stick out their elbows quite so much,* and in time will have a *free and easy air!* I rejoiced mightily to hear of your brother's being at Calwich, and hope long before this Mr. Court Dewes is quite well. D.D. has been much better this week than he was on our first coming back.

I wish you good success with *your spinning;* you have undertaken a large work. I shall be very glad to receive any of your French performances; and if you write or translate but six lines every day it will improve you very much, and at least keep what you have learnt. I am very glad to hear Lord Warwick received Mr. Hamilton so well; I hope it will not end only with a profession of serving him.

Mrs. Clayton, Mrs. Bernard the younger, and poor Miss Langton dined here last Friday. I was much moved at seeing Miss Langton; she was very greatly shocked though she does not know the aggravating circumstances of her father's death—they have told her it "was a fever." Last Saturday, we dined at Viscountess Grandison's at Clontaff, three miles from hence by the seaside; it is

the only place we have *dined* at, but she came here and would not be refused: I have always avoided dining in Dublin, it is so hot and close there. Next Thursday, Mrs. Gustavus Hamilton and her two little girls come here to stay some days, whilst Mr. G. Hamilton goes to visit his living. I have been very busy all this morning settling papers in the library, and viewing a piece of ground the Dean has given me for a green-house and flower-garden before it. Oh that I had my dear brother here to consult upon it! The Dean has laid out so much work for me in the garden, which he *insists* upon my *directing myself*, that I have yet no leisure for works within-doors, and indeed the garden is so pleasant that I am very well pleased in spending a good deal of time in it. I am called away to my workmen; Delville salutes Calwich with every kind wish. I am, my dearest niece,

Your most affectionate friend and humble servant,

M. DELANY.

The Dean and Mrs. Delany returned to England (after an absence of nearly three years) in the month of September in which this letter was written; but they could not in those times have arrived within *two days* afterwards, as would appear to be the case by the following letter from Lady Cowper, who probably had anticipated the fulfilment of the intention.

Georgina, Countess Cowper (born Carteret), to Mrs. Dewes.

Colegreen, Sept. 3rd, 1760.

MY DEAR MRS. DEWES,

When I received your last *agreeable* enquiry after me, I was sat down to write to you, but was prevented by company coming in. I should not have been so long in your debt, but I have been a month from

home, and before I went I was really so terrified at my son's illness that I could not think of anything else. He is, thank God, quite well again, and returns to Althorpe (from Buxton, where he has been to drink the waters,) in a few days to be ready for Northampton races, which begin on the 10th instant. My son had been here *en famille* the week before he was taken ill, and proposed to take a long tour, but got no farther than Althorpe. As my Lord was obliged to go and reconnoitre his regiment of militia at Winchester, I took the opportunity of making Lady Talbot a visit at Barrington, which I had long promised her; and though it is 98 miles from hence I was with her the second day by 11 o'clock in the morning;[1] we got to Oxford, which is 70 miles from Colegreen, by 4 in the evening; we went to prayers at 5, at New College, and were so little tired with our journey that we walked for two hours about the colleges.

Barrington is a sweet place, but made so by Lady Talbot since she parted from her Lord.[1] There is a river (which they told me appeared formerly like a ditch) that bounds the park, and runs through the garden, many covered seats with inscriptions proper for their situations by Mr. Mallet. *A propos* of authors, I own I like Lord Littelton's Dialogues,[2] though I find they are not the fashion. Pray read *Yorick's*[3] sermons, (though *you would not read* Tristam Shandy). They are more like Essays. I like them extremely, and I think he must be a good man.

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[1] William, 1st Earl Talbot, married in 1734, Mary, only daughter and heiress of Adam de Cardonnel, Esq., of Bedhampton Park, Southampton.

[2] Dialogues of the Dead, by George Lord Lyttelton, 1760.

[3] Yorick's Sermons, by the Rev. Laurence Sterne, published in 1760.

I grieve for your ill state of health. I am *very glad* to hear that the Dean and Mrs. Delany *are returned well to England.* I know the sight of her will be a cordial to you. My Lord desires his compliments to you, and joins with me in compliments to Mr. Dewes.

P.S. "*My dear Miss Dewes,* I fear the charms of Colegreen will not answer your lively idea. I think with pleasure of having you *with me next summer,* so don't wear yourself to a shadow with impatience, for time flies, though at your age it is natural to think he creeps.

"I have not heard from Lady Louisa a great while: *write to her.*"

Adieu, *ma chère.* I am both to your mama and you.

An affectionate humble servant,

G. C. COWPER.

In October the Dean and Mrs. Delany proceeded to Bath, from whence she recommences her Correspondence with her sister.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Bath, Galloway buildings,
Six o'clock, 18th Oct. 1760.

The road from Moreton, &c., mended every stage; we got to Stoke at half an hour after one, found the gentle sisters,[1] who had been there but a quarter of an hour. We all had much to say and much to feel, but they are both much cheered by their mother's mending as fast as they could expect. I am charged from both

[1] The Misses Chapone.

with the "most grateful respects." D.D., I thank God, had no complaint, but was very low all day,—could eat no meat of any kind, but was refreshed with the fruits of Welsbourne. After tea we played two games at cribbage, and wanted our dear Mary to joke and make us merry. We breakfasted at Circencester at the King's Head (the Ram is no more), were much amused with the gay appearance of the militia-men, and had a sight of Col. Berkeley, *all alive!* The martial air and dress has improved him extreamly. When we arrived at Tedbury, at four o'clock, who should we see in the inn-yard but the *least of men, Mr. Sampson!* he seemed so glad to see us that, notwithstanding *all his littleness*, we asked him to come and drink tea with us, which he did, and he and a droll Pomeranian puppy served us instead of cribbage till nine!

We set out from Tedbury at half an hour after seven, took a second breakfast at the Cross Hands; Sally and I went to the *beau milliners* to look at caps and hats, came to our lodging, have drank tea, and are all as well after our journey as the buz and bustle of unpacking and settling household matters will permit us. I have just received compliments from Lord and Lady Westmoreland; Sally breakfasted at Causcomb in her way to Stow, and brought a book for our amusement in the coach, entitled "Letters from Lady Catesby to Lady Henrietta;"[1] they are odd, interesting, and pretty for a love story—a translation from the French; some pretty sentiments and uncommon characters. It is on the whole amusing, and answered the end for which

[1] Letters from Lady Juliet Catesby to her friend, Lady Henrietta Campley. Translated from the French, by Mrs. Brooke.

it was lent us; but if it comes in your way read it yourself *before* you give it your daughter, for there is a *sad distress*, though it is delicately told.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Bath, 23rd Oct., 1760.

Wednesday, breakfasted in Gay Street—a pleasant morning; received my dear sister's letters, and talked two hours of her. Went afterwards to Lady Cox, found her and three sisters, Lady Codrington[1] and her daughter there; Lady Cox complaining of cold, but looks pretty well. We had much discourse about you, many cordial enquiries after you, and many kind wishes for your speedy recovery. Then (and the Dean with me) to Lady Anne Jekyll, and found her at home. In the afternoon Sally went to see her old acquaintances Lady Lucy Stanhope[2] and Mrs. Trevor. I staid at home with D.D., and to speak to Dr. Oliver. This morning went with Lady Westmoreland to see Mr. Gainsborough's pictures, (the man that painted Mr. Wise and Mr. Lucy,) and they may well be called what Mr. Webb *unjustly* says of Rubens—they are "*splendid impositions.*" There I saw Miss Ford's picture—a whole length with her guitar, a most extraordinary figure, handsome and bold; but I should be sorry to have any one I loved set forth in such a manner.

Anne, daughter of — Acton, Esq., married Sir William Codrington, Bart. Their daughter Mary married George Bernard, Esq.

[2] Lady Lucy Stanhope, sister of Philip, 2nd Earl of Stanhope.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Bath, 28 Oct. 1760.

What a hurry has the late great event[1] put everybody in—here at least; I have just been hunting the shops, and am not half equipped. Surely this is the busiest idle place in the world, and yet I have not once been in the Rooms, only one morning for three minutes at Wiltshire's.

I did not expect to hear you lost your giddiness at once, but I hope in God it will by degrees wear away; however, all means should be tried, and I hear so much from everybody of the great efficacy of the Bristol waters, that I hope you will take it into consideration; and if the doctors are not against your trying it, lose no time.

Sunday morning I was waked with the news of the King's death! Went to Abbey Church, attempted the pump-room—*so crowded no admittance*; paid a visit to Lady Westmoreland. After church, Lady Jekyll and her little sprite of a daughter came and spent the whole afternoon, *wept* for the King, but *talked* of the coronation, &c.! Miss Jekyll, about ten years old, a sensible, comical girl, well taken care of, has a wound still in her head from the terrible fall she had over the stairs last July,—28 feet perpendicular. There was on Sunday a *great tea-drinking in the Rooms*, and a bustle that *would have startled me!* Mr. Sloper, who is here with Madam Cibber and a daughter by her (a young woman), has been much offended that his daughter was not taken out to dance; she was the first night, and a sensible, clever woman whose daughter was taken out

[1] King George II. died suddenly, October 25, 1760.

after her *refused* to let her dance; this put a stop to Miss Cibber's being asked again; and on Sunday night, in the midst of the Rooms, Mr. Cibber collared poor Collet, abusing him at the same time, and asking if he had been the occasion of the affront put upon his daughter; he said it was "*by Mr. Nash's direction*"—the poor wretch is *now* wheeled into the Rooms; Mr. Cibber had some discourse with him, and so the matter ended.

Mrs. Charleton not at home; *Lady Jersey* not at home; *Mrs. Wright*, *Mrs. Greene*, *Mrs. Atkyns*, (an agreeable friend of Mrs. Donnellan's I knew a little of some years ago), and *Lady Stanley*,[1]—all at home. Sickness and leanness have improved Lady Stanley's looks: poor creature! she has suffered exquisitely with such variety of painful disorders as confined her four years to her bed. Yesterday I had a letter from Lady Weymouth, who had but just heard of our being at Bath: she comes here for a day or two on purpose to see me, and dines with us to-day.

Crapes, bombazeens, thick muslin, very broad hems; nothing else talked of: 1500 yards of crape sold at one shop on *Sunday night* they say.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Bath, November 2nd, 1760.

I am just returned from the Abbey Church, where I have prayed most fervently for the recovery of my dearest sister's health. It was a comfortable sight to see

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[1] Wife of Sir Edward Stanley, Bart.

so full a communion, though the public mourning will make every public place appear dismal till the eye is used to it.

Lady Weymouth came to dinner on Tuesday last, and is still here,—the same agreeable, engaging creature she ever was; she came on purpose to see me, with the intention to carry us off to Longleat as last Thursday; but as that was not quite convenient to us, she was so good as to change her scheme and *stay here*.

Wednesday, we dined at Lord Jersey's, and went to the Rooms in the evening: I have been three times at the Rooms with Lady Weymouth, and to-morrow she carries off Sally and me to Longleat, and we return on Wednesday. I shall leave Smith to take care of her master, as he does not care to omit the drinking the waters, which I am glad of, as they have certainly been already of great use to him. We are now on the South Parade at Mrs. Davis's; the house was built and furnished by one Mrs. Brotherton, and when she had done it, thought it too public, and Mr. Allen bought it, furniture and all, and settled Mrs. Davis (a clergyman's widow) in it. How well does *that man* deserve the prosperous fortune he has met with! Lady Weymouth being so much with me has prevented my writing to my dearest Mary. I should think a nightgown would be better for her than a negligée. I suppose you have got what you intend to wear; the hats are just what were worn last year, much trimmed with crape, but if you come to this part of the world you may soon be equipped. Ruffles *enormous*.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Dewes.

Bath, 3rd Nov. 1760.

You are very good, my dear niece, in fulfilling your promise so punctually; and I am always pleased to hear from you, though the contents of your letters are not just what I wish them to be. I mean *the part* relating to my dearest sister, who I find has had *several* attacks of her giddiness! As I shall write a word or two *to her* on the subject, I shall say no more to you, who, I am sure, do all in your power to amuse and make her happy.

We are now in our new lodgings, which have been very cheerful to-day with sunshine. I was to have gone to-day to Longleat with Lady Weymouth, but she has deferred her going till to-morrow. She is a most engaging woman, so gentle and so polite; she and Lady Jersey drank tea here, and are gone to the Rooms; she comes back to sup with us.

They say the King's Will is as follows:—

To Lady Yarmouth and her son, two hundred and fifty thousand pounds to each.

To Princess Amelia and the Duke of Cumberland, one hundred and thirty thousand pounds to each.

To each of his grandchildren £5000 a-year; a sum of money (what they could not remember) to the Princess of Hesse; the rest of his fortune to the present King. The whole of what he left is nine millions. This is the *present* report, *perhaps* to-morrow it may be *contradicted.*

Pray distribute my love amongst your brothers, take your own share, and believe me, my dearest Mary,

Your most affectionate friend, &c.,

M. DELANY.

The state of Mrs. Dewes's health was at this period beginning to create serious uneasiness in the mind of her sister, who evidently struggled against her fears to appear calm, and to detail every little circumstance that could tend to amuse or to inspire cheerfulness. Mary Dewes had begun to take her mother's place as a correspondent—that mother being no longer equal to the regular exertion of writing herself, and Mrs. Delany, while watching with increasing solicitude the health of the Dean (who she reluctantly admitted before she left Ireland, showed evident symptoms of the weight of years), was suffering the anguish of constant alarm for the life of the "*sister of her heart*," whose last hours were too truly drawing near, although no danger seemed to be apprehended by her daughter or her friends in general.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Bath, 8th Nov. 1760.

I was very happy with my dearest sister's last letter, which brought me an account of her having been two or three days "*pretty well*," and that our dear brother is with you. Lady Weymouth, after spending a week in Bath on purpose to be with me, was so pressing to have me return with *her* to Longleat that I could not refuse her. On Tuesday I went with her in her chaise, and Sally with her woman in our chaise. I left Smith at home to take care of D.D., who was invited but did not choose to break into the course of his drinking the waters; the weather not very favourable, but Lady

Weymouth's extreme good humour and civility made it a very agreeable excursion; Lord Weymouth and Mr. Thynne came from London about three hours after we got to Longleat. There is not much alteration in the house, *but the gardens are no more!* they are succeeded by a fine lawn, a serpentine river, wooded hills, gravel paths meandering round a shrubbery, *all modernized* by the ingenious and much sought after *Mr. Brown!* There are schemes for further improvements. Lord Weymouth is so fond of the place that he leaves it with reluctance; and if appearances may be depended upon, there seems as fair a prospect of happiness as can be wished by their best friends. Miss Thynne is a lovely, sprightly child, and no small darling; Lady Weymouth carried Miss Chapone and me all over the park, and showed us her menagerie: I never saw such a quantity of gold pheasants; they turn them wild into the woods in hopes of their breeding there, for they are as hardy as other pheasants. Mrs. Cole (*Petite* that was) is made overseer of the nursery, and in her element;—this the *third generation* that has been *under her care!* Sally and I returned on Thursday to dinner. A messenger brought me your letter to Longleat. Lady Weymouth desired her best wishes to you.

I staid at home all yesterday. Miss Smith and all the Vineys drank tea; Miss Smith always in good humour and agreeable, the Vineys all disconcerted. The Dean brought Nancy home in the morning from the Pump, and I made her stay all day, and sent to the rest to drink tea in the afternoon. Poor Nancy unburthened her heart; she has a difficult task with her unreasonable sister, whose low spirits make her

see everything in the worst light. I pity the poor wife, who seems inclined to be a quiet inoffensive body, vastly obliging to them; they had had a sad scene that morning with the brother; but that is only one party, though the rest must suffer in some measure. D.D. has now carried Miss Nanny off to take the air.

I have sat all this morning (from twelve to two that is) with Lady Westmoreland—a working party. I shall finish this to-morrow and visit in the afternoon. Sunday.—This morning I have had a *most comfortable* letter from my dearest sister. Pray God continue to you every blessing. I own a long winter's journey to an empty watering-place is by no means alluring, and *I hope* it may *not* be necessary for you to undertake it. I have had a very kind and pressing letter from the Duchess of Portland expressing great concern for you. Bell rings. Charity sermons everywhere. D.D. preaches at the Abbey.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Bath, 13th Nov. 1760.

I hope my dearest sister will have no reason to remove to this part of the world this winter; it is a bad time of the year to try experiments in. If all your physicians agreed that it was necessary for you to come it must be submitted to, but I *hope and trust in God* that his good providence will restore you to health, as you assure me your returns of giddiness are seldomer and less violent.

My last conversation with Mr. Henshaw about you was to this effect: "*That Bristol waters at this time of the year would do you as much good at home as on the place;*

that he was convinced your giddiness was a bilious disorder; that he was confirmed in that opinion by the bark and valerian not agreeing with you; that he thought no method so likely to succeed as constant medicines, but never violent physick; and he gave me great comfort in saying he had had many cases just the same, and that he made no doubt but being careful of cold, keeping your spirits up with amusements, and time would establish your health." As you give no encouragement to expect you here we have partly fixed our time for leaving the Bath; but should you change *your mind* and find it proper for you to come, we shall *change ours.* Don't imagine, my dearest sister, that I do not in the *first place* think of you, or that I could be easy at Bulstrode if you wanted me—I mean *particularly*, for I am sure we *always want to be together.* And now I proceed to our present scheme.

On Saturday se'nnight, 22nd of this month, we go to Longleat and stay till Monday or Tuesday, then proceed to London for two or three days to settle things at home, and then to Bulstrode, where we were to have been the 10th of this month; and though the Duchess has very kindly regretted my not having been able to come to her so soon as she wished, she is very considerate, and is truly concerned to hear of your continuing so much out of order. I am sorry my brother could not make a longer stay; and I am afraid if I do not make haste to London I shall not see him at all; but surely he does not mean to stay the *whole winter* at Calwich?

Have you heard of Mr. Montagu's great piece of good fortune? an estate of above two thousand pounds a-year

come to him by the death of Sir William Sanderson,[1] a lad of seventeen, no relation. His father, who made the settlement, took a fancy to Mr. Montagu and left his estate to him after the death of his son, who proved in every respect very worthless, so that everybody seems glad of Mr. Montagu's good fortune.

Were I to convey to you all the political news of Bath, every day contradicts what was reported the day before; but in this all agree—that the King has begun his reign to the *satisfaction of everybody*, and that there *is* a pleasing prospect of our having a King that *will show* a proper regard to religion. His behaviour has been hitherto quite amiable.

I was at the Rooms last night with Miss Smith and Sally, and I gave them a snug tea-table in a corner: the Rooms hot and stunning—I wish for balls as the *quieter entertainment!* My young women have hitherto had no opportunity of trying their relish for them, as there has been but one ball since I came to Bath, and there will be but two before I leave it. Mr. P. has seen Mr. S., but the result of the conversation not yet arrived, so that our friend does not yet know whether she is to give encouragement or not.

I had a thousand things to say, but *the virtuoso* Mr. Haviland has interrupted me, and I can only sign and seal,—but ever most affectionate to my dearest sister.

In the course of these letters no remark has yet been made upon the wholesale destruction of constitution, and often of life, entailed by the medical treatment of the last century; and as Mrs. Delany was

[1] "Sir William Saunderson, Bart. of East Greenwich, aged 15, died 30th October, 1760. Title extinct."

n so many respects in advance of her age, it may be supposed that, although she could not divest herself of the idea of the duty of *submission* to medical decrees which had been inculcated from her birth, and came *next* to her *religious faith;* yet that her strong natural sense must have often revolted from the violent remedies, or rather the *violent means* resorted to under the false name of "remedies," upon any ailment that befell man, woman, or child, especially when her sister was the patient. Had not the constitution of Mrs. Delany been as superior to that of the majority of most of her contemporaries as her understanding and her talents, it is probable she would not have lived to the latter end of her century, for the bleedings she underwent were so frequent that it is only wonderful she survived them, and that the weaker frame of Ann Granville at length succumbed to the combined forces of perpetual depletion, with the internal administration of mixtures of strong drugs of antagonistic properties, was the natural result of the practice of the day.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Dewes.

Bath, 15 Nov., 1760.

I am much obliged to you, my dearest niece, for your letter dated 10th of this month, and very glad of the pleasure you had in my brother's company. I could not expect you would write whilst he was with you, as his visits are short and the moments precious; for his own sake as well as mine I wished he would come to the Bath, as I fear I shall not see him at all if he makes a short stay in London.

I return Dr. Burgh's letter, and am quite convinced it would be better for my dearest sister not to take a Bristol journey at this time of the year, and I am the better satisfied about it since Mr. Henshaw assures me the waters at *this time of the year* are very nearly as efficacious at home as on the spot.

I am glad you had an agreeable day at Compton. When you see Miss Verney you will make my particular compliments to her: I shall wait on her as soon as I know she is in London. I am very glad Mrs. Mead goes on so well. Miss Vineys talk of going home soon. They are in a peck of trouble about the *summer-house* in the court, which the *Dean and Chapter* are determined to *pull down*, as they say it obstructs the view of the cathedral: but *if they do*, I think they ought to give them an *equivalent?*

Yesterday we had great rejoicings on the good news of the King of Prussia's great victory; had he lived among the heathens he would have been deified! Lord and Lady Westmoreland go away next Tuesday; I went with them one day last week to see a curious machine, that represents the whole progress of working the copper and silver and gold mines in Saxony. The man that shows it is very intelligent, and read us a good lecture on the nature of minerals and fossils. I am afraid Sally got her cold there—she has not been well since; though I apprehend her fatigue and concern when she was with her mother has been a good deal the occasion of her present illness, as she has hardly been quite well since she came to Bath.

I believe I did not write you word D.D. had run away with the key of the table-drawer.

My dear niece,

Your most affectionate friend

And humble servant,

M. DELANY.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Bulstrode, 13th Dec., 1760.

I think I have found remarkable benefit from having chalk in every thing I drank; a lump put into the jug of water, and the tea-water managed in the same way. It is a great sweetener of the blood and in no respect can be bad for you. Since Bristol water is thought proper for you, I know your goodness for me will bring you to Spring Garden *as soon* as you can come; but *my happiness* is more wrapt up in *your being well*, than even in seeing you! But if it please God you should find it necessary to go *first* to Bristol, I will endeavour to see you there, though but for a week, and I shall make nothing of it, provided D.D. is well enough for me to leave him! I thank God he has been very well ever since our being here, and in pretty good spirits. I was very glad my brother made you a second visit, as I am sure it gave you mutual pleasure; I had a letter from him yesterday; he tells me you were let blood whilst he was with you, and that your *blood* was *very good*. Do you think it was of any service to you? I *fear not*, as you had a giddy fit or two after it!

I gave you an account as far as I knew of the weddings that were going forward, and the sudden determination of them. I wrote to you about the house at Stratford, and afterwards was sorry I had not written to Mr. Taylor, for it is unreasonable to trouble you. I promised to let Mr. Chapone know it as soon as I could. I believe indeed he is very well inclined to do all that is in his power for his mother, but I never saw anybody so altered; he looked so ill, that it quite overcome poor Sally.

Mary I find is in hopes of a merry Xtmas. I *hope* it will prove so to you *all*, and should be happy to hear you were well enough to be of the parties on a double account; as a testimony of your being better, and as a great advantage to our Pauline to have you with her.

I have had a great deal of comfortable conversation with our charming Duchess. She pleases me mightily by telling me what she thinks of my niece. I am going to make her some shell ornaments to go over her windows in the dressing room.

Last Monday we went to Old Windsor to see Lady Primrose, and are to go soon to see Mr. Bateman's, which is metamorphosed *out* of the *Indian into* the Gothic, and the outward appearance much prettier. The cave here is going on, and the Duchess gathering all the materials for it she can: she has not got half a quarter enough for her purpose. She and dear Lady Harriet go on with their turning. Are you not glad *the expedition* is countermanded? I trembled for the lives that were to have been exposed at such a season of the year. I have given you an account of the great drawing-room, which is charming. I am ashamed to say, I have not finished the bottom of your chair that I undertook, nor a breadth of your toilette, but roving about makes one very idle.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Bulstrode, 19th Dec., 1760.

Now I will endeavour to amuse you with what is going forward in this "*palace of delights*," though these words very seldom I believe can justly be put together.

The Bishop of St. Asaph was here when I first came, and I talked to him about a studentship. He said, as he did before, it must be done by the Dean or Canons. I hope I shall be able to get a promise when I go to London. Lord Westmoreland's interest is for All Souls I believe, but I shall make enquiry about that too. I am glad you have got Miss Nutty Kendrick, and I hope you will not suffer yourself to be too much hurried this Xtmas. I pray God send my dearest sister the best blessings of this blessed season! I was much obliged to Court for his postscript; I sent him a huge long letter to Oxford, which I hope will come safely to his hands. The young ones must forgive my not having answered their very kind letters; but as I would not interrupt their *Xtmas gambols*, I shall not write till they are pretty well over, though I hold myself their debtor. The Duchess has carried us to tour about the park and to see her hot-house.

We have in the house with us now Lord Edward Bentinck, who is a good deal grown, but *keeps his own sweet countenance* with *some resemblance* to the Duchess, and his engaging behaviour. The Dean of Salisbury (your old playfellow), and Dr. Ross came down with him. Dr. Ross was house chaplain to Lord Weymouth some years ago, and by his good advice and prudent manner was greatly accessory to his reformation, for which I honour him; but you know all this already, and that he is an agreeable, well-behaved man. Lord Kinnoul[1] is expected, and here is also Mr. Cow-

[1] Thomas, 8th Earl of Kinnoul, so often mentioned in these letters as Lord Dupplin.

slade, who used to be very much with the late Duchess of Somerset;[1] a favourite on account of his having been a distinguished play-fellow of Lord Beauchamp;[2] a good-humoured *sing-song* man: goes out to take the air with the Duke, instead of poor Mr. Achard, who declines very much, and the *pepper* has lost a great deal of its heat. One of our present companions is a friend of Lord William's, a very agreeable pretty man (Mr. Kay), related to the late Lady North. He talks of going next week into Warwickshire, and it is very likely he may have the pleasure of seeing you at Welsbourne; I have introduced in some manner my nephew Dewes to him, and he says he will wait on him at Oxford; he will be a very good acquaintance for him, as he is a very well behaved man, and keeps the best company; he is in orders. One day last week Lady Mary Churchill[3] made a morning visit, and a Mr. and Mrs. Floyd, but the Duchess and I were in the garden, and very sorry to be summoned to company. Mr. Floyd is a virtuoso and collector of pictures; he was almost in fits, when he saw the copy of the little Correggio I gave the Duchess, and asked with a trembling voice, if the original was the same size as the copy, and if I had omitte any particular in the background? When I assured him, the size and *every speck* was as nearly the same as I could make them, he recovered himself, and said, "Then *mine is still an original, for it is some inches bigger, and has a*

[1] Mary, widow of Edward, 8th Duke of Somerset.

[2] Francis, Viscount Beauchamp, eldest son of Francis, 1st Earl and Marquess of Hertford.

[3] Lady Mary Churchill was a daughter of Sir Robert Walpole by his second wife, Maria Skerret.

palm tree in it." I never saw stronger symptoms of virtuosoship, I could hardly keep my countenance. And you may believe this was not lost among us; I cannot describe the extreme anxiety of his looks whilst he was in doubt. It seems that his picture, which he bought in Italy *for* an *original*, cost him a large sum of money.

The Duchess of Portland has *in hand twelve* toilettes, a carpet to go round her bed, knotting of various kinds, besides turning, which goes on successfully: she has given me a curious little vase with two or three sprigs of flowers. Lady Harriet is no less expert, and diligence itself: whatever she undertakes, she pursues earnestly till it is accomplished. Every day we talk of you, and the Duchess wishes you would come to town before you go to Bristol, and so do I; but do what *you think will be best*, and that I shall think will be the best thing you can do.

The great cave is begun, and will be, I hope, when finished, very handsome. The outside is now doing, and is to be composed of very rough, bold rocks, mixed with clinkers and dross from the smith's forge: the inside must be the work of another year, but there are not yet half materials enough for the purpose. You remember all the *walls* of the kitchen-garden, which are entirely removed, and the ground slopes off by degrees and seems to join gradually with the park, as if it had never been distorted. I am making some shell-work, (intended to be *ornaments*) over the Duchess's windows in the dressing-room—I wish they may prove such. This, with visiting the cave every day, and directing the workmen, are our morning employments. In the afternoon music and work, and now I am going to work.

Pray ask Mr. Hamilton, if his uncles or aunt ever offered to get him a curacy in their neighbourhood? and send me back these verses on the King.

Verses on the King, by Lady Irwin.

Alias supra
——micat inter omnes
Julium sidus—*Horace.*

I.

If ardent wishes—*can prevail,*
If highest merit—*can avail,*
George, no distress will know!
If graceful form and blooming youth,
If *candour, innocence, and truth,*
Can happiness bestow.

II.

But *perfect bliss* is never given
On earth—'tis *only* found *in heaven;*
Late may *he that obtain:*
Long may he bless his native land,
Cause war to cease at his command,
No wishes else remain!

III.

Most gracious prince, the world *expects*
To see you *void of all defects,*
Your heart with truth replete;
Your task is arduous I own,
But you're *unaltered by a throne,*
And are as good as great.

IV.

Proceed to act as *you've begun,*
Your influence like the enlivening sun
Will virtue's cause support.
Vices like snow will *melt away*
When Phœbus darts his powerfull ray,
And fly from such a Court.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Bulstrode, 28th Dec. 1760.

If my dearest sister could be benefited by my thinking so *constantly* of her, and by my *wishes and prayers*, she would soon be well, and not be obliged to take a winter's journey on account of her health; but I endeavour to submit myself to the great Disposer of all things, who will, I make no doubt, restore my dearest and most valuable of sisters to health in his good time. I feel great consolation from your seeming determined for Bristol, *as so many people* of skill and experience *have* thought it proper for you. I only wish I was upon the place to prepare your lodging, and receive you there, which I should soon be were I not detained by a *higher duty;* though I must do D.D. the justice to say that he is as desirous I should give the sister of my heart every assistance and comfort in my power, as I can myself; and will very readily permit my making a visit, though *unable* to take the excursion *himself*. He has had a little cold and sore throat, but on the whole, his spirits are better than when he was at Welsbourne; and if they continue so, I shall, please God, spend a week or more with you at Bristol.

Let me know who you employ about your lodgings? By all I have heard, I think Mrs. Hodges would be a useful acquaintance to you, as she has been an inhabitant of the place a great while, and I must introduce you to Mr. Calcot, a clergyman that lives not far from College Green, a very good man, and a great virtuoso; his father was an eminent preacher. He has the most curious collection of fossils I ever saw: his mother and sisters

very good sort of people. I hope you will be well enough to go to Clifton to Mr. Goldney's, the Quaker's; but you must *not attempt that* till *good weather.*

I have just heard from Sally, who is returned to Spring Garden to be in the way of the wedding folks. The affairs of Charleton have been settling; Mr. Chapone has already paid the most considerable debts, tho' he cannot pay all at present; he will not be the poorer I dare say for his filial piety! He thought of Worcester for his mother, but that is so constantly *the seat* of inoculation for the small-pox, that he is staggered about it, and if it is an objection to Mrs. Chapone no one can persuade her to go there. I shall send Sally word of the places you mention at Warwick; but don't *you* think of *anything* but the care of *your own health.* Poor Sally's eyes are bad, and her spirits very low,—some melancholy looking over papers and talking with her brother and Mrs. Mellish on her sister's account, who gives some small hopes of recovery. Our works go on here very well; I am glad to be so much employed, as it *hides a little what my heart is so full of*; and I *would give* as much pleasure to my kind friend here as possible. She indulges me every day by talking of you, and says everything that can keep up my spirits: indeed they are, I thank God, *in the main* good, and I receive some satisfaction from hearing of several people who have been in the same way ill and are now well; but it is not what is to come, but what you suffer at present, that *dwells on my mind.* I suppose you will travel in your own equipage, go direct to Bath, and rest one night there at least. The Three Tuns in Stall Street is a *very* good inn, and you will

see your old friend Henshaw. Dr. Oliver, you know, was my physician, and an old acquaintance: had I employed any other, it should have been Dr. Charleton, who is in great reputation. I know none at Bristol, but Mr. Henshaw can inform you; if you think of anything I can do let me know. I find by your case (which I am sure no physician could have stated better) *you have been full as bad* as I apprehended; I shall show it to-morrow to Mr. Juxton. And now, *I wish* I could *amuse you!* I have told you our occupations, except one which makes some mirth sometimes—writing names in hieroglyphicks; I send a sample of two or three for the lads to improve upon. Now breakfast calls me away.

Xtmas day was observed here with great devotion. A very *full* Communion, and Lord Edward received for the first time. The Communion-plate here is new and very handsome; the Dean of Salisbury read prayers, and administered the Sacrament, Dr. Ross preached a very good sermon. To-morrow we expect the Bishop of Ossory,[1] and shall hear lectures on virtù.

I hear Mrs. Donnellan has been very ill; I thought her much altered, though her spirits were surprizingly good.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.

Bulstrode, 2 Jan., 1761.

What a kind long letter did I receive last post from my own dear sister! and yet *the fear* it might have been *too much* for you was some alloy!

[1] Dr. Richard Pocock, made Bishop of Ossory in 1756, and translated to Meath in 1765.

May this new year bring with it health and happiness to the *sister of my heart!* I am now very glad you have determined to go to Bristol, and hope you will get warm lodgings, but should you not like them, you may have a choice at this time of the year. You will let me know when you set out; I most heartily pray for good weather, that your journey may be as little fatiguing as possible. Mr. Juxton has just brought me the enclosed paper, and says by the blessing of God he thinks (with the Bristol waters) it is the most likely method of doing you service. He is very earnest for your being *often blooded*, but never to lose more than four ounces at a time, he lays a great stress upon it.

Till I had your letter I did not know Sally had written to you; tho' I am sure it would grieve her heart should she apprehend she had done anything that appeared like ingratitude. I leave her to the wedding folks, and hope she will get a little mirth amongst them, and no cold; Mr. Chapone [1] was married on Tuesday.

I should be sorry to have you go to Gloster, and it is your worst way; you must go to Bath, where you and Miss Smith will be glad to meet. I had a few lines with the newspaper, that she depended on the pleasure of seeing you. I believe poor P. has given some offence in going so abruptly to Bath, but you will talk it over when you meet; it *does not* seem to me a suitable match, but that is *no business of mine.*

Mr. John Chapone (son of Mary Granville's early playfellow, Sarah Kirkham, the wife of the Rev. John Chapone), married Hester Mulso, daughter of Mr. Mulso, of Trigwell, Northamptonshire, and died ten months after his marriage. Mrs. John Chapone (the authoress) published in 1773, "Letters on the Improvement of the Mind." She died at Hadley, Dec. 25th, 1801.

I have spoken to Mr. Cowslade about Mrs. S., and he has promised to recommend her strongly to Lady N—d. Now we have but seven days left, we are winding up all our work, and are under some apprehension that our tasks will not be finished in time.

The Bishop of Ossory has been here ever since Monday; he goes away to-morrow. We lose not much entertainment, for he is the *dullest man* that *ever travelled*; but he is *a good man*, and he has promised to get some of the Giant's Causeway for the Duchess of Portland, which rejoices her extremely. Many materials are still wanting for the cave, which has a large mouth, and swallows a vast deal.

I hear no news. People are tired of the King of Prussia, and the havoc he has made, and is still making. *Pray* God send us peace!

Letters came to-day from Lord Titchfield; he is very well at Turin, and wishes for peace as much as I do, that he may take his tour before he returns home. I am glad you sit upstairs, you would be more exposed to catching cold below, and you avoid some hurry—both are to be avoided by anybody in your state of health, though I fear your hospitable heart will break through the rule of quietness you have set yourself, yet I wish you to see cheerful and agreeable company;—any other would be too fatiguing. Lord Galloway[1] of Scotland is a thin dismal-looking man; he was presented not long ago at Court, a person asked who he was? a gentleman replied "*A Scotch undertaker come to bury the English Ministry.*" I am called away to the commerce table; we

[1] Alexander, 6th Earl of Galloway.

play every night from half-an-hour after 8 till supper, to divert the Duke of Portland. So, my dearest sister, good night! receive the kind compliments of all here, and the love of your ever faithful and devoted

M. D.

This letter is the last which has been found of those written by Mrs. Delany before her sister's increasing illness brought them together at Bristol, whither the Dean also went, and where her daughter, Mary Dewes, also remained with her mother. It had long been evident, from the altered style of Mrs. Delany's latter letters, that deep grief, arising from well-grounded apprehension of Mrs. Dewes's danger, was preying upon her mind; and that the news of the day, and the account of her employments at Bulstrode, were no longer written with a mind at ease, although her resolution of appearing calm and cheerful was carried out: and, as she herself observed, "*a higher duty*" (attending to the Dean's precarious health) alone prevented her being with Mrs. Dewes much sooner. Those who have read the record of the lives of Mary and Ann Granville will not require many comments upon the bitter trial that Mrs. Delany endured while watching the death-bed of the "*sister of her heart*," at the Bristol hot-wells, whither her medical advisers had vainly held out a prospect of perfect cure. Mrs. Dewes lived six months after the date of this letter, and on the 6th of July she expired. The following letter, written evidently by the doctor who attended her, proves that Mrs. Delany was not *in the room* at the *time she* breathed her last. It is very probable that she did *not* inhabit the same house; that no change was expected when she left her to go home that night, and no long previous alarm could have been excited in the doctor's mind, as the servant who was to have been sent to Mrs. Delany in case of any change, was not called till life had passed away.

Mr. Ford's letter on Mrs. Dewes's death.[1]

6th July, 1761.

MADAM,

I hope you will pardon me that I have prevented your servant's coming to you till this hour. A little before twelve Mrs. Dewes complained to Nanny that the pain increased towards her back, and "wished I had not been gone;" by her direction I was sent for. She said, "*You see I have kept my promise with you.*" (meaning that she had sent on her growing worse); She was exceedingly sensible, and took a cup with pennyroyal water in her own hand and helped herself to it, at about a quarter after twelve. Her speech then began to falter, though she did not attempt to say anything *but what I perfectly understood.* After this she lay perfectly quiet, and a quarter before one *without a struggle or a groan* passed to a state of infinite happiness.

That God may be your support in this hour of trial, and that you and I may resign this life with the same patience, tranquillity, and dependence on his mercies, is the prayer of,

Madam,

Your faithful humble servant,

T. FORD.

From the tone of sincere feeling which pervades this letter, it cannot be supposed that the writer of it would be guilty of negligence or indifference, and yet the fact admitted that Mrs. Dewes's "*speech began to falter*" at a quarter after 12, and that in the three quarters of an hour that preceded her death he *did not* send for

[1] Evidently addressed to Mrs. Delany.

her sister, might lead to that conclusion. The most probable explanation is that those "faltering" words which he so "*perfectly understood,*" were to desire him *not to send to Mrs. Delany;* because she *was aware she was dying,* and wished to spare her sister that last awful scene of parting with one who had with the "light footsteps" so often alluded to ever tried to avoid her being awakened to the consciousness of her departure, when leaving her only for weeks or months! *It* was consistent with the character of Ann Granville thus to act, and thus would *that sister* have acted (had circumstances been reversed) who writing from Ireland narrated the affecting anecdote of the death of Mrs. Dillon, who, when unable to induce her attached maid to leave her, and aware of her approaching dissolution, covered her own face with her handkerchief that she might expire unobserved! Ann Granville has left behind her touching prayers, which prove how through long years she had prepared herself for death while in the full current of life. She *well knew* that no assurances were required by her sister of the affection which had mutually been proved through their lives, and that her last moments had better pass in silent communion with that God in whom they both had ever trusted, and in that Saviour through whose merits they would hope again to meet in heaven.

The following letter from Mr. Dewes to his daughter, three days after her mother's death, proves that he was himself at Welsbourne at the time, where no doubt he had returned by her desire to attend to the welfare of his other children. Though short and formal, it is evidently written under deep but suppressed grief.

Mr. Dewes to Miss Dewes.

Welsbourne, 8th July, 1761.

MY DEAR MARY,

I am but poorly qualified at present to console you upon the great loss you have sustained in the death

of the best of mothers; and though upon the whole I think my own loss the greatest, and am but too sensibly affected with it, yet, as a parent, something may be expected from me upon so great a catastrophe. Let me therefore advise you not to dwell too much upon the melancholy subject, but rather *be thankful* that a life *so worthy of imitation* has been so long continued to you, and endeavour to follow her bright example. This will be a comfort to yourself and friends here, and a means of promoting your eternal happiness hereafter.

May the God of heaven take you into his protection, and be your guide and your governour unto death, is the hourly prayer of, my dear love,

Your greatly afflicted but
Truly affectionate father,
JOHN DEWES.

To Miss Dewes.[1]

July 29th, 1761.

DEAR SISTER,

I am ashamed of not giving you before that little consolation which the letter of a friend and a brother, I hope, may give upon this melancholy occasion, though I am *little able to give any*, wanting it *so much myself*. That has now happened which I have *long dreaded!* God's will must be done, and I do assure you upon consideration *I would not* (if it were in my power) *recall* my dear departed mother from that state of bliss which she certainly enjoys, for any of the great advantages and

[1] The writer of this letter was the nephew and heir of Bernard Granville of Calwich, his mother's brother.

pleasure her excellent precepts and conversation always gave.

I am now at school, and have been for this week past, where you may imagine, by reason of the great loss I sustain, that I cannot but pass my time in great uneasiness. I bare up against my misfortune as well as I can, and I hope you will do the same, knowing it will be pleasing to my papa.

We have still, my dear sister, excellent friends, who justly demand our greatest duty and sincerest gratitude, and if possible *let us take that great* share which our dearest mother took, and add that to it; *for we cannot do too much!*

Pray make my humble duty to Mr. Granville and Mrs. Delany, and the Dean, if at Calwich. I hope they are well. There is a gracious Providence, who I hope will administer comfort to us all. One of your dear good letters would be a great consolation to me; I hoped for one before this time, hoping that you think of me sometimes; I assure you I do of you, and with that love and tenderness which you will always find in

Your ever affectionate brother,

JOHN DEWES.

I received the little box which my *much* regretted mother made up for me *just before* she died, and received everything in it safe: *what goodness!*

I was greatly shocked when the hearse came. The corpse rested a day in the hall, where I had the courage once to go, to bid for ever adieu to that much beloved body! I kissed it several times, and wished it happy; I am in hopes of coming to Calwich with papa before it

is long; it will be a great pleasure to me, and ease me I hope of my great grief. Pray answer this soon.

Endorsed—My dear brother John Dewes (*now lie 'nrvlG)sv* letter upon the death of my dearest mother, who died July 6, 1761.

From this letter it appears that the Dean and Mrs. Delany went to her brother, Mr. Granville at Calwich; whether they attended the funeral first at Welsbourne does not appear. A letter of condolence from Grace Foley (afterwards Lady Clanbrassil) to Miss Dewes also proves that Mrs. Delany was at Calwich, 25th July.

The following lines were written by Mrs. Dewes five years before her death, proving that even then she thought her life in danger.

Welsbourn, 23rd March, 1756.

I desire my daughter, Mary Dewes, may have all that is in this drawer, and in the middle part of the escrutoire that is over it, and the little cabinet that is there, and all that is in it; and besides, my watch, chain, and seals that Mr. Dewes gave me, and all my rings, earrings, necklaces, boxes, little pictures that are in my Japan cabinet, and shells that are there, and all my clothes, linen, and work, &c. that are not otherwise disposed of; only if she should have another picture or more of her Aunt Delany *besides* that of mine enamelled by Zincke and that in water-colours, she will give them her brothers—first Court, then Bunny and Jackey, that they may each of them have a picture of their dear and good Aunt Delany.

The ruby ring she must have, as mentioned in a paper by itself. What of my French books she chooses, and my English books with "*Anne Granville's*" name in them divided between her and her brothers as they

shall agree, and I hope they will never disagree about things of more consequence.

The old china cup with the gilt cover and saucer, that has a setting in gold belonging to it, Mary must have, and give it to *her daughter* if she has one, if not to one of her brother's *daughters*, as it has gone from *daughter* to *daughter* these *three hundred years!* Fortune and things of more consequence, her good papa has taken care to settle upon her and her brothers with the greatest love and justice. These trifles I give to renew in her mind whenever she sees them, the constant tenderness of her truly affectionate mother,

For Mary Dewes. A. DEWES.

The stone which marks the place where the remains of Anne Granville are laid at Wellesbourne, bears the following inscription:—

"To the memory of Ann, the beloved wife of John Dewes, of this parish, Esq., who departed this life the 16th[1] July, 1761, in the 54th year of her age.

She was daughter of Bernard Granville, and niece to the Rt. Hon. George Granville, Lord Lansdown.

Here also

lie the remains of John Dewes, Esq., *who desired to be buried by the side of his wife, and to be remembered on the same stone.* A much larger one would not suffice to enumerate those virtues, which all who knew them would most justly allow that they possessed. He died, August 30th, 1780, in the 86th year of his age."

The two first lines of the inscription to Mr. Dewes were very probably *his own*, as they resemble the plain truth and simplicity of his character; and the four last might have been added by his son with due regard to the same style.

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[1] The date of *July 16th*, must have been a mistake (possibly in recutting the inscription) as there is positive evidence of Mrs. Dewes's death having taken place 6th July.

The death of Mrs. Dewes concludes the narrative and correspondence of sixty-one years of the life of Mrs. Delany. The beginning of what may be termed the third era of her existence, which was prolonged for twenty-eight years more, will form the commencement of the next volume.

Mrs. Delany had now to live without "*the sister of her heart*," whose death took place a few months subsequent to that of George II., and whose character requires no eulogium beyond the evidences which have transpired of her disposition and conduct in the course of the correspondence in these volumes. The latter part of this work will contain Mrs. Delany's own remarks on the court and private life of George III. and Queen Charlotte, of which she was so frequently an eye-witness until her own death in 1788.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

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